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DIAMOND JUBILEE

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For all the change in children, parents, I dare say, are much the same sort of people they were fifty years ago. At any rate, in that primitive world I never went to bed of a New Year's Eve without the affectionate monition of my parents that now the New Leaf, in which we all felt such comfortable assurance, was well turned, it would be a simple matter to write the fresh chapter in a glorious round hand without splutter and without blotch. I would I had that simple confidence now and felt as certain that a new bright page of the *Atlantic* would almost of its own effort turn itself over.

Evil days in our history have not been wanting. Those who carry the honorable scars of 1929 may well remember the band of heroes which survived 1873 and hold in admiring remembrance the veterans of the other catastrophes which have dramatized every decade of our financial history. The *Atlantic* has come through three quarters of a century unscathed, while all about it magazines have suspended publication or become forever silent.

Seventy-five years, and every year twelve desperate efforts! Excellence is a difficult target, yet many shots have been hits; sometimes the gold has been notched; now and again, not often enough to spoil the sport, the bull's-eye has been scored, and throughout the contest the aim, I like to think, has been steadily above rather than below the mark. Twelve times seventy-five is nine hundred, and nine hundred *Atlantics* reach back through the generations. Too long a chain that is to be allowed to break for one weak link, and so, as his eye runs over the 150 ample volumes on the shelf, the editor is very conscious of his obligation to the 151st.

Reader, if you have ever played at battledore, you know the feeling. The shuttlecock has bounced from racquet to racquet, forth and back, plunk-plank, plank-plunk, with even flight and exquisitely satisfying resonance. Seven, eight, nine hundred times it flies. Then of a sudden, as if endowed with some deliberate malignity, the shuttlecock flies wide, and the player,

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lurching to recover the lost rhythm, feels in his spinal marrow the responsibility of the record tottering and almost lost. Thus in Virgilian simile feels the editor; as the poet would say, still stout of heart and keen of eye, but with the age and pain of service heavy upon him.

Some years ago, in company with a native gentleman, I visited in one of the noble groves of Japan the most holy of Shinto temples. Before the sacred barrier, on the spot where his ancestors had prayed before him for seventeen hundred years, he petitioned the spirits of all who had gone before that the strength of their purpose and devotion should not through failure of his be brought to nothingness. If he failed, then indeed the dead had died in vain. So fervent was his prayer, so oblivious of self, except for the sense of solemn duty laid upon him, that as I stood and looked he seemed to be watching the cloud of witnesses whose spirits he invoked, hovering visibly above him. Their strength was his strength, and he could not fail.

But a good deal more has gone into the editing of the *Atlantic* than duty and hard work. The responsibility has been great, the struggle has been severe, but there has been joy in the day's work. What fisherman as he unhooks his shining catch and watches the rainbow fade from the glimmering scales but exults in the memory of the strikes which he has lost? And of all fishermen the editor is the happiest. His flies are of his own making. According to his mood, he fishes quiet pools or swift water. Seldom indeed fishes swim into his net. He is not out to catch gudgeons. It is his business to gain skill in his casting, and lean and wary trout are his challenge. When he hooks them, it is by no chance cast. When sport is good, the editor dwells in a Heaven of his own, and if it is poor, why, to-morrow is ahead. There is more to adventure than the winning of the prize. There is more to editing than laying hands on a notable and reverberant 'leader.'

Some such thoughts as these color the editor's mind as he writes the first words on the new page. How confident was that New England group which in the '50s dined and talked and hoped that something of their affections, their sympathies, and their tastes should survive in the 'Maga,' as they called it, far beyond their term and time, through a long vista of American history, as a rallying point for kindred hearts and minds! And true it is that though editor has given place to editor, Lowell, Fields, Howells, Aldrich, Scudder, Page, and Perry, each in his own way has invited readers of the same sort. Friends of the magazine to-day are Scotch cousins at least to the first circle that bade it welcome.

It is not out of place, then, that this Diamond Jubilee of the *Atlantic* should be celebrated in a number which in its content is reminiscent of the past, and which in character, in the range of its ideas, in form, style, and quality, should mark not a transition but a continuance, so it be made manifest of all men that the newborn volume, of which this number is the harbinger, will be neither foundling nor stepchild, but, in authentic and honorable descent from the founders, ATLANTIC, Volume 151.

E. S.

THE ARLINGTON STREET INCARNATION

BY BLISS PERRY

IN celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the *Atlantic*, its editor has graciously invited one of his predecessors — the only one, alas, now within reach of any editorial command — to write a few words of introduction. If I were to praise the present editor — whose term is by far the longest in the history of the magazine — as openly as he deserves, the editor would be certain to use his blue pencil. But he will allow, I hope, an expression of a veteran reader's pleasure in what may be called the Arlington Street incarnation of the spirit of the *Atlantic*. For the magazine in its migrations from Winter Street to Tremont Street and from Tremont to Park and from Park to Arlington has managed somehow to carry with it more intangible properties than editorial and business staffs and office furniture. The more it changes, runs the comfortable French proverb, the more it remains the same thing.

Permanence in transiency! Its dwelling has ever been in the light of setting suns and of rising and falling literary and political rockets. The Autocrat hoped that the *Atlantic* would endure until an ideal state of society should be established. That implies, obviously, a very long voyage; and changing weather — business, social, political, artistic, and literary weather — is the permanent condition to be faced in any voyage worth making. The good ship was launched in the melancholy autumn of 1857, the 'panic year.' The weather was certainly thick enough. 'It is a gloomy moment in history,' declared an editorial in *Harper's Weekly* for October 10, 1857. 'Not for many years — not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper — has there been so much grave and deep apprehension. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment. In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty. Russia hangs like a cloud dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian situation, and with disturbed relations in China. Of our own troubles no man can see the end. If we are only to lose money, and thus by painful poverty to be taught wisdom, no man need seriously despair. Yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.'

Precisely! No weather prophet of 1932 has stated the probabilities more accurately. Yet the *Atlantic* is still afloat, still sailing that endless voyage in quest of an ideal state of society. Editor after editor has taken his trick at the wheel. Traditions have been made, and, better still, traditions have been broken. There is no safe anchorage anywhere. 'We only know the world is round, and we must sail forevermore.'

Doubtless there were many readers of the magazine, nearly twenty-five years ago, who felt a sentimental regret that '4 Park Street' disappeared from its cover and No. 8 Arlington Street became the new home of the *Atlantic*. One cannot break camp, even after a single night's lodging, without a rueful look at the extinguished fire. But making camp is a more cheerful matter and a truer test of one's resourcefulness and energy. The director of a magazine faces conditions quite as inexorable as the necessity of finding water, wood, food, and shelter in the wilderness. He must choose his 'line,' purchase such manuscripts as he can sell to the public, hold his old subscribers and win new ones, secure his advertising contracts, meet his bills, and have his next number ready on the day of issue. All this is the prose side of the business, like pitching camp where wood and water are available rather than in some barren and picturesque spot where the sunsets are fine. Perhaps the highly respectable brownstone fronts of Arlington Street, facing on the Public Garden, are less picturesque than the old and somewhat inconvenient quarters in Park Street.

Yet it is to be suspected that the true theatre of operations, in this strange affair of editing, is always under the editor's hat, and nowhere else. Mr. Sedgwick, planning his victorious campaigns amid the spacious dignities of Arlington Street; James Russell Lowell, tramping across the old Cambridge Bridge with his silk hat full of manuscripts which were disastrously blown with the hat into the Charles River; Mr. Aldrich, whose red Irish setter once devoured a sonnet in the Park Street office — 'How should he know it was doggerel?' queried Aldrich; Mr. Scudder, who always began his day by reading Latin and Greek classics for half an hour, to keep his ear tuned properly for style; Mr. Page, who had specialized in Greek at Johns Hopkins, but who was most irreverently anticlassical in office hours — all these men could make camp anywhere and build a fire with a few sticks. It was what Fenimore Cooper would have called their 'gift.'

Brilliant as the achievements of the Arlington Street period have been, it seems at present impossible to attempt any summary of the startling events and moods of the last quarter century as they have been reflected in the pages of the magazine. No one appears to know precisely whither we are going, and many readers are inclined to believe, with a recent historian, that 'civilization has progressed so fast and furiously as to have got, for the time at least, out of control.' Twenty-five years ago, when the *Atlantic* celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, it still seemed appropriate to try to balance the books of American civilization, and to record the progress made since 1857 in those fields of literature, art, science, and politics which the *Atlantic* had steadily cultivated. These formal summaries were entrusted to competent writers and still possess a certain historical value, particularly Woodrow Wilson's analysis and forecast of our political tendencies. His paper is curiously interesting if read in the light of what has happened since and of what is now happening at Washington. But though Charles Eliot Norton, writing then as an old man whose memories extended over the entire period, pointed to the immense gulf that stretched between 1857 and 1907, there were other early contributors, like J. T. Trowbridge and

William Dean Howells, whose papers for that anniversary number stressed the continuities in American life and literature rather than the cleavages. As these veterans recounted their delightful reminiscences, 1857 certainly seemed less remote than 1907 — the climax of the Theodore Roosevelt era — does to-day.

Hence the present anniversary number, in renouncing any formal interpretation of the significance of the last twenty-five years, shows, it seems to me, an unconventional and courageous wisdom. It simply reprints, without moralizing, some typical contributions which have given pleasure, on their first appearance, to multitudes of readers. The Autocrat's famous account of his search for his wounded son — who is now, after seventy years, better known as Mr. Justice Holmes than as 'the Captain' — represents the Olympians who contributed to the very first number. John Burroughs's unsigned essay on 'Expression,' printed in 1860, was supposed at the time to be written by Emerson, as Burroughs in his old age used to point out with a chuckle of delight. Sill's vivid personality is forgotten now, save by a few, but 'The Fool's Prayer' will live a long time. Many of the remaining authors represented in this number are happily still living, or if not, like Dallas Lore Sharp and Randolph Bourne and Stuart Sherman, have left an indelible impression of vitality and of keenness of mind and phrase.

There has been no attempt in this number to traffic in those world-famous names which from time to time have appeared upon the cover of the magazine, or to reproduce articles which in their day changed the current of public opinion, though they may now seem to 'date.' But the breadth of interest which has increasingly characterized the *Atlantic*, and the variety and quality of its contributions, are assuredly revealed.

After all, how fugitive the day's distinguished names become, and how permanent is the quality of friendliness which has marked this magazine from the beginning! It was founded by a group of intimates whose names may still be read in the prospectus of the first brown-covered number. Some of those names have quite lost their glory in the course of seventy-five years. All of them, except Melville, Emerson, and perhaps Hawthorne, are marked down to-day as inactive securities by the brisk young men who watch the ticker and assure us that American literature really began about 1906. Or was it 1917?

But to one reader, at least, those early editors and contributors still seem a living and friendly company, who created a mood that has survived all the changes from Winter Street to Arlington Street. I do not remember meeting Underwood, the real projector of the magazine, and my contacts with Fields and Lowell were limited to one or two memorable occasions; but Howells and Aldrich, Scudder and Page, all gave me their friendship. They had enjoyed their editorships and loved to talk about them. Themselves primarily men of letters, they had served as salaried employees of a famous publishing house, and when my turn came to sit for ten years in that pleasantly gilded cage I could comfort myself, in trying moments, with their experiences. Howells wrote about his, with grace and wistfulness, in the anniversary number in 1907. His *Atlantic* days were, I think, his happiest. 'No one in New York ever drops in on me to talk about books,' he told me once, 'except Brander Matthews now and then.' Aldrich, excessively fastidious in matters of style, did not exert himself to secure new contributors. He was often in Europe in the summers, and Miss Susan Francis, his shy and scholarly assistant, ran the magazine. It was she who, as Fields's assistant long before, had discovered in a chance copy of the *Overland Monthly* Bret Harte's 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' and called her chief's attention to the new author; and it was she who, when Aldrich was studying vintages in Hungary, had to delete on her own responsibility certain passages from Hardy's *Two on a Tower* — then running serially — to avoid offending the decorums of that era. Scudder's sound achievements as editor have never received the recognition they deserve. He made fewer errors, I fancy, than any editor of the *Atlantic*, but his hits were often credited to other players. Page, a man of widely different temperament, had assisted Scudder loyally before his own brief editorship began. He was nearly as witty as Aldrich and had a far more daring mind than Scudder. I had known him in his *Forum* days, but had never entered the *Atlantic* office until that summer day in 1899 when I walked in as the new editor. Page was sitting like a Buddha, correcting the page proofs of an elderly and revered author. 'Old Blank is doddering,' was Page's cheerful greeting to his successor, 'but you won't be bothered by him very long.' But Page was wrong for once. 'Old Blank' continued to delight the readers of the magazine for many a year.

Yet I fear I am forgetting Arlington Street in thus 'doddering' about the ancient friendships of Park Street. What I intended to stress, in commenting upon the present number, is its attestation of the *Atlantic's* enduring and ever-broadening hospitality to writers of the most varied modes of thought and sorts of experience. Of the first nineteen names announced as future contributors in 1857, every one was that of a New Englander, and with a very few exceptions all were then domiciled in or near Boston. But already in Howells's time, as he has written, 'We were growing, whether we liked it or not, more and more American. Without ceasing to be Bostonian, at heart, we had become southern, midwestern and far-western in our sympathies.' Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*, as an *Atlantic* serial, was only one instance of this change. I recall my amazement in 1899 in discovering that there were then more subscribers in Wisconsin than in Massachusetts. Before long we were printing an entire number written by Californians. During the World War the *Atlantic's* tolerant presentation of the point of view of the various European Powers became one of the outstanding achievements of American journalism, and the post-war period has proved to be an even more searching test of editorial prescience and courage.

Walter Page used to assert, long before he became an Ambassador, that the American people had no real interest in politics, but only in politics as affecting business. I do not believe that No. 8 Arlington Street would agree with this. Did not Page's early friend Woodrow Wilson come much nearer the truth when he wrote in this magazine twenty-five years ago: 'The *Atlantic Monthly* has enjoyed the great distinction of supplying the writing of conviction throughout the deep troubles and perplexities of a half-century of contest and reconstruction; it enters now upon a second half-century which is no less in need of similar tonic.' Half of that second half-century has already gone, but certainly 'the writing of conviction,' as well as the writing about fascinating human experiences everywhere, has not gone out of fashion at No. 8 Arlington Street.

MY HUNT AFTER 'THE CAPTAIN'

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(*December 1862*)

IN the dead of the night which closed upon the bloody field of Antietam, my household was startled from its slumbers by the loud summons of a telegraphic messenger. The air had been heavy all day with rumors of battle, and thousands and tens of thousands had walked the streets with throbbing hearts, in dread anticipation of the tidings any hour might bring.

We rose hastily, and presently the messenger was admitted. I took the envelope from his hand, opened it, and read: —

HAGERSTOWN, 17*th*

To —— —— H——

Capt H—— wounded shot through the neck thought not mortal at Keedysville

WILLIAM G LEDUC

Through the neck — no bullet left in wound. Windpipe, food pipe, carotid, jugular, half a dozen smaller, but still formidable, vessels, a great braid of nerves, each as big as a lamp wick, spinal cord — ought to kill at once, if at all. *Thought not* mortal, or *not thought* mortal — which was it? The first; that is better than the second would be. — 'Keedysville, a post office, Washington County, Maryland.' Leduc? Leduc? Don't remember that name. — The boy is waiting for his money. A dollar and thirteen cents. Has nobody got thirteen cents? Don't keep that boy waiting — how do we know what messages he has got to carry?

The boy *had* another message to carry. It was to the father of Lieutenant Colonel Wilder Dwight, informing him that his son was grievously wounded in the same battle, and was lying at Boonsborough, a town a few miles this side of Keedysville. This I learned the next morning from the civil and attentive officials at the Central Telegraph Office.

Calling upon this gentleman, I found that he meant to leave in the quarter past two o'clock train, taking with him Dr. George H. Gay, an accomplished and energetic surgeon, equal to any difficult question or pressing emergency. I agreed to accompany them, and we met in the cars. I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in having companions whose society would be a pleasure, whose feelings would harmonize with my own, and whose assistance I might, in case of need, be glad to claim.

It is of the journey which we began together, and which I finished apart, that I mean to give my *Atlantic* readers an account. They must let me tell my story in my own way, speaking of many little matters that interested or amused me, and which a certain leisurely class of elderly persons, who sit at their firesides and never travel, will, I hope, follow with a kind of interest. For, besides the main object of my excursion, I could not help being excited by the incidental sights and occurrences of a trip which to a commercial traveler or a newspaper reporter would seem quite commonplace and undeserving of record. There are periods in which all places and people seem to be in a conspiracy to impress us with their individuality — in which every ordinary locality seems to assume a special significance and to claim a particular notice — in which every person we meet is either an old acquaintance or a character; days in which the strangest coincidences are continually happening, so that they get to be the rule, and not the exception. Some might naturally think that anxiety and the weariness of a prolonged search after a near relative would have prevented my taking any interest in or paying any regard to the little matters around me. Perhaps it had just the contrary effect, and acted like a diffused stimulus upon the attention. When all the faculties are wide-awake in pursuit of a single object, or fixed in the spasm of an absorbing emotion, they are oftentimes clairvoyant in a marvelous degree in respect to many collateral things, as Wordsworth has so forcibly illustrated in his sonnet on the Boy of Windermere, and as Hawthorne has developed with such metaphysical accuracy in that chapter of his wondrous story where Hester walks forth to meet her punishment.

Be that as it may — though I set out with a full and heavy heart, though many times my blood chilled with what were perhaps needless and unwise fears, though I broke through all my habits without thinking about them, which is almost as hard in certain circumstances as for one of our young fellows to leave his sweetheart and go into a Peninsular campaign, though I did not always know when I was hungry nor discover that I was thirsting, though I had a worrying ache and inward tremor underlying all the outward play of the senses and the mind, yet it is the simple truth that I did look out of the car windows with an eye for all that passed, that I did take cognizance of strange sights and singular people, that I did act much as persons act from the ordinary promptings of curiosity, and from time to time even laugh very nearly as those do who are attacked with a convulsive sense of the ridiculous, the epilepsy of the diaphragm.

By a mutual compact, we talked little in the cars. A communicative friend is the greatest nuisance to have at one's side during a railroad journey, especially if his conversation is stimulating and in itself agreeable. 'A fast train and a "slow" neighbor' is my motto. Many times, when I have got upon the cars, expecting to be magnetized into an hour or two of blissful reverie, my thoughts shaken up by the vibrations into all sorts of new and pleasing patterns, arranging themselves in curves and nodal points, like the grains of sand in Chladni's famous experiment, — fresh ideas coming up to the surface, as the kernels do when a measure of corn is jolted in a farmer's wagon, — all this without volition, the mechanical impulse alone keeping the thoughts in motion, as the mere act of carrying certain watches in the pocket keeps them wound up — many times, I say, just as my brain was beginning to creep and hum with this delicious locomotive intoxication, some dear detestable friend, cordial, intelligent, social, radiant, has come up and sat down by me and opened a conversation which has broken my daydream, unharnessed the flying horses that were whirling along my fancies, and hitched on the old weary omnibus team of everyday associations, fatigued my hearing and attention, exhausted my voice, and milked the breasts of my thought dry during the hour when they should have been filling themselves full of fresh juices. My friends spared me this trial.

My companions proposed to stay at one of the best-known and longest-established of the New York caravansaries, and I accompanied them. We were particularly well lodged, and not uncivilly treated. The traveler who supposes that he is to repeat the melancholy experience of Shenstone, and have to sigh over the reflection that he has found 'his warmest welcome at an inn,' has something to learn at the offices of the great city hotels. The unheralded guest who is honored by mere indifference may think himself blest with singular good fortune. If the despot of the Patent Annunciator is only mildly contemptuous in his manner, let the victim look upon it as a personal favor. The coldest welcome that a threadbare curate ever got at the door of a bishop's palace, the most icy reception that a country cousin ever received at the city mansion of a mushroom millionaire, is agreeably tepid compared to that which the Rhadamanthus who dooms you to the more or less elevated circle of his inverted Inferno vouchsafes, as you step up to enter your name on his dog's-eared register. I have less hesitation in unburdening myself of this uncomfortable statement, as on this particular trip I met with more than one exception to the rule. Officials become brutalized, I suppose, as a matter of course. One cannot expect an office clerk to embrace tenderly every stranger who comes in with a carpetbag, or a telegraph operator to burst into tears over every unpleasant message he receives for transmission. Still, humanity is not always totally extinguished in these persons. I discovered a youth in the telegraph office of the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, who was as pleasant in conversation, and as graciously responsive to inoffensive questions, as if I had been his childless opulent uncle, and my will not made.

The boys cry the 'N' York *Heddle,*' instead of '*Herald*'; I remember that years ago in Philadelphia; we must be getting near the farther end of the dumbbell suburb. A bridge has been swept away by a rise of the waters, so we must approach Philadelphia by the river. Her physiognomy is not distinguished — *nez camus*, as a Frenchman would say; no illustrious steeple, no imposing tower, the water edge of the town looking bedraggled, like the flounce of a vulgar rich woman's dress that trails on the sidewalk. The *New Ironsides* lies at one of the wharves, elephantine in bulk and color, her sides narrowing as they rise, like the walls of a hock glass.

I went straight to the house in Walnut Street where the Captain would be heard of, if anywhere in this region. His lieutenant colonel was there, gravely wounded; his college friend and comrade in arms, a son of the house, was there, injured in a similar way; another soldier, brother of the last, was there, prostrate with fever. A fourth bed was waiting ready for the Captain, but not one word had been heard of him, though inquiries had been made in the towns from and through which the father had brought his two sons and the lieutenant colonel. And so my search is, like a *Ledger* story, to be continued.

I rejoined my companions in time to take the noon train for Baltimore. Our company was gaining in number as it moved onwards. We had found upon the train from New York a lovely, lonely lady, the wife of one of our most spirited Massachusetts officers, the brave Colonel of the ——th Regiment, going to seek her wounded husband at Middletown, a place lying directly in our track. She was the light of our party while we were together on our pilgrimage, a fair, gracious woman, gentle, but courageous.

Not long after leaving Philadelphia, we passed a solitary sentry keeping guard over a short railroad bridge. It was the first evidence that we were approaching the perilous borders, the marches where the North and the South mingle their angry hosts, where the extremes of our so-called civilization meet in conflict, and the fierce slave driver of the Lower Mississippi stares into the stern eyes of the forest feller from the banks of the Aroostook. All the way along, the bridges were guarded more or less strongly. In a vast country like ours, communications play a far more complex part than in Europe, where the whole territory available for strategic purposes is so comparatively limited. Belgium, for instance, has long been the bowling alley where kings roll cannon balls at each other's armies; but here we are playing the game of live ninepins *without any alley*.

We left Baltimore and the Eutaw House, to take the cars for Frederick. As we stood waiting on the platform, a telegraphic message was handed in silence to my companion. Sad news: the lifeless body of the son he was hastening to see was even now on its way to him in Baltimore. It was no time for empty words of consolation: I knew what he had lost, and that now was not the time to intrude upon a grief borne as men bear it, felt as women feel it.

Colonel Wilder Dwight was first made known to me as the friend of a beloved relative of my own, who was with him during a severe illness in Switzerland, and for whom while living, and for whose memory when dead, he retained the warmest affection. Since that, the story of his noble deeds of daring, of his capture and escape, and a brief visit home before he was able to rejoin his regiment, had made his name familiar to many among us, myself among the number. His memory has been honored by those who had the largest opportunity of knowing his rare promise, as a man of talents and energy of nature. His abounding vitality must have produced its impression on all who met him; there was a still fire about him which anyone could see would blaze up to melt all difficulties and recast obstacles into implements in the mould of an heroic will. These elements of his character many had the chance of knowing; but I shall always associate him with the memory of that pure and noble friendship which made me feel that I knew him before I looked upon his face, and added a personal tenderness to the sense of loss which I share with the whole community.

Here, then, I parted, sorrowfully, from the companions with whom I set out on my journey.

There was a great confusion of carriages and wagons at the stopping place of the train, so that it was a long time before I could get anything that would carry us. At last I was lucky enough to light on a sturdy wagon, drawn by a pair of serviceable bays, and driven by James Grayden, with whom I was destined to have a somewhat continued acquaintance. We took up a little girl who had been in Baltimore during the late Rebel inroad. It made me think of the time when my own mother, at that time six years old, was hurried off from Boston, then occupied by the British soldiers, to Newburyport, and heard the people saying that 'the redcoats were coming, killing and murdering everybody as they went along.' Frederick looked cheerful for a place that had so recently been in an enemy's hands. Here and there a house or shop was shut up, but the national colors were waving in all directions, and the general aspect was peaceful and contented. I saw no bullet marks or other sign of the fighting which had gone on in the streets.

At the United States Hotel, where many were lying, I heard mention of an officer in an upper chamber, and, going there, found Lieutenant Abbott, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, lying ill with what looked like typhoid fever. While there, who should come in but the ubiquitous Lieutenant Wilkins, of the same Twentieth, often confounded with his namesake who visited the Flying Island, and with some reason, for he must have a pair of wings under his military upper garment, or he could never be in so many places at once. He was going to Boston in charge of the lamented Dr. Revere's body. From his lips I learned something of the mishaps of the regiment. My Captain's wound he spoke of as less grave than at first thought; but he mentioned incidentally having heard a story recently that he was *killed*, — a fiction, doubtless, — a mistake, — a palpable absurdity, — not to be remembered or made any account of. Oh, no! but what dull ache is this in that obscurely sensitive region, somewhere below the heart, where the nervous centre called the *semilunar ganglion* lies unconscious of itself until a great grief or a mastering anxiety reaches it through all the nonconductors which isolate it from ordinary impressions? I talked awhile with Lieutenant Abbott, who lay prostrate, feeble, but soldier-like and uncomplaining, carefully waited upon by a most excellent lady, a captain's wife, New England born, loyal as the Liberty on a golden ten-dollar piece, and of lofty bearing enough to have sat for that goddess's portrait. She had stayed in Frederick through the Rebel inroad, and kept the star-spangled banner where it would be safe, to unroll it as the last Rebel hoofs clattered off from the pavement of the town.

Near by Lieutenant Abbott was an unhappy gentleman, occupying a small chamber, and filling it with his troubles. When he gets well and plump, I know he will forgive me if I confess that I could not help smiling in the midst of my sympathy for him. He had been a well-favored man, he said, sweeping his hand in a semicircle, which implied that his acute-angled countenance had once filled the goodly curve he described. He was now a perfect Don Quixote to look upon. Weakness had made him querulous, as it does all of us, and he piped his grievances to me in a thin voice with that finish of detail which chronic invalidism alone can command. He was starving — he could not get what he wanted to eat. He was in need of stimulants, and he held up a pitiful two-ounce phial containing three thimblefuls of brandy — his whole stock of that encouraging article. Him I consoled to the best of my ability, and afterwards, in some slight measure, supplied his wants. Feed this poor gentleman up, as these good people soon will, and I should not know him, nor he himself. We are all egotists in sickness and debility. An animal has been defined as 'a stomach ministered to by organs'; and the greatest man comes very near this simple formula after a month or two of fever and starvation.

James Grayden and his team pleased me well enough, and so I made a bargain with him to take us, the lady and myself, on our further journey as far as Middletown. As we were about starting from the front of the United States Hotel, two gentlemen presented themselves and expressed a wish to be allowed to share our conveyance. I looked at them and convinced myself that they were neither Rebels in disguise, nor deserters, nor camp followers, nor miscreants, but plain, honest men on a proper errand. The first of them I will pass over briefly. He was a young man, of mild and modest demeanor, chaplain to a Pennsylvania regiment, which he was going to rejoin. He belonged to the Moravian Church, of which I had the misfortune to know little more than what I had learned from Southey's *Life of Wesley*, and from the exquisite hymns we have borrowed from its rhapsodists. The other stranger was a New Englander of respectable appearance, with a grave, hard, honest, hay-bearded face, who had come to serve the sick and wounded on the battlefield and in its immediate neighborhood. There is no reason why I should not mention his name, but I shall content myself with calling him the Philanthropist.

So we set forth, the sturdy wagon, the serviceable bays, with James Grayden their driver, the gentle lady, whose serene patience bore up through all delays and discomforts, the Chaplain, the Philanthropist, and myself, the teller of this story.

And now, as we emerged from Frederick, we struck at once upon the trail from the great battlefield. The road was filled with straggling and wounded soldiers. All who could travel on foot — multitudes with slight wounds of the upper limbs, the head or face — were told to take up their beds — a light burden, or none at all — and walk. Just as the battlefield sucks everything into its red vortex for the conflict, so does it drive everything off in long, diverging rays after the fierce centripetal forces have met and neutralized each other. For more than a week there had been sharp fighting all along this road. Through the streets of Frederick, through Crampton's Gap, over South Mountain, sweeping at last the hills and the woods that skirt the windings of the Antietam, the long battle had traveled, like one of those tornadoes which tear their path through our fields and villages. The slain of higher condition, 'embalmed' and iron-cased, were sliding off on the railways to their far homes; the dead of the rank and file were being gathered up and committed hastily to the earth; the gravely wounded were cared for hard by the scene of conflict, or pushed a little way along to the neighboring villages; while those who could walk were meeting us, as I have said, at every step in the road. It was a pitiable sight, truly pitiable, yet so vast, so far beyond the possibility of relief, that many single sorrows of small dimensions have wrought upon my feelings more than the sight of this great caravan of maimed pilgrims. The companionship of so many seemed to make a joint stock of their suffering; it was next to impossible to individualize it, and so bring it home as one can do with a single broken limb or aching wound. Then they were all of the male sex, and in the freshness or the prime of their strength. Though they tramped so wearily along, yet there was rest and kind nursing in store for them. These wounds they bore would be the medals they would show their children and grandchildren by and by. Who would not rather wear his decorations beneath his uniform than on it?

Yet among them were figures which arrested our attention and sympathy. Delicate boys, with more spirit than strength, flushed with fever or pale with exhaustion or haggard with suffering, dragged their weary limbs along as if each step would exhaust their slender store of strength. At the roadside sat or lay others, quite spent with their journey. Here and there was a house at which the wayfarers would stop, in the hope, I fear often vain, of getting refreshment; and in one place was a clear, cool spring, where the little bands of the long procession halted for a few moments, as the trains that traverse the desert rest by its fountains. My companions had brought a few peaches along with them, which the Philanthropist bestowed upon the tired and thirsty soldiers with a satisfaction which we all shared. I had with me a small flask of strong waters, to be used as a medicine in case of inward grief. From this, also, he dispensed relief, without hesitation, to a poor fellow who looked as if he needed it. I rather admired the simplicity with which he applied my limited means of solace to the first comer who wanted it more than I; a genuine benevolent impulse does not stand on ceremony, and had I perished of colic for want of a stimulus that night, I should not have reproached my friend the Philanthropist any more than I grudged my other ardent friend the two dollars and more which it cost me to send the charitable message he left in my hands.

It was a lovely country through which we were riding. The hillsides rolled away into the distance. The men of this region seemed to ride in the saddle very generally, rather than drive. They looked sober and stern, less curious and lively than Yankees, and I fancied that a type of features familiar to us in the countenance of the late John Tyler, our accidental President, was frequently met with. The women were still more distinguishable from our New England pattern. Soft, sallow, succulent, delicately finished about the mouth and firmly shaped about the chin, dark-eyed, full-throated, they looked as if they had been grown in a land of olives. There was a little toss in their movement, full of muliebrity. I fancied there was something more of the duck and less of the chicken about them, as compared with the daughters of our leaner soil; but these are mere impressions caught from stray glances, and if there is any offense in them, my fair readers may consider them all retracted.

Full in the middle of the road, caring little for whom or what they met, came long strings of army wagons, returning empty from the front after supplies. James Grayden stated it as his conviction that they had a little rather run into a fellow than not. I liked the looks of these equipages and their drivers; they meant business. Drawn by mules mostly, six, I think, to a wagon, powdered well with dust, wagon, beast, and driver, they came jogging along the road, turning neither to right nor left — some driven by bearded, solemn white men, some by careless, saucy-looking Negroes, of a blackness like that of anthracite or obsidian. There seemed to be nothing about them, dead or alive, that was not serviceable. Sometimes a mule would give out on the road; then he was left where he lay, until by and by he would think better of it, and get up, when the first public wagon that came along would hitch him on, and restore him to the sphere of duty.

It was evening when we got to Middletown. The gentle lady who had graced our homely conveyance with her company here left us. She found her husband, the gallant Colonel, in very comfortable quarters, well cared for, very weak from the effects of the fearful operation he had been compelled to undergo, but showing the same calm courage to endure as he had shown manly energy to act. It was a meeting full of heroism and tenderness, of which I heard more than there is need to tell. Health to the brave soldier, and peace to the household over which so fair a spirit presides!

Dr. Thompson, the very active and intelligent surgical director of the hospitals of the place, took me in charge.

He carried me to the house of a worthy and benevolent clergyman of the German Reformed Church, where I was to take tea and pass the night. What became of the Moravian chaplain I did not know; but my friend the Philanthropist had evidently made up his mind to adhere to my fortunes. He followed me, therefore, to the house of the 'Dominie,' as a newspaper correspondent calls my kind host, and partook of the fare there furnished me. He withdrew with me to the apartment assigned for my slumbers, and slept sweetly on the same pillow where I waked and tossed. Nay, I do affirm that he did, unconsciously, I believe, encroach on that moiety of the couch which I had flattered myself was to be my own through the watches of the night, and that I was in serious doubt at one time whether I should not be gradually, but irresistibly, expelled from the bed which I had supposed destined for my sole possession. As Ruth clave unto Naomi, so my friend the Philanthropist clave unto me. 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge.' A really kind, good man, full of zeal, determined to help somebody, and absorbed in his one thought, he doubted nobody's willingness to serve him, going, as he was, on a purely benevolent errand. When he reads this, as I hope he will, let him be assured of my esteem and respect; and if he gained any accommodation from being in my company, let me tell him that I learned a lesson from his active benevolence. I could, however, have wished to hear him laugh once before we parted, perhaps forever. He did not, to the best of my recollection, even smile during the whole period that we were in company. I am afraid that a lightsome disposition and a relish for humor are not so common in those whose benevolence takes an active turn as in people of sentiment who are always ready with their tears and abounding in passionate expressions of sympathy.

My benevolent companion having already made a preliminary exploration of the hospitals of the place, before sharing my bed with him, as above mentioned, I joined him in a second tour through them. The authorities of Middletown are evidently leagued with the surgeons of that place, for such a breakneck succession of pitfalls and chasms I have never seen in the streets of a civilized town. It was getting late in the evening when we began our rounds. The principal collections of the wounded were in the churches. Boards were laid over the tops of the pews, on these some straw was spread, and on this the wounded lay, with little or no covering other than such scanty clothes as they had on. There were wounds of all degrees of severity, but I heard no groans or murmurs. Most of the sufferers were hurt in the limbs, some had undergone amputation, and all had, I presume, received such attention as was required. Still, it was but a rough and dreary kind of comfort that the extemporized hospitals suggested. I could not help thinking the patients must be cold; but they were used to camp life, and did not complain. The men who watched were not of the soft-handed variety of the race. One of them was smoking his pipe as he went from bed to bed. I saw one poor fellow who had been shot through the breast; his breathing was labored, and he was tossing, anxious and restless. The men were debating about the opiate he was to take, and I was thankful that I happened there at the right moment to see that he was well narcotized for the night. Was it possible that my Captain could be lying on the straw in one of these places? Certainly *possible*, but not probable; but as the lantern was held over each bed, it was with a kind of thrill that I looked upon the features it illuminated. Many times, as I went from hospital to hospital in my wanderings, I started as some faint resemblance — the shade of a young man's hair, the outline of his half-turned face — recalled the presence I was in search of. The face would turn towards me and the momentary illusion would pass away, but still the fancy clung to me. There was no figure huddled up on its rude couch, none stretched at the roadside, none toiling languidly along the dusty pike, none passing in car or in ambulance, that I did not scrutinize, as if it might be that for which I was making my pilgrimage to the battlefield.

'There are two wounded Secesh,' said my companion. I walked to the bedside of the first, who was an officer, a lieutenant, if I remember right, from North Carolina. He was of good family, son of a judge in one of the higher courts of his state, educated, pleasant, gentle, intelligent. One moment's intercourse with such an enemy, lying helpless and wounded among strangers, takes away all personal bitterness towards those with whom we or our children have been but a few hours before in deadly strife. The basest lie which the murderous contrivers of this Rebellion have told is that which tries to make out a difference of race in the men of the North and South. It would be worth a year of battles to abolish this delusion, though the great sponge of war that wiped it out were moistened with the best blood of the land. My Rebel was of slight, scholastic habit, and spoke as one accustomed to tread carefully among the parts of speech. It made my heart ache to see him, a man finished in the humanities and Christian culture, whom the sin of his forefathers and the crime of his rulers had set in barbarous conflict against others of like training with his own — a man who, but for the curse that it is laid on our generation to expiate, would have been a fellow worker with them in the beneficent task of shaping the intelligence and lifting the moral standard of a peaceful and united people.

On Sunday morning, the twenty-first, having engaged James Grayden and his team, I set out with the Chaplain and the Philanthropist for Keedysville. Our track lay through the South Mountain Gap and led us first to the town of Boonsborough, where, it will be remembered, Colonel Dwight had been brought after the battle. We saw the positions occupied in the Battle of South Mountain, and many traces of the conflict. In one situation a group of young trees was marked with shot, hardly one having escaped. As we walked by the side of the wagon, the Philanthropist left us for a while and climbed a hill, where along the line of a fence he found traces of the most desperate fighting. A ride of some three hours brought us to Boonsborough, where I roused the unfortunate army surgeon who had charge of the hospitals, and who was trying to get a little sleep after his fatigues and watchings. He bore this cross very creditably, and helped me to explore all places where my soldier might be lying among the crowds of wounded. After the useless search, I resumed my journey, fortified with a note of introduction to Dr. Letterman, also with a bale of oakum which I was to carry to that gentleman, this substance being employed as a substitute for lint. We were obliged also to procure a pass to Keedysville from the Provost Marshal of Boonsborough. As we came near the place, we learned that General McClellan's headquarters had been removed from this village some miles farther to the front.

On entering the small settlement of Keedysville, a familiar face and figure blocked the way, like one of Bunyan's giants. The tall form and benevolent countenance, set off by long, flowing hair, belonged to the excellent Mayor Frank B. Fay, of Chelsea, who, like my Philanthropist, only still more promptly, had come to succor the wounded of the great battle. It was wonderful to see how his single personality pervaded this torpid little village; he seemed to be the centre of all its activities. All my questions he answered clearly and decisively, as one who knew everything that was going on in the place. But the one question I had come five hundred miles to ask, — *Where is Captain H.?* — he could not answer. There were some thousands of wounded in the place, he told me, scattered about everywhere. It would be a long job to hunt up my Captain; the only way would be to go to every house and ask for him. Just then, a medical officer came up.

'Do you know anything of Captain H., of the Massachusetts Twentieth?'

'Oh, yes; he is staying in that house. I saw him there, doing very well.'

A chorus of hallelujahs arose in my soul, but I kept them to myself. Now, then, for our twice-wounded volunteer, our young centurion whose double-barred shoulder straps we have never yet looked upon. Let us observe the proprieties, however; no swelling upward of the mother, — no *hysterica passio,* — we do not like scenes. A calm salutation — then swallow and hold hard. That is about the programme.

A cottage of squared logs, filled in with plaster, and whitewashed. A little yard before it, with a gate swinging. The door of the cottage ajar — no one visible as yet. I push open the door and enter. An old woman, Margaret Kitzmuller her name proves to be, is the first person I see.

'Captain H. here?'

'Oh, no, sir — left yesterday morning for Hagerstown — in a milk cart.'

(*Continued on page* 638)

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

(*April 1879*)

THE royal feast was done; the king
  Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, 'Sir Fool,
  Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!'

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
  And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
  Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: 'O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

'No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

''T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

'These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

'The ill-timed truth we might have kept, —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say, —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

'Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders, — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

'Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!'

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
'Be merciful to me, a fool!'

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

EXPRESSION

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

(*November 1860*)

THE law of expression is the law of degrees — of much, more, and most.

Nature exists to the mind not as an absolute realization, but as a condition, as something constantly becoming. It is neither entirely this nor that. It is suggestive and prospective; a body in motion, and not an object at rest. It draws the soul out and excites thought, because it is embosomed in a heaven of possibilities, and interests without satisfying. The landscape has a pleasure to us, because in the mind it is canopied by the ideal, as it is here canopied by the sky.

The material universe seems a suspense, something arrested on the point of transition from nonentity to absolute being — wholly neither, but on the confines of both, which is the condition of its being perceptible to us. We are able to feel and use heat, because it is not entirely heat; and we see light only when it is mixed and diluted with its opposite. The condition of motion is that there be something at rest; else how could there be any motion? The river flows, because its banks do not. We use force, because it is only in part that which it would be. What could we do with unmixed power? Absolute space is not cognizable to the mind; we apprehend space only when limited and imprisoned in geometrical figures. Absolute life we can have no conception of; the absolute must come down and incarnate itself in the conditioned, and cease to be absolute, before it comes within the plane of our knowledge. The unconscious is not knowable; as soon as it is thought, it becomes conscious.

And this is God's art of expression. We can behold nothing pure; and all that we see is compounded and mixed. Nature stands related to us at a certain angle, and a little remove either way — back toward its grosser side, or up toward its ideal tendency — would place it beyond our ken. It is like the rainbow, which is a partial and an incomplete development — pure white light split up and its colors detached and dislocated, and which is seen only from a certain standpoint.

We remark, therefore, that all things are made of one stuff, and on the principle that a difference in degree produces a difference in kind. From the clod and the rock up to the imponderable, to light and electricity, the difference is only more or less of selection and filtration. Every grade is a new refinement, the same law lifted to a higher plane. The air is earth with some of the coarser elements purged away. From the zoöphyte up to man, more or less of spirit gives birth to the intervening types of life. All motion is but degrees of gravitating force; and the thousand colors with which the day paints the earth are only more or less of light. All form aspires toward the circle, and realizes it more or less perfectly. By more or less of heat the seasons accomplish their wonderful transformations on the earth and in the air. In the moral world, the eras and revolutions that check history are only degrees in the development of a few simple principles; and the variety of character that diversifies the world of men and manners springs from a greater or less predominance of certain individual traits.

This law of degrees, pushed a little farther, amounts to detachment and separation, and gives birth to contrast and comparison. This is one aspect in which the law manifests itself in the individual. The chairs and the pictures must come out from the wall before we can see them. The tree must detach itself from the landscape, either by form or color, before it becomes cognizable to us. There must be irregularity and contrast. Our bodily senses relate us to things on this principle; they require something brought out and disencumbered from the mass. The eye cannot see where there is no shade, nor the hand feel where there is no inequality of surface, nor the palate taste where there is no predominance of flavor, nor the ear hear where there is no silence. Montaigne has the following pertinent passage, which also comes under this law: 'Whoever shall suppose a packthread equally strong throughout, it is utterly impossible it should break; for where will you have the breaking to begin? And that it should break altogether is not in Nature.'

The palpableness and availableness of an object are in proportion as it is separated from its environments. We use water as a motive power by detaching a part from the whole and placing ourselves in the way of its tendency to unite again. All force and all motion are originated on this principle. It is by gravity that we walk and move and overcome resistance, and, in short, perform all mechanical action; yet the condition is that we destroy the settled equilibrium of things for the moment, and avail ourselves of the impulse that restores it again. The woodman chops by controlling and breaking the force which he the next moment yields to.

So in higher matters. We are conscious of pain and pleasure only through the predominance of some feeling. There must be degrees and differences again, and some part more relieved than another, to catch an expression on. Entire pain or an equal degree of physical suffering in every part of the body would be a perfect blank, complete numbness; and entire pleasure we could not be conscious of, and for the same reason. How could there be any contrast, any determining hue, any darker or brighter side? If the waters of the earth were all at the same altitude, how could there be any motion among the parts? Hence the fullest experience is never defined, and cannot be spoken. It is like the sphere, which, as it merges all possible form in itself, is properly of no form, as white is no color, and cannot be grasped and used as parts and fragments can; there are no angles and outlines to define and give emphasis.

Hence the pain or pleasure that is definitely shaped in the consciousness and that can be spoken is necessarily partial, and does not go the full circle of our being. We are not conscious of our health and growth, because they are general and not local, and are not rendered prominent by contrast.

The dictionary and the sciences, in fact the whole province of human knowledge, hinge upon this principle. To know a thing is but to separate and distinguish it from something else; and classifying and systematizing are carrying the same law from the particular to the general. We cannot know one thing alone; two ideas enter into every distinct act of the understanding — one latent and virtual, the other active and at the surface. To use familiar examples, we cannot distinguish white without having known black, nor evil without having known good, nor beauty without having known deformity. Thus every principle has two sides, like a penny, and one presupposes the other, which it covers.

When we come to the intellect and the expression of thought, the same law of detachment and separation prevails. In contemplation and enjoyment there are unity and wholeness; but in thinking, never. Our thoughts lie in us, like the granite rock in the earth, whole and continuous, without break or rupture, and shaped by a law of the spheres; but when they come to the surface in utterance, and can be grasped and defined, they lose their entireness and become partial and fragmentary, and hint a local and not a general law. We cannot speak entire and unmixed truth, because utterance separates a part from the whole, and consequently in a measure distorts and exaggerates and does injustice to other truths. The moment we speak, we are one-sided and liable to be assailed by the reverse side of the fact. Hence the hostility that exists between different sects and religions; their founders were each possessed of some measure of truth, and consequently stood near to a common ground of agreement, but in the statement it became vitiated and partial; and the more their disciples have expounded and sought to lodge their principles in a logical system, the more they have diverged from the primitive sentiment. If the sects would let logic alone and appeal only to the consciousness of men, there would be no very steep difference between them, and each would promote the good of the other. But the moment we rest with the reason and the understanding there must be opposition and divergence, for they apprehend things by parts, and not by the mass; they deal with facts, and not with laws.

The fullest truth, as we have already hinted, never shapes itself into words on our lips. What we can speak is generally only foam from the surface, with more or less sediment in it; while the pure current flows untouched beneath. The deepest depths in a man have no tongue. He is like the sea, which finds expression only on its shoals and rocks; the great heart of it has no voice, no utterance.

The religious creeds will never be reconciled by logic; the more emphatically they are expressed, the more they differ. Ideas, in this respect, resemble the trees, which branch and diverge more and more widely as they proceed from the root and the germinal state. Men are radically the same in their feelings and sentiments, but widely different in their logic. Argument is reaction, and drives us farther and farther apart.

As the intellect expresses by detachment and contrast, it follows that, the more emphatically an idea is expressed, the more it will be disencumbered of other ideas and stand relieved like a bust chiseled from a rock. It is suggestive and prospective, and, by being detached itself, will relieve others and still others. It makes a breach in the blank wall, and the whole is now pregnable. New possibilities are opened, a new outlook into the universe. Nothing, so to speak, has become something; one base metal has been transmuted into gold, and so given us a purchase on every other. When one thought is spoken, all others become speakable. After one atom was created, the universe would grow of its own accord. The difficulty in writing is to utter the first thought, to break the heavy silence, to overcome the settled equilibrium, and disentangle one idea from the embarrassing many. It is a struggle for life. There is no place to begin at. We are burdened with unuttered and unutterable truth, but cannot, for the life of us, grasp it. It is a battle with Chaos. We plant shaft after shaft, but to no purpose. We get an idea half defined, when it slips from us, and all is blank again in that direction. We seem to be struggling with the force of gravity, and to come not so near conquering as to being conquered. But at last, when we are driven almost to despair, and in a semi-passive state inwardly settling and composing ourselves, the thought comes. How much is then revealed and becomes possible! New facts and forces are commanded by it; much of our experience, that was before meaningless and unavailable, assumes order and comes to our use; and as long as the breach can be kept open and the detachment perfect, how easily we write! But if we drop the thread of our idea without knotting it, or looping it to some fact — if we stop our work without leaving something inserted to keep the breach open, how soon all becomes a blank! The wound heals instantly; the equilibrium which we had for a moment arrested again asserts itself, and our work is a fragment and must always remain so. Neither wife nor friends nor fortune nor appetite should call one from his work, when he is possessed by this spirit and can utter his thought. We are caught up into these regions rarely enough; let us not come down till we are obliged.

The fullest development of this law, as it appears in the intellect, is Analogy. Analogy is the highest form of expression, the poetry of speech; and is detachment carried so far that it goes full circle and gives a sense of unity and wholeness again. It is the spheral form appearing in thought. The idea is not only detached, but is wedded to some outward object, so that spirit and matter mutually interpret each other. Nothing can be explained by itself, or, in the economy of Nature, is explained by itself. The night explains the day, and the day interprets the night. Summer gives character to winter, and in winter we best understand the spirit of summer. The shore defines and emphasizes the sea, and the sea gives form and meaning to the shore.

To measure grain, we must have a bushel; and to confine water and air, we must have other than water and air to do it with. The bird flies by balancing itself against something else; the mountain is emphasized by the valley; and one color is brought out and individualized by another. Our mood of yesterday is understood and rendered available by our mood of to-day; and what we now experience will be read aright only when seen from the grounds of an opposite experience. Our life here will not be duly appreciated and its meaning made clear till seen from the life beyond.

The spiritual canopies the material as the sky canopies the earth, and is reached and expressed only by its aid. And this is Analogy, — the marrying of opposite facts, the perception of the same law breaking out in a thousand different forms, — the completing of the circle when only a segment is given. The visible and the invisible make up one sphere of which each is a part. We are related to both; our root is in one, our top in the other. Our ideas date from spirit and appear in fact. The ideal informs the actual. This is the way the intellect detaches and gets expressed. It is not its own interpreter, and, like everything else, is only one side of a law which is explained by the other side. The mind is the cope and the world the draw, to use the language of the moulder. The intellect uses the outward, as the sculptor uses marble, to embody and speak its thought. It seizes upon a fact as upon a lever, to separate and lift up some fraction of its meaning. From Nature, from science, from experience, it traces laws, till they appear in itself, and thus finds a thread to string its thought on.

Without Analogy, without this marrying of the inward and the outward, there can be no speech, no expression. It is a necessity of our condition. Spirit is cognizable by us only when endowed with a material body; so an idea or a feeling can be stated only when it puts on the form and definiteness of the sensuous, the empirical. Hence the highest utterance is a perpetual marrying of thought with things, as in poetry, — a lifting up of the actual and a bringing down of the ideal, — giving a soul to the one and a body to the other. This takes place more or less in all speech, but only with genius is it natural and complete. Ordinary minds inherit their language and form of expression; but with the poet, or natural sayer, a new step is taken, and new analogies, new likenesses must be disclosed. He is distinguished from the secondhand man by the fullness and completeness of his expression; his words are round and embrace the two hemispheres, the actual and the ideal. He points out analogies under our feet, and presents the near and the remote wedded in every act of his mind. Nothing is old with him, but Nature is forever new like the day, and gives him pure and fresh thoughts as she gives him pure and fresh water. Hence the expressiveness of poetry and its power over the human heart. It differs from prose only in degree, not in essence. It goes farther and accomplishes more. It is the blossom of which prose is the bud, and comes with sincerity, simplicity, purity of motive, and a vital relation to Nature.

As men grow earnest and impassioned, and speak from their inmost heart, and without any secondary ends, their language rises to the dignity of poetry and employs tropes and figures. The more emphatic the statement, the more the thought is linked with things. The ideas of men in their ordinary mood are only half expressed, like a stone propped up, but still sod-bound; but when they are fired and glowing with the heat of some great passion, the operation of the mind is more complete and the detachment more perfect. The thought is not only evolved, but is thrown into the air — disencumbered from the understanding, and set off against the clear blue of the imagination. Hence the direct and unequivocal statement of a man writing under the impulse of some strong feeling, or speaking to a thrilled and an excited audience. Nature, the world, his experience, is no longer hard and flinty, but plastic and yielding, and takes whatever impress his mind gives it. Facts float through his head like half-pressed grapes in the wine press, steeped and saturated with meaning, and his expression becomes so round and complete as to astonish himself in his calmer moments.

People differ not so much in material as in this power of expressing it. The secret of the best writer lies in his art. He is not so much above the common stature; his experience is no richer than ours; but he knows how to put handles to his ideas, and we do not. Give a peasant his power of expression, or of welding the world within to the world without, and there would be no very precipitous inequality between them. The great writer says what we feel, but could not utter. We have pearls that lie no deeper than his, but have not his art of bringing them to the surface. We are mostly like an inland lake that has no visible outlet; while he is the same lake gifted with a copious channel.

The secret seems to lie in the temperament and in the transmuting and modifying medium. More or less of filtration does it all. Nature makes the poet, not by adding to, but by taking from; she takes all blur and opacity out of him; condenses, intensifies; lifts his nerves nearer the surface, sharpens his senses, and brings his whole organization to an edge. Sufficient filtration would convert charcoal into diamonds; and we shall everywhere find that the purest, most precious substances are the result of a refining, sorting, condensing process.

Our expression is clogged by the rubbish in our minds, the foolish personal matters we load the memory with. Ideas are not clearly defined, as the driftwood in the river spoils the reflected image. We feel nothing intensely; our experience is a blur without distinct form and outline; in short, we are encumbered with too much clay. Hence, when a slow disease burns the dross and earth out of one, how keen and susceptible his organization becomes! The mud wall grows transparent. Our senses lose their obtuseness, our capacity both for experience and expression is enlarged, and we not only live deeper, but nearer the surface.

It appears, then, that, as a general rule, our ability to express ourselves is in proportion to the fineness of our organization. Women, for this reason, are more adequate in expressing themselves than men; they stand removed one degree farther from the earth, and are conscious of feelings and sentiments that are never defined in our minds; the detachment is more perfect; shades and boundaries are more clearly brought out, and consequently the statement is more round and full.

One's capacity for expression is also affected by his experience, — not experience in time and space, but soul experience, — joy, sorrow, pleasure, pain, love, hope, aspiration, and all intense feeling by which the genesis of the inward man is unfolded. What one has lived, that alone can he adequately say. The outward is the measure of the inward; it is as the earth and sky: so much earth as we see, so much sky takes form and outline. The spiritual, it is true, is illimitable, but the actual is the measure of that part of which we are made conscious. Experience furnishes the handle, but the intellect must supply the blade.

Intense feeling of any kind afterward gives us more entire command over some thought or power within us. Every inundation of passion enriches and gives us a deeper soil. The most painful experiences are generally the most productive. Cutting teeth is by no means a pleasant operation, yet it increases our tools. Our lives are not thoroughly shaped out and individualized till we have lived and suffered in every part of us. A great feeling reveals new powers in the soul, as a deep breath fills air cells in the lungs that are not reached by an ordinary inhalation. Love first revealed the poetic gift in Novalis; and in reading the Autobiography of Goethe one can but notice the quickening of his powers after every new experience: a new love was a new push given the shuttle, and a new thread was added.

When we come nearer the surface of our subject and speak of language, we remark that pure English, so far as such is possible, is the most convenient and expressive. Saxon words cannot be used too plentifully. They abridge and condense and smack of life and experience, and form the nerve and sinew of the best writing of our day; while the Latin is the fat. The Saxon puts small and convenient handles to things, handles that are easy to grasp; while your ponderous Johnsonian phraseology distends and exaggerates, and never peels the chaff from the wheat. Johnson's periods act like a lever of the third kind — the power applied always exceeds the weight raised; while the terse, laconic style of later writers is eminently a lever on the first principle, and gives the mind the utmost purchase on the subject in hand.

The language of life, and of men who speak to be understood, should be used more in our books. A great principle anchored to a common word or a familiar illustration never looses its hold upon the mind; it is like seeing the laws of Astronomy in the swing of a pendulum, or in the motion of the boy's ball — or the law of the tides and the seasons appearing in the beating of the pulse, or in inspiring and expiring the breath. The near and the remote are head and tail of the same law, and good writing unites them, giving wholeness and continuity. The language of the actual and the practical applied to the ideal brings it at once within everybody's reach, tames it, and familiarizes it to the mind. If the writers on metaphysics would deal more in our everyday speech, use commoner illustrations, seek to find some interpreter of the feelings and affections of the mind in Nature, out of the mind itself, and thus keep the life principle and the thought principle constantly wedded, making them mutually elucidate and explain each other, they would be far more fruitful and satisfying. Cousin is the only writer we know of who has made any attempt at this, and we believe him to be the most consistent and intelligent metaphysician that has yet appeared. Surely, one cannot reasonably object to the height in the heavens from which a man steals his fire, if he can feed it with his own fuel and cook meat with it. Though the genealogy of our ideas be traceable to Jove and Olympus, they must marry their human sisters, the facts of common life and experience, before they can be productive of anything positive and valuable.

Proverbs give us the best lessons in the art of expression. See what vast truths and principles informing such simple and common facts! It reminds one of suns and stars engraved on buttons and knife handles. Proverbs come from the character, and are alive and vascular. There is blood and marrow in them. They give us pocket editions of the most voluminous truths. Theirs is a felicity of expression that comes only at rare moments, and that is bought by long years of experience.

There is no waste material in a good proverb; it is clear meat, like an egg — a happy result of logic, with the logic left out; and the writer who shall thus condense his wisdom, and as far as possible give the two poles of thought in every expression, will most thoroughly reach men's minds and hearts.

TURTLE EGGS FOR AGASSIZ

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

(*February 1910*)

It is one of the wonders of the world that so few books are written. With every human being a possible book, and with many a human being capable of becoming more books than the world could contain, is it not amazing that the books of men are so few? And so stupid!

I took down, recently, from the shelves of a great public library, the four volumes of Agassiz's *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*. I doubt if anybody but the charwoman, with her duster, had touched those volumes for twenty-five years. They are an excessively learned, a monumental, an epoch-making work, the fruit of vast and heroic labors, with colored plates on stone, showing the turtles of the United States, and their embryology. The work was published more than half a century ago (by subscription); but it looked old beyond its years — massive, heavy, weathered, as if dug from the rocks. It was difficult to feel that Agassiz could have written it — could have built it, grown it, for the laminated pile had required for its growth the patience and painstaking care of a process of nature, as if it were a kind of printed coral reef. Agassiz do this? The big, human, magnetic man at work upon these pages of capital letters, Roman figures, brackets, and parentheses in explanation of the pages of diagrams and plates! I turned away with a sigh from the weary learning, to read the preface.

When a great man writes a great book he usually flings a preface after it, and thereby saves it, sometimes, from oblivion. Whether so or not, the best things in most books are their prefaces. It was not, however, the quality of the preface to these great volumes that interested me, but rather the wicked waste of durable book material that went to its making. Reading down through the catalogue of human names and of thanks for help received, I came to a sentence beginning: —

'In New England I have myself collected largely; but I have also received valuable contributions from the late Rev. Zadoc Thompson of Burlington . . . from Mr. D. Henry Thoreau of Concord . . . and from Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro'.' And then it hastens on with the thanks in order to get to the turtles, as if turtles were the one and only thing of real importance in all the world.

Turtles no doubt are important, extremely important, embryologically, as part of our genealogical tree; but they are away down among the roots of the tree as compared with the late Rev. Zadoc Thompson of Burlington. I happen to know nothing about the Rev. Zadoc, but to me he looks very interesting. Indeed any reverend gentleman of his name and day who would catch turtles for Agassiz must have been interesting. And as for Henry Thoreau, we know he was interesting. The rarest wood turtle in the United States was not so rare a specimen as this gentleman of Walden Woods and Concord. We are glad even for this line in the preface about him; glad to know that he tried, in this untranscendental way, to serve his day and generation. If Agassiz had only put a chapter in his turtle book about it! But this is the material he wasted, this and more of the same human sort, for the Mr. Jenks of Middleboro' (at the end of the quotation) was, years later, an old college professor of mine, who told me some of the particulars of his turtle contributions, particulars which Agassiz should have found a place for in his big book. The preface says merely that this gentleman sent turtles to Cambridge by the thousands — brief and scanty recognition. For that is not the only thing this gentleman did. On one occasion he sent, not turtles, but turtle *eggs* to Cambridge — *brought* them, I should say; and all there is to show for it, so far as I could discover, is a sectional drawing of a bit of the mesoblastic layer of one of the eggs!

Of course, Agassiz wanted to make that mesoblastic drawing, or some other equally important drawing, and had to have the fresh turtle egg to draw it from. He had to have it, and he got it. A great man, when he wants a certain turtle egg, at a certain time, always gets it, for he gets someone else to get it. I am glad he got it. But what makes me sad and impatient is that he did not think it worth while to tell about the getting of it, and so made merely a learned turtle book of what might have been an exceedingly interesting human book.

It would seem, naturally, that there could be nothing unusual or interesting about the getting of turtle eggs when you want them. Nothing at all, if you should chance to want the eggs as you chance to find them. So with anything else — good copper stock, for instance, if you should chance to want it, and should chance to be along when they chance to be giving it away. But if you want copper stock, say of C & H quality, *when* you want it, and are bound to have it, then you must command more than a college professor's salary. And likewise, precisely, when it is turtle eggs that you are bound to have.

Agassiz wanted those turtle eggs when he wanted them — not a minute over three hours from the minute they were laid. Yet even that does not seem exacting, hardly more difficult than the getting of hen eggs only three hours old. Just so, provided the professor could have had his private turtle coop in Harvard Yard; and provided he could have made his turtles lay. But turtles will not respond, like hens, to meat scraps and the warm mash. The professor's problem was not to get from a mud turtle's nest in the back yard to the table in the laboratory; but to get from the laboratory in Cambridge to some pond when the turtles were laying, and back to the laboratory within the limited time. And this, in the days of Darius Green, might have called for nice and discriminating work — as it did.

Agassiz had been engaged for a long time upon his *Contributions*. He had brought the great work nearly to a finish. It was, indeed, finished but for one small yet very important bit of observation: he had carried the turtle egg through every stage of its development with the single exception of one — the very earliest — that stage of first cleavages, when the cell begins to segment, immediately upon its being laid. That beginning stage had brought the *Contributions* to a halt. To get eggs that were fresh enough to show the incubation at this period had been impossible.

There were several ways that Agassiz might have proceeded: he might have got a leave of absence for the spring term, taken his laboratory to some pond inhabited by turtles, and there camped until he should catch the reptile digging out her nest. But there were difficulties in all of that — as those who are college professors and naturalists know. As this was quite out of the question, he did the easiest thing — asked Mr. Jenks of Middleboro' to get him the eggs. Mr. Jenks got them. Agassiz knew all about his getting of them; and I say the strange and irritating thing is that Agassiz did not think it worth while to tell us about it, at least in the preface to his monumental work.

It was many years later that Mr. Jenks, then a gray-haired college professor, told me how he got those eggs to Agassiz.

'I was principal of an academy, during my younger years,' he began, 'and was busy one day with my classes, when a large man suddenly filled the doorway of the room, smiled to the four corners of the room, and called out with a big, quick voice that he was Professor Agassiz.

'Of course he was. I knew it, even before he had had time to shout it to me across the room.

'Would I get him some turtle eggs? he called. Yes, I would. And would I get them to Cambridge within three hours from the time they were laid? Yes, I would. And I did. And it was worth the doing. But I did it only once.

'When I promised Agassiz those eggs I knew where I was going to get them. I had got turtle eggs there before — at a particular patch of sandy shore along a pond, a few miles distant from the academy.

'Three hours was the limit. From the railroad station to Boston was thirty-five miles; from the pond to the station was perhaps three or four miles; from Boston to Cambridge we called about three miles. Forty miles in round numbers! We figured it all out before he returned, and got the trip down to two hours — record time: driving from the pond to the station; from the station by express train to Boston; from Boston by cab to Cambridge. This left an easy hour for accidents and delays.

'Cab and car and carriage we reckoned into our time-table; but what we did n't figure on was the turtle.' And he paused abruptly.

'Young man,' he went on, his shaggy brows and spectacles hardly hiding the twinkle in the eyes that were bent severely upon me, 'young man, when *you* go after turtle eggs, take into account the turtle. No! no! That's bad advice. Youth never reckons on the turtle — and youth seldom ought to. Only old age does that; and old age would never have got those turtle eggs to Agassiz.

'It was in the early spring that Agassiz came to the academy, long before there was any likelihood of the turtles laying. But I was eager for the quest, and so fearful of failure that I started out to watch at the pond fully two weeks ahead of the time that the turtles might be expected to lay. I remember the date clearly: it was May 14.

'A little before dawn — along near three o'clock — I would drive over to the pond, hitch my horse near by, settle myself quietly among some thick cedars close to the sandy shore, and there I would wait, my kettle of sand ready, my eye covering the whole sleeping pond. Here among the cedars I would eat my breakfast, and then get back in good season to open the academy for the morning session.

'And so the watch began.

'I soon came to know individually the dozen or more turtles that kept to my side of the pond. Shortly after the cold mist would lift and melt away they would stick up their heads through the quiet water; and as the sun slanted down over the ragged rim of tree tops the slow things would float into the warm, lighted spots, or crawl out and doze comfortably on the hummocks and snags.

'What fragrant mornings those were! How fresh and new and unbreathed! The pond odors, the woods odors, the odors of the ploughed fields — of water lily, and wild grape, and the dew-laid soil! I can taste them yet, and hear them yet — the still, large sounds of the waking day — the pickerel breaking the quiet with his swirl; the kingfisher dropping anchor; the stir of feet and wings among the trees. And then the thought of the great book being held up for me! Those were rare mornings!

'But there began to be a good many of them, for the turtles showed no desire to lay. They sprawled in the sun, and never one came out upon the sand as if she intended to help on the great professor's book. The embryology of her eggs was of small concern to her; her contribution to the Natural History of the United States could wait.

'And it did wait. I began my watch on the fourteenth of May; June first found me still among the cedars, still waiting, as I had waited every morning, Sundays and rainy days alike. June first was a perfect morning, but every turtle slid out upon her log, as if egg laying might be a matter strictly of next year.

'I began to grow uneasy — not impatient yet, for a naturalist learns his lesson of patience early, and for all his years; but I began to fear lest, by some subtile sense, my presence might somehow be known to the creatures; that they might have gone to some other place to lay, while I was away at the schoolroom.

'I watched on to the end of the first week, on to the end of the second week in June, seeing the mists rise and vanish every morning, and along with them vanish, more and more, the poetry of my early morning vigil. Poetry and rheumatism cannot long dwell together in the same clump of cedars, and I had begun to feel the rheumatism. A month of morning mists wrapping me around had at last soaked through to my bones. But Agassiz was waiting, and the world was waiting, for those turtle eggs; and I would wait. It was all I could do, for there is no use bringing a china nest egg to a turtle; she is not open to any such delicate suggestion.

'Then came a mid-June Sunday morning, with dawn breaking a little after three: a warm, wide-awake dawn, with the level mist lifted from the level surface of the pond a full hour higher than I had seen it any morning before.

'This was the day: I knew it. I have heard persons say that they can hear the grass grow; that they know by some extra sense when danger is nigh. That we have these extra senses I fully believe, and I believe they can be sharpened by cultivation. For a month I had been watching, brooding over this pond, and now I knew. I felt a stirring of the pulse of things that the cold-hearted turtles could no more escape than could the clods and I.

'Leaving my horse unhitched, as if he too understood, I slipped eagerly into my covert for a look at the pond. As I did so, a large pickerel ploughed a furrow out through the spatter-docks, and in his wake rose the head of an enormous turtle. Swinging slowly around, the creature headed straight for the shore, and without a pause scrambled out on the sand.

'She was about the size of a big scoop shovel; but that was not what excited me, so much as her manner, and the gait at which she moved; for there was method in it, and fixed purpose. On she came, shuffling over the sand toward the higher open fields, with a hurried, determined seesaw that was taking her somewhere in particular, and that was bound to get her there on time.

'I held my breath. Had she been a dinosaurian making Mesozoic footprints, I could not have been more fearful. For footprints in the Mesozoic mud, or in the sands of time, were as nothing to me when compared with fresh turtle eggs in the sands of this pond.

'But over the strip of sand, without a stop, she paddled, and up a narrow cow path into the high grass along a fence. Then up the narrow cow path, on all fours, just like another turtle, I paddled, and into the high wet grass along the fence.

'I kept well within sound of her, for she moved recklessly, leaving a trail of flattened grass a foot and a half wide. I wanted to stand up, — and I don't believe I could have turned her back with a rail, — but I was afraid if she saw me that she might return indefinitely to the pond; so on I went, flat to the ground, squeezing through the lower rails of the fence, as if the field beyond were a melon patch. It was nothing of the kind, only a wild, uncomfortable pasture, full of dewberry vines, and very discouraging. They were excessively wet vines and briery. I pulled my coat sleeves as far over my fists as I could get them, and, with the tin pail of sand swinging from between my teeth to avoid noise, I stumped fiercely, but silently, on after the turtle.

'She was laying her course, I thought, straight down the length of this dreadful pasture, when, not far from the fence, she suddenly hove to, warped herself short about, and came back, barely clearing me, at a clip that was thrilling. I warped about, too, and in her wake bore down across the corner of the pasture, across the powdery public road, and on to a fence along a field of young corn.

'I was somewhat wet by this time, but not so wet as I had been before, wallowing through the deep dry dust of the road. Hurrying up behind a large tree by the fence, I peered down the corn rows and saw the turtle stop, and begin to paw about in the loose soft soil. She was going to lay!

'I held on to the tree and watched, as she tried this place, and that place, and the other place — the eternally feminine! But *the* place, evidently, was hard to find. What could a female turtle do with a whole field of possible nests to choose from? Then at last she found it, and, whirling about, she backed quickly at it, and, tail first, began to bury herself before my staring eyes.

'Those were not the supreme moments of my life; perhaps those moments came later that day; but those certainly were among the slowest, most dreadfully mixed of moments that I ever experienced. They were hours long. There she was, her shell just showing, like some old hulk in the sand alongshore. And how long would she stay there? And how should I know if she had laid an egg?

'I could still wait. And so I waited, when, over the freshly awakened fields, floated four mellow strokes from the distant town clock.

'Four o'clock! Why, there was no train until seven! No train for three hours! The eggs would spoil! Then with a rush it came over me that this was Sunday morning, and there was no regular seven o'clock train — none till after nine.

'I think I should have fainted had not the turtle just then begun crawling off. I was weak and dizzy; but there, there in the sand, were the eggs! And Agassiz! And the great book! And I cleared the fence, and the forty miles that lay between me and Cambridge, at a single jump. He should have them, trains or no. Those eggs should go to Agassiz by seven o'clock, if I had to gallop every mile of the way. Forty miles! Any horse could cover it in three hours, if he had to; and, upsetting the astonished turtle, I scooped out her round white eggs.

'On a bed of sand in the bottom of the pail I laid them, with what care my trembling fingers allowed; filled in between them with more sand; so with another layer to the rim; and, covering all smoothly with more sand, I ran back for my horse.

'That horse knew, as well as I, that the turtles had laid, and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz. He turned out of that field into the road on two wheels, a thing he had not done for twenty years, doubling me up before the dashboard, the pail of eggs miraculously lodged between my knees.

'I let him out. If only he could keep this pace all the way to Cambridge! Or even halfway there; and I should have time to finish the trip on foot. I shouted him on, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, though the bang on them, as we pounded down the wood road, was terrific. But nothing must happen to the eggs; they must not be jarred, or even turned over in the sand before they came to Agassiz.

'In order to get out on the pike it was necessary to drive back away from Boston toward the town. We had nearly covered the distance, and were rounding a turn from the woods into the open fields, when, ahead of me, at the station it seemed, I heard the quick sharp whistle of a locomotive.

'What did it mean? Then followed the *puff, puff, puff* of a starting train. But what train? Which way going? And, jumping to my feet for a longer view, I pulled into a side road that paralleled the track, and headed hard for the station.

'We reeled along. The station was still out of sight, but from behind the bushes that shut it from view rose the smoke of a moving engine. It was perhaps a mile away, but we were approaching, head-on, and, topping a little hill, I swept down upon a freight train, the black smoke pouring from the stack, as the mighty creature pulled itself together for its swift run down the rails.

'My horse was on the gallop, going with the track, and straight toward the coming train. The sight of it almost maddened me — the bare thought of it, on the road to Boston! On I went; on it came, a half — a quarter of a mile between us, when suddenly my road shot out along an unfenced field with only a level stretch of sod between me and the engine.

'With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him into the field and sent him straight as an arrow for the track. That train should carry me and my eggs to Boston!

'The engineer pulled the rope. He saw me standing up in the rig, saw my hat blow off, saw me wave my arms, saw the tin pail swing in my teeth, and he jerked out a succession of sharp halts! But it was he who should halt, not I; and on we went, the horse with a flounder landing the carriage on top of the track.

'The train was already grinding to a stop; but before it was near a stand-still I had backed off the track, jumped out, and, running down the rails with the astonished engineers gaping at me, had swung aboard the cab.

'They offered no resistance; they had n't had time. Nor did they have the disposition, for I looked strange, not to say dangerous. Hatless, dew-soaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as if it were a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

'"Crazy," the fireman muttered, looking to the engineer for his cue.

'I had been crazy, perhaps, but I was not crazy now.

'"Throw her wide open," I commanded. "Wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast."

'Then they knew I was crazy, and, evidently thinking it best to humor me, threw the throttle wide open, and away we went.

'I kissed my hand to the horse, grazing unconcernedly in the open field, and gave a smile to my crew. That was all I could give them, and hold myself and the eggs together. But the smile was enough. And they smiled through their smut at me, though one of them held fast to his shovel, while the other kept his hand upon a big ugly wrench. Neither of them spoke to me, but above the roar of the swaying engine I caught enough of their broken talk to understand that they were driving under a full head of steam, with the intention of handing me over to the Boston police, as perhaps the easiest way of disposing of me.

'I was only afraid that they would try it at the next station. But that station whizzed past without a bit of slack, and the next, and the next; when it came over me that this was the through freight, which should have passed in the night, and was making up lost time.

'Only the fear of the shovel and the wrench kept me from shaking hands with both men at this discovery. But I beamed at them; and they at me. I was enjoying it. The unwonted jar beneath my feet was wrinkling my diaphragm with spasms of delight. And the fireman beamed at the engineer, with a look that said, "See the lunatic grin; he likes it!"

'He did like it. How the iron wheels sang to me as they took the rails! How the rushing wind in my ears sang to me! From my stand on the fireman's side of the cab I could catch a glimpse of the track just ahead of the engine, where the ties seemed to leap into the throat of the mile-devouring monster. The joy of it! Of seeing space swallowed by the mile!

'I shifted the eggs from hand to hand and thought of my horse, of Agassiz, of the great book, of my great luck, — luck, — luck, — until the multitudinous tongues of the thundering train were all chiming "luck! luck! luck!" They knew! They understood! This beast of fire and tireless wheels was doing its very best to get the eggs to Agassiz!

'We swung out past the Blue Hills, and yonder flashed the morning sun from the towering dome of the State House. I might have leaped from the cab and run the rest of the way on foot, had I not caught the eye of the engineer watching me narrowly. I was not in Boston yet, nor in Cambridge either. I was an escaped lunatic, who had held up a train, and forced it to carry me to Boston.

'Perhaps I had overdone the lunacy business. Suppose these two men should take it into their heads to turn me over to the police, whether I would or no? I could never explain the case in time to get the eggs to Agassiz. I looked at my watch. There were still a few minutes left, in which I might explain to these men, who, all at once, had become my captors. But it was too late. Nothing could avail against my actions, my appearance, and my little pail of sand.

'I had not thought of my appearance before. Here I was, face and clothes caked with yellow mud, my hair wild and matted, my hat gone, and in my full-grown hands a tiny tin pail of sand, as if I had been digging all night with a tiny tin shovel on the shore! And thus to appear in the decent streets of Boston of a Sunday morning!

'I began to feel like a hunted criminal. The situation was serious, or might be, and rather desperately funny at its best. I must in some way have shown my new fears, for both men watched me more sharply.

'Suddenly, as we were nearing the outer freight yard, the train slowed down and came to a stop. I was ready to jump, but I had no chance. They had nothing to do, apparently, but to guard me. I looked at my watch again. What time we had made! It was only six o'clock, with a whole hour to get to Cambridge.

'But I did n't like this delay. Five minutes — ten — went by.

'"Gentlemen," I began, but was cut short by an express train coming past. We were moving again, on — into a siding; on — on to the main track; and on with a bump and a crash and a succession of crashes, running the length of the train; on at a turtle's pace, but on, when the fireman, quickly jumping for the bell rope, left the way to the step free, and — the chance had come!

'I never touched the step, but landed in the soft sand at the side of the track, and made a line for the yard fence.

'There was no hue or cry. I glanced over my shoulder to see if they were after me. Evidently their hands were full, and they didn't know I had gone.

'But I had gone; and was ready to drop over the high board fence, when it occurred to me that I might drop into a policeman's arms. Hanging my pail in a splint on top of a post, I peered cautiously over — a very wise thing to do before you jump a high board fence. There, crossing the open square toward the station, was a big, burly fellow with a club — looking for me.

'I flattened for a moment, when someone in the yard yelled at me. I preferred the policeman, and, grabbing my pail, I slid over to the street. The policeman moved on past the corner of the station out of sight. The square was free, and yonder stood a cab!

'Time was flying now. Here was the last lap. The cabman saw me coming, and squared away. I waved a paper dollar at him, but he only stared the more. A dollar can cover a good deal, but I was too much for one dollar. I pulled out another, thrust them both at him, and dodged into the cab, calling, "Cambridge!"

'He would have taken me straight to the police station had I not said, "Harvard College. Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Agassiz"; and pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

'It was nearly half past six.

'"Let him go!" I ordered. "Here's another dollar if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes. Let him out; never mind the police!"

'He evidently knew the police, or there were none around at that time on a Sunday morning. We went down the sleeping streets as I had gone down the wood roads from the pond two hours before, but with the rattle and crash now of a fire brigade. Whirling a corner into Cambridge Street, we took the bridge at a gallop, the driver shouting out something in Hibernian to a pair of waving arms and a belt and brass buttons.

'Across the bridge with a rattle and jolt that put the eggs in jeopardy, and on over the cobblestones, we went. Half standing, to lessen the jar, I held the pail in one hand and held myself in the other, not daring to let go even to look at my watch.

'But I was afraid to look at the watch. I was afraid to see how near to seven o'clock it might be. The sweat was dropping from my nose, so close was I running to the limit of my time.

'Suddenly there was a lurch, and I dived forward, ramming my head into the front of the cab, coming up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat, and sent half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor.

'We had stopped. Here was Agassiz's house; and without taking time to pick up the scattered eggs I tumbled out, and pounded at the door.

'No one was astir in the house. But I would stir them. And I did. Right in the midst of the racket the door opened. It was the maid.

'"Agassiz," I gasped, "I want Professor Agassiz, quick!" And I pushed by her into the hall.

'"Go 'way, sir. I'll call the police. Professor Agassiz is in bed. Go 'way, sir!"

'"Call him — Agassiz — instantly, or I'll call him myself."

'But I did n't; for just then a door overhead was flung open, a great white-robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick loud voice called excitedly: —

'"Let him in! Let him in! I know him. He has my turtle eggs!"

'And the apparition, slipperless, and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing down the stairs.

'The maid fled. The great man, his arms extended, laid hold of me with both hands, and, dragging me and my precious pail into his study, with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs, as the watch in my trembling hands ticked its way to seven — as if nothing unusual were happening to the history of the world.'

'You were in time, then?' I said.

'To the tick. There stands my copy of the great book. I am proud of the humble part I had in it.'

WHEN HANNAH VAR EIGHT YAR OLD

BY KATHERINE PEABODY GIRLING

(June 1913)

'WERE you a little girl, Hannah, when you came to America?' I asked.

'No,' she replied, letting her sewing fall in her lap as her grave eyes sought mine slowly, 'I var a big girl eight yar old.'

'Eight years old? How big you must have been! Can you tell me about it? Why you came?'

The recent accounts of people driven to America by tragedy, or drawn by a larger hope of finding a life to live in addition to earning a living, had colored my thoughts for days. Have all immigrants — the will-less, leaden people who pass in droves through our railway stations; the patient, indifferent toilers by the roadside; the maids who cook and mend for us; this girl who sits sewing with me to-day — a memory and a vision? Is each of them in some degree a Mary Antin? So I closed the magazine and asked her. — 'A big girl eight yar old,' she said.

'Oh, well,' Hannah explained, 'in Old Country if you are eight yar old and comes younger child'n in familie, you are old woman; you gotta be, or who shall help de moder?'

'Yes? Did your father and mother bring you?' I continued, probing for the story.

'No — fader and moder var daid. My h'aunt, my fader's broder's wife, se came for us. It cost her twenty-eight dollar, but se do it.'

'But surely you can't go to Sweden and return for twenty-eight dollars!'

'Seventeen yar ago, yes, but of course you must to take your own providings. It don't require much.' Hannah's shoulders drew together expressively. 'Madam knows se is apt to miss her appetite at sea!'

'But too well.' I shrugged sympathetically. Then we both laughed.

'I can to tell you how it is I came on Ahmericah, but' — Hannah waited for words to express her warning — 'it will make you a sharp sadness.'

'Please.'

'I don't know if I can tell it to you good, but I tell it so good as I can. My fader he var Swedish fisherman vat h'own his boat and go away by weeks and weeks, and sometimes comes strong wedder and he can't make it to get home quick.' Hannah hesitated, and then in lowered tones of soft apology added, 'My moder se var a ver' pretty woman. Var three child'n more as me — Olga var six yar old, and Hilda four, and Jens — well, Jens var just a baby, suppose yar and half. We live in a little house close on by de sea. It is yust a little house, but it can to have a shed with a floor of stone. The door of de shed is broken so it is like a window mitout glass.

'The house is close on by a big dock where in somer time comes big excursion steamer mit — suppose hundert tourist people who climb on de mountain up de road. My moder se sell dem hot coffee, also bread and cheese, but dat is not de reason why we live in de little so lonesome house. It is de big dock is de reason. My fader he can to come home from late fishings mitout needing dat he sall walk on de roads. In Sweden in winter de roads swallow snow till it makes dangersome to you to walk because hides holes to step in. We live dere all somer, but in late autumn my fader he say, "What about de winter?"

'My moder se say, "I don't know, but anyway ve try it vonce."

'Den my fader he go away in his boat and my moder se get bad cold and comes sickness on her, and ven se could n't to keep care on us by reason se is too weak, se lay on de cot in de kitchen room and vatch on me dat I sall learn to keep care on de child'n.'

'But what did you live on? How did you keep warm?'

'Oh — is plenty fuel, and ve make hot stew of dried meat mit rice and raisins.

'One day my moder se say me, "Hannah," se say, "you bain a big girl; I must to tell you sometings. You fader is very late, it seems, and winter comes now. I cannot to wait much more. It is soon I got to go. You must n't take a fear of me if I come all white like de snow and don't talk mit you any more. De little child'n dey will take a fear and cry. I cannot to bring a fear on my little child'n."

'So se tell me what I sall do — I sall close bot' her eyes up and tie her hands togeder and lock de shed door.'

'The shed door!'

'Ya.'

Hannah had resumed her sewing. Her thread fairly snapped as stitch fell by even stitch with monotonous rhythm. In quiet, uneventful tone she continued: —

'So one night pretty soon se make dat I sall bring her best nightgown and help her mit to put it on. Den se kiss de little child'n in deir sleepings and se sit on a stool by de fire and say I sall put Jens in her arms. Se try to rock back and fort' and se sing on him a little hymn. But se is too weak, and I must to take him. Den se put on me a shawl and tie it behind under my arms, and se lean heavy on me, and we go out into de shed. My moder se do her bare feet on de stone floor. Se have yust but her nightgown on, but it is her best one mit crocheted lace at de neck and wrists. Se tell me I sall put de ironing board across two chair seats, but it is too heavy and se sall try to help me, but comes coughing on her and se must to hold on by de shed door. Se look out across de road and de mountain all mit snow white and mit moonlight cold. And blood is on her lips, but se wipe it away mit a snow bunch. Well, anyway, we do de ironing board across de chair seats and I spread a white sheet and put a head cushion and my moder lie down and I cover her mit a more other sheet over.

'"Oh, moder," I say, "let me make some warm covering on you."

'"No," se say, so soft dat I listen mit my ear, "I must to come here while I yet have de stren'th, but I want to go quick away, and in de cold I go more quick. Oh, Hannah!" se say, "my big daughter! You are so comfortable to me!"

'So I hold my moder's hand. Pretty soon it comes cold. I klapp it mit mine, but it comes more cold. I crumple it up and breathe my hot breath in it, but it comes not warm any more. So mit my fader's Sunday handkerchief I bind her eyes like if you play Blindman mit de child'n, and mit an apron string I tie her hands together. Den I go back and make my hands warm in de kitchen room and I take de comb down off de string, and I go back to my moder and make her hair in two braids like as I did all when se was sick. My moder se haf very strong hair; it is down by her knees on and so yellow — so yellow as a copper teakettle! It could to haf been red, but it yust are not. Den I lock de shed door and crawl in bed mit de child'n to make me warm.

'Next day I tell de child'n dat moder is gone away. Dey cry some, but pretty soon dey shut up. Anyway, it is so long se haf lain on de cot in de kitchen room dat dey don't haf to miss her.

'So I keep care on de child'n and play mit dem, and some days go by. Comes stronger wedder mit storms of sleet and snow, and de wind sob and cry. Comes nobody on. At night when de child'n are sleeping I unlock de shed door and go to see if it makes all right mit my moder. Sometimes it is by the moonlight I see on her, but more often it is by a candle glimmer.'

Hannah broke the subdued tone of her narrative to add in a lower, more confiding note, 'It is mit me now dat when I see a candle on light I haf a sharp sadness.

'Pretty soon de wedder is more better, and comes a man trompling troo de snow to tell my moder dat her husband can't come home yust yet — he is drowned in de sea. When he see how it is mit my moder and mit me and de little child'n, de water stands in his eyes — ya. And he go on, troo de snow, tree, four mile nearer on de city to de big castle where live de lady vat h'own all de land and se come in sleigh mit four horsen and big robes of fur and yingling bells. Se see on my moder and se go quick away, but so soon as it can, se come again and se do on my moder a white robe, heavy mit lace, most beautiful! And white stockings of silk and white slippers broidered mit pearlen. Se leaf my moder's hair, as I fix it, in two braids, but se put a wreath of flowers, white and green, yust like de real ones. Is few real flowers in Sweden in winter. Anyway, dese var like de flowers a girl vat gets married should to wear. Den my lady se send her sleigh dat all de people should come and see on de so brave woman vat could n't to bring a fear on her little child'n. And de people dey make admiration on my moder. Dey say it is de prettiest dey ever see it, and dey make pity dat se could n't to see it herself.' She paused and breathed deeply. 'I wish se could have to seen dose slippers!'

'And did no one tell you that you were a wonderful little girl?'

'Oh, vell — I var eight yar old.'

'But what became of you all?'

'My lady took us home in her sleigh mit — I want to stay mit my moder, but se say I sall come to keep care on de child'n dat dey don't cry. And dey don't cry — dey laugh mit de yingling bells. De need was on me strong, but I don't cry before my lady. Se var great dame vat go in de court mit de queen. Se sent men and dey do my moder in a coffin and carry her to a little chapel house in cemetaire and in de spring ven de snow is gone dey bury her. My lady se put a white stone mit my moder's name and some poetry — I can't to say it good in English, but it says, "The stren'th in the heart of her poor is the hope of Sweden."'

'And then did your aunt come?'

'Ya; my lady se wrote on my fader's broder vat var in Ahmericah. Se say we can to stay mit her, but my oncle he send his wife, and we come back mit her on Ahmericah, und dat is all how I came to be here.'

ON BEING HUMAN

BY WOODROW WILSON

(*September 1897*)

'THE rarest sort of a book,' says Mr. Bagehot slyly, is 'a book to read'; and 'the knack in style is to write like a human being.' It is painfully evident, upon experiment, that not many of the books which come teeming from our presses every year are meant to be read. They are meant, it may be, to be pondered; it is hoped, no doubt, they may instruct, or inform, or startle, or arouse, or reform, or provoke, or amuse us; but we read, if we have the true reader's zest and palate, not to grow more knowing, but to be less pent up and bound within a little circle, — as those who take their pleasure, and not as those who laboriously seek instruction, — as a means of seeing and enjoying the world of men and affairs. We wish companionship and renewal of spirit, enrichment of thought and the full adventure of the mind; and we desire fair company, and a large world in which to find them.

No one who loves the masters who may be communed with and read but must see, therefore, and resent the error of making the text of any one of them a source to draw grammar from, forcing the parts of speech to stand out stark and cold from the warm text; or a store of samples whence to draw rhetorical instances, setting up figures of speech singly and without support of any neighbor phrase, to be stared at curiously and with intent to copy or dissect! Here is grammar done without deliberation: the phrases carry their meaning simply and by a sort of limpid reflection; the thought is a living thing, not an image ingeniously contrived and wrought. Pray leave the text whole: it has no meaning piecemeal; at any rate, not that best, wholesome meaning, as of a frank and genial friend who talks, not for himself or for his phrase, but for you. It is questionable morals to dismember a living frame to seek for its obscure fountains of life!

When you say that a book was meant to be read, you mean for one thing, of course, that it was not meant to be studied. You do not study a good story, or a haunting poem, or a battle song, or a love ballad, or any moving narrative, whether it be out of history or out of fiction — nor any argument, even, that moves vital in the field of action. You do not have to study these things; they reveal themselves, you do not stay to see how. They remain with you, and will not be forgotten or laid by. They cling like a personal experience, and become the mind's intimates. You devour a book meant to be read, not because you would fill yourself or have an anxious care to be nourished, but because it contains such stuff as it makes the mind hungry to look upon. Neither do you read it to kill time, but to lengthen time, rather, adding to it its natural usury by living the more abundantly while it lasts, joining another's life and thought to your own.

There are a few children in every generation, as Mr. Bagehot reminds us, who think the natural thing to do with *any* book is to read it. 'There is an argument from design in the subject,' as he says; 'if the book was not meant for that purpose, for what purpose was it meant?' These are the young eyes to which books yield up a great treasure, almost in spite of themselves, as if they had been penetrated by some swift, enlarging power of vision which only the young know. It is these youngsters to whom books give up the long ages of history, 'the wonderful series going back to the times of old patriarchs with their flocks and herds,' — I am quoting Mr. Bagehot again, — 'the keen-eyed Greek, the stately Roman, the watching Jew, the uncouth Goth, the horrid Hun, the settled picture of the unchanging East, the restless shifting of the rapid West, the rise of the cold and classical civilization, its fall, the rough impetuous Middle Ages, the vague warm picture of ourselves and home. When did we learn these? Not yesterday nor to-day, but long ago, in the first dawn of reason, in the original flow of fancy.' Books will not yield to us so richly when we are older. The argument from design fails. We return to the staid authors we read long ago, and do not find in them the vital, speaking images that used to lie there upon the page. Our own fancy is gone, and the author never had any. We are driven in upon the books *meant* to be read.

These are books written by human beings, indeed, but with no general quality belonging to the kind — with a special tone and temper, rather, a spirit out of the common, touched with a light that shines clear out of some great source of light which not every man can uncover. We call this spirit human because it moves us, quickens a like life in ourselves, makes us glow with a sort of ardor of self-discovery. It touches the springs of fancy or of action within us, and makes our own life seem more quick and vital. We do not call every book that moves us human. Some seem written with knowledge of the black art, set our base passions aflame, disclose motives at which we shudder — the more because we feel their reality and power; and we know that this is of the devil, and not the fruitage of any quality that distinguishes us as men. We are distinguished as men by the qualities that mark us different from the beasts. When we call a thing human we have a spiritual ideal in mind. It may not be an ideal of that which is perfect, but it moves at least upon an upland level where the air is sweet; it holds an image of man erect and constant, going abroad with undaunted steps, looking with frank and open gaze upon all the fortunes of his day, feeling ever and again

> the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things.

Say what we may of the errors and the degrading sins of our kind, we do not willingly make what is worst in us the distinguishing trait of what is human. When we declare, with Bagehot, that the author whom we love writes like a human being, we are not sneering at him; we do not say it with a leer. It is in token of admiration, rather. He makes us *like* our humankind. There is a noble passion in what he says; a wholesome humor that echoes genial comradeships; a certain reasonableness and moderation in what is thought and said; an air of the open day, in which things are seen whole and in their right colors, rather than of the close study or the academic classroom. We do not want our poetry from grammarians, nor our tales from philologists, nor our history from theorists. Their human nature is subtly transmuted into something less broad and catholic and of the general world. Neither do we want our political economy from tradesmen nor our statesmanship from mere politicians, but from those who see more and care for more than these men see or care for.

Once, — it is a thought which troubles us, — once it was a simple enough matter to be a human being, but now it is deeply difficult; because life was once simple, but is now complex, confused, multifarious. Haste, anxiety, preoccupation, the need to specialize and make machines of ourselves, have transformed the once simple world, and we are apprised that it will not be without effort that we shall keep the broad human traits which have so far made the earth habitable. We have seen our modern life accumulate, hot and restless, in great cities — and we cannot say that the change is not natural: we see in it, on the contrary, the fulfillment of an inevitable law of change, which is no doubt a law of growth, and not of decay. And yet we look upon the portentous thing with a great distaste, and doubt with what altered passions we shall come out of it. The huge, rushing, aggregate life of a great city, — the crushing crowds in the streets, where friends seldom meet and there are few greetings; the thunderous noise of trade and industry that speaks of nothing but gain and competition, and a consuming fever that checks the natural courses of the kindly blood; no leisure anywhere, no quiet, no restful ease, no wise repose, — all this shocks us. It is inhumane. It does not seem human. How much more likely does it appear that we shall find men sane and human about a country fireside, upon the streets of quiet villages, where all are neighbors, where groups of friends gather easily, and a constant sympathy makes the very air seem native! Why should not the city seem infinitely *more* human than the hamlet? Why should not human traits the more abound where human beings teem millions strong?

Because the city curtails man of his wholeness, specializes him, quickens some powers, stunts others, gives him a sharp edge and a temper like that of steel, makes him unfit for nothing so much as to sit still. Men have indeed written like human beings in the midst of great cities, but not often when they have shared the city's characteristic life, its struggle for place and for gain. There are not many places that belong to a city's life to which you can 'invite your soul.' Its haste, its preoccupations, its anxieties, its rushing noise as of men driven, its ringing cries, distract you. It offers no quiet for reflection; it permits no retirement to any who share its life. It is a place of little tasks, of narrowed functions, of aggregate and not of individual strength. The great machine dominates its little parts, and its Society is as much of a machine as its business.

> This tract which the river of Time
> Now flows through with us, is the plain.
> Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
> Border'd by cities, and hoarse
> With a thousand cries is its stream.
> And we on its breast, our minds
> Are confused as the cries which we hear,
> Changing and shot as the sights which we see.
>
> And we say that repose has fled
> Forever the course of the river of Time,
> That cities will crowd to its edge
> In a blacker, incessanter line;
> That the din will be more on its banks,
> Denser the trade on its stream,

Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead,
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time —
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream —
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast —
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

We cannot easily see the large measure and abiding purpose of the novel age in which we stand young and confused. The view that shall clear our minds and quicken us to act as those who know their task and its distant consummation will come with better knowledge and completer self-possession. It shall not be a night wind, but an air that shall blow out of the widening east and with the coming of the light, that shall bring us, with the morning, 'murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.' Who can doubt that man has grown more and more human with each step of that slow process which has brought him knowledge, self-restraint, the arts of intercourse, and the revelations of real joy? Man has more and more lived with his fellow men, and it is society that has humanized him — the development of society into an infinitely various school of discipline and ordered skill. He has been made more human by schooling, by growing more self-possessed — less violent, less tumultuous; holding himself in hand, and moving always with a certain poise of spirit; not forever clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, but preferring, rather, to play with a subtler skill upon the springs of action. This is our conception of the truly human man: a man in whom there is a just balance of faculties, a catholic sympathy — no brawler, no fanatic, no Pharisee; not too credulous in hope, not too desperate in purpose; warm, but not hasty; ardent and full of definite power, but not running about to be pleased and deceived by every new thing.

It is a genial image, of men we love — an image of men warm and true of heart, direct and unhesitating in courage, generous, magnanimous, faithful, steadfast, capable of a deep devotion and self-forgetfulness. But the age changes, and with it must change our ideals of human quality. Not that we would give up what we have loved: we would add what a new life demands. In a new age men must acquire a new capacity, must be men upon a new scale and with added qualities. We shall need a new Renaissance, ushered in by a new 'humanistic' movement, in which we shall add to our present minute, introspective study of ourselves, our jails, our slums, our nerve centres, our shifts to live, almost as morbid as mediæval religion, a rediscovery of the round world and of man's place in it, now that its face has changed. We study the world, but not yet with intent to school our hearts and tastes, broaden our natures, and know our fellow men as comrades rather than as phenomena; with purpose, rather, to build up bodies of critical doctrine and provide ourselves with theses. That, surely, is not the truly humanizing way in which to take the air of the world. Man is much more than a 'rational being,' and lives more by sympathies and impressions than by conclusions. It darkens his eyes and dries up the wells of his humanity to be forever in search of doctrine. We need wholesome, experiencing natures, I dare affirm, much more than we need sound reasoning.

Take life in the large view, and we are most reasonable when we seek that which is most wholesome and tonic for our natures as a whole; and we know, when we put aside pedantry, that the great middle object in life, — the object that lies between religion on the one hand, and food and clothing on the other, establishing our average levels of achievement, — the excellent golden mean, is, not to be learned, but to be human beings in all the wide and genial meaning of the term. Does the age hinder? Do its mazy interests distract us when we would plan our discipline, determine our duty, clarify our ideals? It is the more necessary that we should ask ourselves what it is that is demanded of us, if we would fit our qualities to meet the new tests. Let us remind ourselves that to be human is, for one thing, to speak and act with a certain note of genuineness, a quality mixed of spontaneity and intelligence. This is necessary for wholesome life in any age, but particularly amidst confused affairs and shifting standards. Genuineness is not mere simplicity, for that may lack vitality, and genuineness does not. We expect what we call genuine to have pith and strength of fibre. Genuineness is a quality which we sometimes mean to include when we speak of individuality. Individuality is lost the moment you submit to passing modes or fashions, the creations of an artificial society; and so is genuineness. No man is genuine who is forever trying to pattern his life after the lives of other people — unless indeed he be a genuine dolt. But individuality is by no means the same as genuineness; for individuality may be associated with the most extreme and even ridiculous eccentricity, while genuineness we conceive to be always wholesome, balanced, and touched with dignity. It is a quality that goes with good sense and self-respect. It is a sort of robust moral sanity, mixed of elements both moral and intellectual. It is found in natures too strong to be mere trimmers and conformers, too well poised and thoughtful to fling off into intemperate protest and revolt. Laughter is genuine which has in it neither the shrill hysterical note of mere excitement nor the hard metallic twang of the cynic's sneer — which rings in the honest voice of gracious good humor, which is innocent and unsatirical. Speech is genuine which is without silliness, affectation, or pretense. That character is genuine which seems built by nature rather than by convention, which is stuff of independence and of good courage. Nothing spurious, bastard, begotten out of true wedlock of the mind; nothing adulterated and seeming to be what it is not; nothing unreal, can ever get place among the nobility of things genuine, natural, of pure stock and unmistakable lineage. It is a prerogative of every truly human being to come out from the low estate of those who are merely gregarious and of the herd, and show his innate powers cultivated and yet unspoiled — sound, unmixed, free from imitation; showing that individualization without extravagance which is genuineness.

But how? By what means is this self-liberation to be effected — this emancipation from affectation and the bondage of being like other people? Is it open to us to choose to be genuine? I see nothing insuperable in the way, except for those who are hopelessly lacking in a sense of humor. It depends upon the range and scale of your observation whether you can strike the balance of genuineness or not. If you live in a small and petty world, you will be subject to its standards; but if you live in a large world, you will see that standards are innumerable, — some old, some new, some made by the noble-minded and made to last, some made by the weak-minded and destined to perish, some lasting from age to age, some only from day to day, — and that a choice must be made amongst them. It is then that your sense of humor will assist you. You are, you will perceive, upon a long journey, and it will seem to you ridiculous to change your life and discipline your instincts to conform to the usages of a single inn by the way. You will distinguish the essentials from the accidents, and deem the accidents something meant for your amusement. The strongest natures do not need to wait for these slow lessons of observation, to be got by conning life: their sheer vigor makes it impossible for them to conform to fashion or care for times and seasons. But the rest of us must cultivate knowledge of the world in the large, get our offing, reach a comparative point of view, before we can become with steady confidence our own masters and pilots. The art of being human begins with the practice of being genuine, and following standards of conduct which the world has tested. If your life is not various and you cannot know the best people, who set the standards of sincerity, your reading at least can be various, and you may look at your little circle through the best books, under the guidance of writers who have known life and loved the truth.

And then genuineness will bring serenity — which I take to be another mark of the right development of the true human being, certainly in an age passionate and confused as this in which we live. Of course serenity does not always go with genuineness. We must say of Dr. Johnson that he was genuine, and yet we know that the stormy tyrant of the Turk's Head Tavern was not serene. Carlyle was genuine (though that is not quite the *first* adjective we should choose to describe him), but of serenity he allowed cooks and cocks and every modern and every ancient sham to deprive him. Serenity is a product, no doubt, of two very different things — namely, vision and digestion. Not the eye only, but the courses of the blood must be clear, if we would find serenity. Our word 'serene' contains a picture. Its image is of the calm evening, when the stars are out and the still night comes on; when the dew is on the grass and the wind does not stir; when the day's work is over, and the evening meal, and thought falls clear in the quiet hour. It is the hour of reflection — and it is human to reflect. Who shall contrive to be human without this evening hour, which drives turmoil out, and gives the soul its seasons of self-recollection? Serenity is not a thing to beget inaction. It only checks excitement and uncalculating haste. It does not exclude ardor or the heat of battle: it keeps ardor from extravagance, prevents the battle from becoming a mere aimless mêlée. The great captains of the world have been men who were calm in the moment of crisis; who were calm, too, in the long planning which preceded crisis; who went into battle with a serenity infinitely ominous for those whom they attacked. We instinctively associate serenity with the highest types of power among men, seeing in it the poise of knowledge and calm vision, that supreme heat and mastery which is without splutter or noise of any kind. The art of power in this sort is no doubt learned in hours of reflection, by those who are not born with it. What rebuke of aimless excitement there is to be got out of a little reflection, when we have been inveighing against the corruption and decadence of our own days, if only we have provided ourselves with a little knowledge of the past wherewith to balance our thought! As bad times as these, or any we shall see, have been reformed, but not by protests. They have been made glorious instead of shameful by the men who kept their heads and struck with sure self-possession in the fight. No age will take hysterical reform. The world is very human, not a bit given to adopting virtues for the sake of those who merely bemoan its vices, and we are most effective when we are most calmly in possession of our senses.

So far is serenity from being a thing of slackness or inaction that it seems bred, rather, by an equable energy, a satisfying activity. It may be found in the midst of that alert interest in affairs which is, it may be, the distinguishing trait of developed manhood. You distinguish man from the brute by his intelligent curiosity, his play of mind beyond the narrow field of instinct, his perception of cause and effect in matters to him indifferent, his appreciation of motive and calculation of results. He is interested in the world about him, and even in the great universe of which it forms a part, not merely as a thing he would use, satisfy his wants and grow great by, but as a field to stretch his mind in, for love of journeyings and excursions in the large realm of thought. Your full-bred human being loves a run afield with his understanding. With what images does he not surround himself and store his mind! With what fondness does he con travelers' tales and credit poets' fancies! With what patience does he follow science and pore upon old records, and with what eagerness does he ask the news of the day! No great part of what he learns immediately touches his own life or the course of his own affairs: he is not pursuing a business, but satisfying as he can an insatiable mind. No doubt the highest form of this noble curiosity is that which leads us, without self-interest, to look abroad upon all the field of man's life at home and in society, seeking more excellent forms of government, more righteous ways of labor, more elevating forms of art, and which makes the greater among us statesmen, reformers, philanthropists, artists, critics, men of letters. It is certainly human to mind your neighbor's business as well as your own. Gossips are only sociologists upon a mean and petty scale. The art of being human lifts to a better level than that of gossip; it leaves mere chatter behind, as too reminiscent of a lower stage of existence, and is compassed by those whose outlook is wide enough to serve for guidance and a choosing of ways.

Luckily we are not the first human beings. We have come into a great heritage of interesting things, collected and piled all about us by the curiosity of past generations. And so our interest is selective. Our education consists in learning intelligent choice. Our energies do not clash or compete: each is free to take his own path to knowledge. Each has that choice, which is man's alone, of the life he shall live, and finds out first or last that the art in living is not only to be genuine and one's own master, but also to learn mastery in perception and preference. Your true woodsman needs not to follow the dusty highway through the forest nor search for any path, but goes straight from glade to glade as if upon an open way, having some privy understanding with the taller trees, some compass in his senses. So there is a subtle craft in finding ways for the mind, too. Keep but your eyes alert and your ears quick, as you move among men and among books, and you shall find yourself possessed at last of a new sense, the sense of the pathfinder. Have you never marked the eyes of a man who has seen the world he has lived in: the eyes of the sea captain, who has watched his life through the changes of the heavens; the eyes of the huntsman, nature's gossip and familiar; the eyes of the man of affairs, accustomed to command in moments of exigency? You are at once aware that they are eyes which can see. There is something in them that you do not find in other eyes, and you have read the life of the man when you have divined what it is. Let the thing serve as a figure. So ought alert interest in the world of men and thought to serve each one of us that we shall have the quick perceiving vision, taking meanings at a glance, reading suggestions as if they were expositions. You shall not otherwise get full value of your humanity. What good shall it do you else that the long generations of men which have gone before you have filled the world with great store of everything that may make you wise and your life various? Will you not take usury of the past, if it may be had for the taking? Here is the world humanity has made: will you take full citizenship in it, or will you live in it as dull, as slow to receive, as unenfranchised, as the idlers for whom civilization has no uses, or the deadened toilers, men or beasts, whose labor shuts the door on choice?

That man seems to me a little less than human who lives as if our life in the world were but just begun, thinking only of the things of sense, recking nothing of the infinite thronging and assemblage of affairs the great stage over, or of the old wisdom that has ruled the world. That is, if he have the choice. Great masses of our fellow men are shut out from choosing, by reason of absorbing toil, and it is part of the enlightenment of our age that our understandings are being opened to the workingman's need of a little leisure wherein to look about him and clear his vision of the dust of the workshop. We know that there is a drudgery which is inhuman, let it but encompass the whole life, with only heavy sleep between task and task. We know that those who are so bound can have no freedom to be men, that their very spirits are in bondage. It is part of our philanthropy — it should be part of our statesmanship — to ease the burden as we can, and enfranchise those who spend and are spent for the sustenance of the race. But what shall we say of those who are free and yet choose littleness and bondage, or of those who, though they might see the whole face of society, nevertheless choose to spend all a life's space poring upon some single vice or blemish? I would not for the world discredit any sort of philanthropy except the small and churlish sort which seeks to reform by nagging — the sort which exaggerates petty vices into great ones, and runs atilt against windmills, while everywhere colossal shams and abuses go unexposed, unrebuked. Is it because we are better at being common scolds than at being wise advisers that we prefer little reforms to big ones? Are we to allow the poor personal habits of other people to absorb and quite use up all our fine indignation? It will be a bad day for society when sentimentalists are encouraged to suggest all the measures that shall be taken for the betterment of the race. I, for one, sometimes sigh for a generation of 'leading people' and of good people who shall see things steadily and see them whole; who shall show a handsome justness and a large sanity of view, an opportune tolerance for the details that happen to be awry, in order that they may spend their energy, not without self-possession, in some generous mission which shall make right principles shine upon the people's life. They would bring with them an age of large moralities, a spacious time, a day of vision.

Knowledge has come into the world in vain if it is not to emancipate those who may have it from narrowness, censoriousness, fussiness, an intemperate zeal for petty things. It would be a most pleasant, a truly humane world, would we but open our ears with a more generous welcome to the clear voices that ring in those writings upon life and affairs which mankind has chosen to keep. Not many splenetic books, not many intemperate, not many bigoted, have kept men's confidence; and the mind that is impatient, or intolerant, or hoodwinked, or shut in to a petty view, shall have no part in carrying men forward to a true humanity, shall never stand as an example of the true humankind. What is truly human has always upon it the broad light of what is genial, fit to support life, cordial, and of a catholic spirit of helpfulness. Your true human being has eyes and keeps his balance in the world; deems nothing uninteresting that comes from life; clarifies his vision and gives health to his eyes by using them upon things near and things far. The brute beast has but a single neighborhood, a single, narrow round of existence; the gain of being human accrues in the choice of change and variety and of experience far and wide, with all the world for stage, — a stage set and appointed by this very art of choice, — all future generations for witnesses and audience. When you talk with a man who has in his nature and acquirements that freedom from constraint which goes with the full franchise of humanity, he turns easily from topic to topic; does not fall silent or dull when you leave some single field of thought such as unwise men make a prison of. The men who will not be broken from a little set of subjects, who talk earnestly, hotly, with a sort of fierceness, of certain special schemes of conduct, and look coldly upon everything else, render you infinitely uneasy, as if there were in them a force abnormal and which rocked toward an upset of the mind; but from the man whose interest swings from thought to thought with the zest and poise and pleasure of the old traveler, eager for what is new, glad to look again upon what is old, you come away with faculties warmed and heartened — with the feeling of having been comrade for a little with a genuine human being. It is a large world and a round world, and men grow human by seeing all its play of force and folly.

Let no one suppose that efficiency is lost by such breadth and catholicity of view. We deceive ourselves with instances, look at sharp crises in the world's affairs, and imagine that intense and narrow men have made history for us. Poise, balance, a nice and equable exercise of force, are not, it is true, the things the world ordinarily seeks for or most applauds in its heroes. It is apt to esteem that man most human who has his qualities in a certain exaggeration, whose courage is passionate, whose generosity is without deliberation, whose just action is without premeditation, whose spirit runs towards its favorite objects with an infectious and reckless ardor, whose wisdom is no child of slow prudence. We love Achilles more than Diomedes, and Ulysses not at all. But these are standards left over from a ruder state of society: we should have passed by this time the Homeric stage of mind — should have heroes suited to our age. Nay, we have erected different standards, and do make a different choice, when we see in any man fulfillment of our real ideals. Let a modern instance serve as test. Could any man hesitate to say that Abraham Lincoln was more human than William Lloyd Garrison? Does not everyone know that it was the practical Free-Soilers who made emancipation possible, and not the hot, impracticable Abolitionists; that the country was infinitely more moved by Lincoln's temperate sagacity than by any man's enthusiasm, instinctively trusted the man who saw the whole situation and kept his balance, instinctively held off from those who refused to see more than one thing? We know how serviceable the intense and headlong agitator was in bringing to their feet men fit for action; but we feel uneasy while he lives, and vouchsafe him our full sympathy only when he is dead. We know that the genial forces of nature which work daily, equably, and without violence are infinitely more serviceable, infinitely more admirable, than the rude violence of the storm, however necessary or excellent the purification it may have wrought. Should we seek to name the most human man among those who led the nation to its struggle with slavery, and yet was no statesman, we should of course name Lowell. We know that his humor went further than any man's passion towards setting tolerant men atingle with the new impulses of the day. We naturally hold back from those who are intemperate and can never stop to smile, and are deeply reassured to see a twinkle in a reformer's eye. We are glad to see earnest men laugh. It breaks the strain. If it be wholesome laughter, it dispels all suspicion of spite, and is like the gleam of light upon running water, lifting sullen shadows, suggesting clear depths.

Surely it is this soundness of nature, this broad and genial quality, this full-blooded, full-orbed sanity of spirit, which gives the men we love that wide-eyed sympathy which gives hope and power to humanity, which gives range to every good quality and is so excellent a credential of genuine manhood. Let your life and your thought be narrow, and your sympathy will shrink to a like scale. It is a quality which follows the seeing mind afield, which waits on experience. It is not a mere sentiment. It goes not with pity so much as with a penetrative understanding of other men's lives and hopes and temptations. Ignorance of these things makes it worthless. Its best tutors are observation and experience, and these serve only those who keep clear eyes and a wide field of vision.

It is exercise and discipline upon such a scale, too, which strengthen, which for ordinary men come near to creating, that capacity to reason upon affairs and to plan for action which we always reckon upon finding in every man who has studied to perfect his native force. This new day in which we live cries a challenge to us. Steam and electricity have reduced nations to neighborhoods; have made travel pastime, and news a thing for everybody. Cheap printing has made knowledge a vulgar commodity. Our eyes look, almost without choice, upon the very world itself, and the word 'human' is filled with a new meaning. Our ideals broaden to suit the wide day in which we live. We crave, not cloistered virtue, — it is impossible any longer to keep to the cloister, — but a robust spirit that shall take the air in the great world, know men in all their kinds, choose its way amidst the bustle with all self-possession, with wise genuineness, in calmness, and yet with the quick eye of interest and the quick pulse of power. It is again a day for Shakespeare's spirit — a day more various, more ardent, more provoking to valor and every large design even than 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth,' when all the world seemed new; and if we cannot find another bard, come out of a new Warwickshire, to hold once more the mirror up to nature, it will not be because the stage is not set for him. The time is such an one as he might rejoice to look upon; and if we would serve it as it should be served, we should seek to be human after his wide-eyed sort. The serenity of power; the naturalness that is nature's poise and mark of genuineness; the unsleeping interest in all affairs, all fancies, all things believed or done; the catholic understanding, tolerance, enjoyment, of all classes and conditions of men; the conceiving imagination, the planning purpose, the creating thought, the wholesome, laughing humor, the quiet insight, the universal coinage of the brain — are not these the marvelous gifts and qualities we mark in Shakespeare when we call him the greatest among men? And shall not these rounded and perfect powers serve us as our ideal of what it is to be a finished human being?

We live for our own age, — an age like Shakespeare's, when an old world is passing away, a new world coming in, — an age of new speculation and every new adventure of the mind; a full stage, an intricate plot, a universal play of passion, an outcome no man can foresee. It is to this world, this sweep of action, that our understandings must be stretched and fitted; it is in this age we must show our human quality. We must measure ourselves by the task, accept the pace set for us, make shift to know what we are about. How free and liberal should be the scale of our sympathy, how catholic our understanding of the world in which we live, how poised and masterful our action in the midst of so great affairs! We should school our ears to know the voices that are genuine, our thought to take the truth when it is spoken, our spirits to feel the zest of the day. It is within our choice to be with mean company or with great, to consort with the wise or with the foolish, now that the great world has spoken to us in the literature of all tongues and voices. The best selected human nature will tell in the making of the future, and the art of being human is the art of freedom and of force.

A CONVERSATION WITH CORNELIA

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

(January 1924)

I

When I am in doubt, I talk with Cornelia; and while I am with her my uncertainties disappear. But this subject she herself broached, at her home in one of those paradises of wood and water where Americans of her class have learned to hide their lives — for the summer.

She is a young woman of forty-five with what Hazlitt somewhere calls a 'coronet face,' finely cut and proudly borne, and it gives one a feeling of distinction merely to be in her presence. My memory holds like a piece of radiant sculpture the image that she left there at her wedding, twenty years ago, when she turned at the altar after the Episcopal benediction and paced down the aisle, clear-eyed and fearless, to the thunder of organ music: it seemed to me then that the young chevalier of the diplomatic service on whose arm her hand had alighted was leading the Samothracian Victory into the holy state of matrimony. It was an excellent alliance, with high sanctions and distinguished witnesses — auspiciously begun and with a constantly felicitous continuation. She has walked ever since, so her friends declare, between purple ribbons: her ways have gone smoothly and well in delectable regions far above the level of the rank-scented multitude.

When one talks with her, her hands lie still in her lap. She does not think with her hands, nor does any other emphasis of her body intrude its comment upon the serene and assured movements of her intelligence. So remote she seems from the ignominious and infamous aspects of existence that one wonders how she becomes aware of them. Yet such unpleasant things, verminous or reptilian, as creep within range of her vision she inspects sharply and with intrepidity; for she knows precisely how to deal with them.

As I sat there, blissfully receiving a sense of the security and perfection which emanate from her, it just flickered into my consciousness that, if a mouse could have entered that impeccably ordered room, she would not for a moment have been at a loss. She would quietly have summoned a maid. Then she would have said, 'There is a mouse in the room. Take it out.' She likes everything to be right; and she knows so absolutely what is right that any shade of uncertainty in conversation with her seems a kind of baseness and disloyalty. Yet, as much as a superior being can be troubled, she was troubled about the state of current fiction. She was troubled in that high and spirited sense of responsibility which certain fine women feel for the tone of the Republic.

'You have shown,' she said, 'some understanding of the immense influence exerted by literature upon the minds of our young people. But your discussion of "unprintable" books is up in the air. You must meet peril definitely, perilously, or your readers won't even believe that it exists. In a prairie fire, you must fight fire with fire: water, the flames snuff up like a perfume, and sweep on. You don't come to grips with the facts. You asperse them with rose water.'

'You mean,' I replied, fencing feebly, 'that I did not furnish a guide to those new books which no young person should read? I had thought that would rather please you. The suppressive societies will supply the information which I omitted. I am not specially interested in the circulation of any questionable books — except my own.'

'Your innuendo is nasty and your tone is flippant,' she said. I bowed in acknowledgment of my entire agreement. 'But the subject,' she continued, 'is grave. It is very grave to those of us who have boys and girls of eighteen and twenty. We wish them in these formative years to be subject only to the finest influences. How can they be, when they read such books? How can anyone who is interested in moulding the characters of the younger generation *not* desire to keep such books as you know they are reading out of their hands? When I think of my son and my daughter, with their clean sweet young minds, wading into the filth of our popular fiction, I repeat to myself those lines of Heine — you remember: —

'Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.'

'Try it,' I suggested with studious brutality. 'Call in the children. Lay your hands on their heads, and pray that God may keep them in their purity and beauty and sweetness. How will they take it? Demurely, I fancy — while they are in your presence. But when they meet in the garden afterward they will exclaim, "Is n't Mother an old dear!" And then they will laugh softly, and think of — all sorts of things. Heine's prayer, you know, does n't hit off the aspirations of contemporary youth. Beauty is still "all right." But the quality of sweetness, though it is not yet wholly unmarketable, is held in greatly diminished esteem. And as for purity — "What is purity?" asks the jesting younger generation, and will not stay for an answer.'

'Young people ask many foolish questions,' said Cornelia dismissively. 'What troubles me is rather the changing attitude of so many parents and teachers. Have they lost that beautiful desire to shield the years of innocence? Have they quite lost their sense of responsibility?'

'No,' I conjectured, 'they have n't altogether lost their responsibility. But they have n't known quite what to do with it; and just now it seems temporarily to have slipped from their hands. They did n't know how to use it when they had it; or they were afraid to use it, and cast the responsibility for the innocence of their children upon God; and now the children, sick of that evasion, are acting for themselves. I am afraid that we have rather lost contact with the younger generation. It has experienced so much, it has read so much, it is so accustomed to the free discussion of all sorts of topics which we thought ominous even to mention — that I often suspect we have more to learn from it than it has to learn from us.'

'That is a false and vicious humility.'

'No, I assure you, very genuine,

however vicious. It came over me in the spring several years ago in a vision. I happened one day to observe in my garden a large white cat stalking with soft experienced tread under the lilacs on the lookout for young robins making their trial flight. Being of a somewhat analogical turn of mind, and having then a high conceit of the wisdom of our generation, I said to myself: "The garden is a symbol of the world. The wise cat is the old professor. The fledgling robin is the young student." As I murmured the last word, the white cat made a flying leap for the nestling. It proved to be, however, an adult wren, pert and elusive, which hopped just one spray higher and twittered derision. The cat walked off crestfallen, muttering: "Such wise birds! I have never known a season when birds were wise so young."'

'Well?'

'Well, I really trust these "wise birds" nowadays much further than you do.'

'Won't you explain why?' said Cornelia.

'Let me tell you another story. At a neighborhood party recently, where there was dancing, and the very youngest generation was present, I was greatly flattered by receiving from Adelaide, a young lady of five years, marked attentions which on previous occasions had been directed to Bertram, a far more plausible person than I in all respects, and, moreover, only thrice the age of Adelaide. I said, "I thought you were devoted to Bertram." Instantly she replied: "I was. But I am not interested in Bertram any longer. I know all about him." At the age of five, don't you see, she has already begun to "sip the foam of many lives." I happened to be, shall I say, the Coca-Cola of the evening. But I know that I shall be sipped and discarded. Already Adelaide has become critical, fastidious, wary; she will not for long be taken in.'

'Well, again?' from Cornelia, with a hint of irritation.

'I mean to insist,' I explained cautiously, 'that such sentimentalists as you and I seldom do justice to the hard, clear-eyed maturity, of a sort, which our young people have attained by pooh-poohing our sentimentality and subjectivity and adopting what Santayana calls a simple "animal faith" in the material surfaces of things.'

'Just what do you mean,' Cornelia inquired, sharply and scornfully, 'by hard, clear-eyed maturity? I have no such feeling about my own children. My own son and daughter are being brought up as I was brought up. Well-bred young people to-day differ in no essential respect from well-bred people twenty years ago. What some idiots try to make us believe is a change of standards is not a change of standards. It is merely a horrid confusion, due to the fact that a great many ill-bred people are expressing themselves.'

'That in itself,' I said, 'implies a change in conditions, if not in standards. There is, as you say, a horrid confusion. The confusion is due to the fact that the well-bred young people are now applauding the ill-bred old people. That is really significant. When the well-bred young people begin to desert, it is all up with the Old Guard. That indicates either a revolt or a revolution. You must remember, Cornelia, that one half of history is an account of the struggle made by your class to keep the rest out; and the other half of history is an account of how the rest are getting in. If you are now in the presence of a revolt by a weak body of outsiders, you may still effectively oppose it. But if it is a revolution including your own household, you had better prepare to support the best elements in the *de facto* government — in the literary no less than in the political republic.'

'There *are* no best elements,' Cornelia retorted, 'in what you call the *de facto* government. There are no good elements. There are no decent elements. It is an insurrection of hoodlum and bedlam. It is all vile. The situation,' she continued with the clear precision of a cookie cutter, 'demands drastic action. You, instead of strengthening the hands of those who attempt to act, amuse yourself with philosophical futilities, and virtually throw the weight of your levity against all action.'

'Suppose I desire an antecedent action of the mind?'

'But you are so ambiguous that you have no force. One can't really tell on which side you are.'

'I should like,' I hurriedly replied, 'to be on the side of the angels. You know that I should like to be on your side. If I am ever driven from your side, it will be by the fine high-bred incuriosity of angels. It will be by the applause of angels, accompanied by some fresh demonstration of their immitigable hostility to thought.'

'You are rude.'

'And you — just faintly provoking. I am not sure, Cornelia, that you quite understand the limits of a writer's power. I have a friend, long experienced in a public library, who assures me that critical articles have no real effect. Readers either agree with them from the outset and are pleased, or disagree with them from the outset and are displeased. This, she tells me, is especially true of lawyers, clergymen, professors, and all nice people. Perhaps that is so. Let us suppose that it is. Suppose also that I were returning to the discussion of "unprintable" books. What treatment of the subject would please *you?* You are a "conservative" of definite convictions, and you demand drastic action. Exactly what is the situation and what the appropriate action? Are you prepared to say?'

'Certainly,' she replied. 'And I will tell you also the stand which I believe should be taken by a critic who professes to have the public welfare at heart.'

'Before you do that,' I interposed, 'you must pardon me one more flippancy. Is n't it true that people often "take a stand" to watch something that is going on and that will continue to go on whether they remain in their "stand" or not?'

'If you mean to ask whether I am a moral futilitarian, I am not. People of character take a stand in order to prevent obnoxious things from going on. If the obnoxious things continue to go on in spite of them, people of character are glad to be left behind, or even to be trampled underfoot, when that is the only way to make their protest effective.'

'You speak like yourself, Cornelia,' I said, 'and no higher compliment is possible. Your image interests me. I seem to see an invading army with leveled spears, and you dauntlessly flinging yourself upon them. Opposition interests me as long as it is effective — as long as the opposing breast checks the leveled spears. Sniping from the housetop at the postman, after the revolution has actually taken place — in that, there is a kind of unpalatable futility. But how do you apply your figure to the duty of the critic in the face of current fiction?'

'I apply it in this way. You yourself have admitted that it would be very easy to make a list of popular writers who, however varied their art and method, have running through their work an insistent preoccupation with sex of quite a different character from its occasional romantic treatment in the novels that you and I were brought up on. The heart of the matter is this: the minds of young people are being gravely affected by a group of writers who, in their several ways, definitely challenge the idea of chastity. Now, what a really serious critic should do is to call a halt in the production and reading of that sort of literature.'

'My dear Cornelia,' I exclaimed, — I always exclaim 'My dear' when I am about to express impatience; it introduces the note of suavity, — 'My dear Cornelia, do you read the magazines? Do you attend church? Do you see the newspapers? Did you not observe that the form, "It is time to call a halt," was first employed on the tenth of August, 1914, by an editor in Oshkosh with reference to the German advance on Paris? In the following week it was applied by a clergyman of Tulsa, Oklahoma, with reference to the consumption of chewing gum in the United States. Since that time, it has been in continuous employment by all serious critics, lay and clerical, with reference to the output of the leading English and American novelists.'

'Well,' she replied, 'what if it has? So much the worse for the leading English and American novelists. If they are all running amuck, is that any reason why the rest of us should lose our heads? If the novelists are going definitely wrong at the point which I have indicated, a critic could not be better employed than in standing at that point and calling a halt.'

'You assign to criticism,' I said, 'a task which appeals but faintly to the critic — a task like that of a traffic policeman without authority or power. If I had all the authority in the world, I would not cry "stop" to the novelists, even to those that I have criticized most harshly.'

'And why not?'

'Because I learn too much from what they are doing to desire to dam the stream of information. The realistic novelists to-day are extraordinarily copious, candid, and illuminating confessors of private morals. I have, to be sure, been troubled by the fact that the lives of respectable people are so seldom revealed in these confessions. I have even allowed myself to wonder faintly at times whether unwillingness to confess may not be, as our direful Mid-Western school contends, the chief distinction between respectable people and the other sort. It is a horrid doubt, concerning which no one but the novelist betrays much curiosity, or provides much light. And so, for novelists, I wish freedom to confess, and, for myself, freedom to comment on their confessions — though, since they have become so desperately confessive, it seems frequently indelicate to do so. If they are, as you assert, definitely challenging the idea of chastity, the matter is indeed of more than merely literary interest. I should like to know whether our standards are undergoing revolutionary change. Won't you please go out and "call a halt," while I go home and inquire in my own fashion whether anything is going on; whether the idea of chastity has actually been challenged; if so, what idea of chastity, why, where, when, in what manner, and with what results?'

'You are hopeless,' said Cornelia, rising. 'I shall ask the Bishop to make this the subject of one of his Lenten discourses.'

'That will be just the thing,' I rejoined, 'to induce profound reflection in our novelists.'

II

When I returned to my study, I dropped into a chair which frequently invites meditation, before a case containing current fiction. My eyes glanced swiftly along the rows of Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, Beresford, and Walpole, lingering an extra moment on *Ann Veronica*, *The Dark Flower*, and *The Pretty Lady;* visited with slow interrogative scrutiny the 'colorful' assemblage of Hergesheimer, D. H. Lawrence, Rebecca West, May Sinclair, W. L. George, James Joyce, J. B. Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Charles G. Norris, Ben Hecht, and Waldo Frank; then fluttered to rest upon a dozen miscellaneous recent arrivals — Meredith Nicholson's *Broken Barriers*, Mrs. Gerould's *Conquistador*, Maxwell's *Spinster of This Parish*, Willa Cather's *The Lost Lady*, G. F. Hummel's *After All*, *West of the Water Tower*, Herrick's *Homely Lilla*, Brand Whitlock's *J. Hardin & Son*, Lewisohn's *Don Juan*, Edith Summers Kelley's *Weeds*, and Margaret Prescott Montague's *Deep Channel*.

Here, I said to myself, is material enough to prove Cornelia's case, if she has a case. Among this company, I shall find the challengers, if there is a challenge. What are they calling in question? The idea of chastity. — Whose idea of chastity? Cornelia's idea, the idea of all nice people. — What is the idea of all nice people regarding chastity? Look in the dictionary, the record of good usage. — Here it is: 'Innocence of unlawful sexual intercourse.' — As a history of usage the dictionary should add in parenthesis: 'This is a virtue assumed to be present in all members of the female sex in good and regular standing.'

Here we have a simple and definite idea to work upon: Chastity is freedom from unlawful sexual intercourse — a virtue assumed to be present in all members of the female sex in good and regular standing. — Who first gave currency to that idea? Our friends the Victorians? Oh, no! It is astonishing how many so-called Victorian ideas, delicate and fragile, can be found thriving in manlier ages, in old robust books like *Don Juan*, *Tom Jones*, and in the drama of that 'den of lions' — the Renaissance. How they valued this virtue — those 'lions' of the Renaissance! How they valued this virtue in their wives! What praise they had for its possessors! Shakespeare valiantly assumed the presence of that virtue in all members of the female sex in good and regular standing — except Cleopatra.

But we must not be too historical. The idea of chastity exists full blown in Goldsmith, in those two famous stanzas which inquire what happens when lovely woman stoops to 'folly,' and learns too late that men 'betray' — that is, fail to legalize the 'folly.' We remember what follows, for the lines were in every anthology employed in our formative period to give to our young minds a relish for virtue and a lively apprehension of the consequences of departing from it. Cornelia still thinks we should prescribe Goldsmith rather than Mr. Galsworthy for the 'collateral reading' of her daughter. Goldsmith declares very firmly that, when lovely woman stoops to folly, no art can wash her guilt away: —

> The only art her guilt to cover,
>   To hide her shame from every eye,
> To give repentance to her lover,
>   And wring his bosom, is — to die.

Several distinct elements appear in our fully developed idea: first, chastity is the virtue of a legal status; second, women are naturally law-abiding; third, if they lose their status it is by the natural perfidy of predatory men; fourth, the disaster is irretrievable. There is no salvation for the woman but death, the cloister, exile, or, occasionally, a shamefaced return to 'chastity' at the point of the pistol.

This idea flourished in the 'good old' novels of Sir Walter Scott; it is fairly well illustrated in the case of Effie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian.* Scott was a romancer.

Now let us advance a generation or so and question our friends the Victorians: do they accept our idea and loyally enforce it? Yes — *now and then.* Familiar cases? There is the case of little Em'ly in *David Copperfield.* She is the typical victim of the typical seducer; and Dickens punishes them both in approved traditional fashion. He drowns the wicked lover, which is, of course, a logical consequence of departure from legal status. He sends the victim with her 'soft sorrowful blue eyes' to Australia, where she attempts to expiate her guilt by a life of self-sacrifice. She has many a good offer of marriage: '"But, uncle," she says to me, "that's gone forever."' Here we have the doctrine of the irretrievable. That doctrine is sternly proclaimed by George Eliot in the graver case of Hetty Sorrel in *Adam Bede.* The repentant lover tries to do something for Hetty. His last words are that it is no use: 'You told me the truth when you said to me once, "There's a sort of wrong that can never be made up for."'

But the great Victorian novelists pushed their speculations beyond the elementary problems raised by the victim-villain situation. They had, several of them, personal reasons for reflecting thoughtfully upon the social utility of the stout bulwarks with which the English law attempted to fortify the idea of chastity and the related doctrine of the irretrievable. Dickens is said to have fallen in love with all the Hogarth daughters and to have married the wrong one. Thackeray married at twenty-five a woman who half a dozen years later became insane and outlived him. And George Eliot, high priestess of Victorian morality, was actually living in a kind of solemn and almost officious virtue with another woman's husband. These were circumstances arranged to liberate speculation and to set it playing a little skeptically about the one way out — the sole dark exit which Goldsmith had so glibly offered to lovely women who are unfortunate in love.

In a novel of the mid-nineteenth century, which used to be thought very dangerous reading, — *Jane Eyre,* — Charlotte Brontë considered one of these more difficult cases, and almost presented it. Jane, an eager, self-reliant, self-supporting, and fairly hard-headed young woman, first of our modern heroines, is loved with a grand passion by Rochester, who is enchained by marriage to a hopeless lunatic. Now the novelist permits Jane to fall deeply in love with Rochester, thus perilously illustrating the possibility that a truly great and two-sided passion may come into existence outside legal status. Charlotte Brontë, however, intervened twice to save the situation. She was n't fastidious about the chastity of Rochester: chastity is a female virtue. But she was fastidious about the chastity of Jane. And so, of course, she makes Jane ignorant at first of the fact that Rochester is married; and she makes Jane tell him that it is all up when she learns that he is married. That was the perfectly correct thing for Jane to do.

But it created a dilemma. Charlotte Brontë knew that it created a dilemma — a dilemma with unchastity for one horn and the frustration of a grand passion for the other. (It should perhaps be explained that a grand passion, in those illiberal days, was thought of as an experience that befell a girl but once in a lifetime.) Charlotte Brontë did not quite dare to treat this dilemma. She faced it for a moment. She let her readers face it for a moment. Then she intervened again: she destroyed the dilemma. She made it all come right. She restored both hero and heroine to chastity by pitching the lunatic wife headlong into the flames of the house of Rochester.

A happy thought! — so it must have seemed to the author. Yet, as one reflects upon it, this solution appears a little dangerous. To pitch a superfluous wife into the flames — well, it would not quite serve as a Kantian basis for the solution of all such problems. Under the English law, the dilemma reasserted its actuality. *Jane Eyre* stands there early in the Victorian Age as a challenge, rather evasively presented, to the idea of chastity. (In W. B. Maxwell's *Spinster of This Parish*, 1922, a modern heroine is placed in almost precisely Jane's situation, except that her lover does not think it necessary to lie to her about his lunatic wife. Without a moment's hesitation, she accepts the grand passion. Since she accepts it with all the fortitude and fidelity of an old-fashioned wife, she seems to-day a quite safe old-fashioned character; and it is hard to conceive of anyone's thinking of her as 'unchaste.')

Other Victorians, usually with much circumspection, returned to the dilemma; and they returned to it in such numbers that to challenge the idea of chastity as a legal creation may be regarded as a rather distinctively Victorian 'contribution.' From the question, what to do when you are united to an undivorceable insane wife, the Victorians proceeded cautiously to consider the demands of virtue in analogous sets of circumstances. What is the point at which the maintenance of legal chastity involves the loss of ethical integrity? What is right conduct for a young girl whose parents or relatives have united her in a 'suitable marriage' to a repellent brute of means and good family? That is a question which interested Thackeray in *The Newcomes;* and it will be remembered that the wife of Barnes Newcome answers the question in her own case by giving her husband occasion for divorce under the English law. It is not always observed that to Hester Prynne, in *The Scarlet Letter*, right conduct, to the last page of the book, consists in fidelity to her lover, not to her fanatical husband; and Hawthorne, perhaps indecently, places the lovers in adjacent graves of a Boston burying ground. Isabel Archer in Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady* is begged by her lover to desert her husband and come to him, and to disregard the 'bottomless idiocy' of what other people will think or say about them; though, on the last page, Isabel is still clinging to legality, one is left in some doubt whether she will cling indefinitely. Meredith's Diana is a standing challenge to the doctrine of irretrievable marriage. Hardy's Tess is a defiance to the idea of chastity entertained by the Angel Clares; and the obscene relation in *Jude the Obscure* is obviously that between him and his wife, not that between him and Sue, except as it is smirched by his return to his wife and by her return to her husband.

But why multiply instances? Here are enough to show that the good Victorians repeatedly solicited our sympathy and our support for heroines whose ethical integrity was afflicted by their legal chastity. The idea of illicit love as an affair of victim and villain has been largely jettisoned or given over to melodrama, as of an interest too primitive or too banal for extended consideration. To their successors, the Victorian realists bequeath as matter of far higher artistic and general human concern their rather cautious essays upon the evaded dilemma of Jane Eyre.

III

Let us now enter fearfully upon the burning ground of contemporary fiction. The territory is immense, and unexplorable here in detail. All that one can do is to stand upon the smoky borderland, and comment briefly upon some conspicuous spots in the conflagrant area and upon the general direction of the wind.

One cannot, on every occasion for mentioning him, reread the entire works of Mr. Wells. I retain a strong impression that most of his novels of contemporary life challenge the idea of indissoluble marriage. In this respect Mr. Wells is no innovator. I retain also the impression that one tends to derive from these novels a conviction that everyone's first marriage is a mistake. This indicates the direction of the wind. Now Mr. Wells is a long way from accepting Goldsmith's idea that death is the only way out of a bad situation. He has no patience with the doctrine of irretrievability. But as long as unlawful relations furnish the only available alternative way out, his works naturally disquiet Cornelia, and challenge her idea of chastity.

His works disquiet me, because I think the defect which his heroes and heroines find in their first marriage they will find also in their second and their third and their fourth: they will find that neither the second nor the third nor the fourth marriage is capable of sustaining indefinitely the sense of ecstasy which the tired business man experiences the first time he notices how pretty his stenographer is. Tedium is three fourths of life. Sensible men settle down quietly to endure it, sustained by their fortitude and their 25 per cent of creature comforts and incidentals. The others imagine that by Babbittian adventures they can change the proportions and get something better than tedium. There is nothing that is even 'just as good.' Thackeray knew this and admitted it. Mr. Wells has n't admitted it. That constitutes one distinction between the author of *The Newcomes* and the author of *The New Machiavelli.*

Mr. Galsworthy told us in *The Dark Flower* about the quest of ecstasy, and in *Saint's Progress* he confessed something of the extraordinary disregard of legality in sexual relations on the part of well-bred young people, occasioned in part by the stresses of the war. Mr. Galsworthy, like Mr. Wells, inclines to make ecstasy rather than legality the test of right relations between men and women, though I think most of his heroes and heroines are somewhat less incorrigibly expectant than those of Mr. Wells. In *The Forsyte Saga*, his prime achievement and a rich and various and notable work, he makes his most significant study of that Victorian dilemma upon which Jane Eyre was so nearly impaled. In the case of Soames Forsyte and Irene and Jolyon, he brings, with great circumstantiality and seriousness, a fine woman face to face with the choice of illegal status or the substantial frustration of life; and Irene unequivocally accepts the illegal status. The entire treatment of the theme indicates, I think, Mr. Galsworthy's belief that she was ethically justified, as she was also justified by the general consequences, in her union with Jolyon. The one high crime in the book, as Mr. Galsworthy conceives it, is Soames Forsyte's exaction of marital rights from a wife who is in love with another man. — I wonder whether Cornelia has read *The Forsyte Saga*. I wonder whether, if she entered imaginatively into all the circumstances, she would not consider the act of Soames a crime. If she did, she would challenge the idea of chastity. Perhaps she would call the act 'a heinous unchastity'; but that would be to abandon our definition.

I was a bit shocked last spring when someone remarked that May Sinclair had joined the ranks of those who are writing primarily to engage the attention of Mr. Sumner; and that *Anne Severn and the Fieldings* is an 'immoral book.' I read *Anne Severn and the Fieldings*, and I found it, especially in its last two or three chapters, a love story of poignant and thrilling beauty. Compared with many of the physiologically and pathologically introspective novels of the day, it is, despite its exhibition of a neurosis resulting in false angina pectoris, almost an old-fashioned love story. It is almost old-fashioned when presenting, in the case of Anne, a passion as straight, as single, as unswerving, as unflinching as that of Shakespeare's Juliet. Anne, brought up with the three Fielding brothers, loves one of them, Jerrold, from childhood till the end — with the 'divine fire.' Jerrold, on leave from the front, intends to ask Anne to be his wife; but, by the connivance of circumstances with the lying of interested persons, he is persuaded that Anne is living with his shell-shocked brother. Jerrold, thereupon, in the recklessness of the hour, expecting to be killed in the next attack, abruptly marries Maisie. When the conspiracy of lying and ambiguous circumstances is dispelled, Anne claims Jerrold as her own, and he gives himself to her 'without a scruple.'

Now the ethical points, as exhibited by the author, are these: first, Jerrold has shown male recklessness regarding his virtue — by marrying one woman when he loved another; second, he displays an awakened ethical sensitiveness when he rejoices at the termination of his intimate relations with his wife; third, Anne has never for an instant swerved from her virtue; Maisie proves her virtue in the beautiful, if impossible, scene in which she surrenders her husband to Anne, saying, 'I can't think of anything more disgusting than to keep a man tied to you when he cares for somebody else. I should feel as if I were living in sin.' Of course the major contention is that Anne, though without legal status, was 'chaste'; but that is a paradox and a challenge to our idea.

Let us take one more case in this group: Mr. J. D. Beresford with the Jacob Stahl trilogy. In this rather drab yet impressive work, one finds the 'emancipative' ideas of Mr. Wells assimilated by a much less buoyant nature. Jacob muddles into a bad marriage — with an unquestionably unsuitable person from whom he separates, though he is not divorced. He falls in love with one of the keepers of his lodging house and asks her to live with him without legal sanction till his wife shall die. After months of consideration she freely and resolutely joins him. From that point, Mr. Beresford exerts himself to prove that their relation is just as grave and permanent and as full of labor and anxiety and humdrum and gray days as marriage itself. I suspect there is a kind of grim truthfulness in the relation of this adventure. It reminds one, in the third volume, of George Eliot and of accounts given by sundry visitors of the slightly dreary decorum of her ménage. There is no expectation of ecstasy on the part of either of the adventurers. They merely look, outside marriage, for the alleviations of the ultimate human solitude afforded by a satisfactory marriage. They are tolerably successful. But when the death of Stahl's wife clears the way they return, for various reasons of expediency, to a legal status.

Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, May Sinclair, and Mr. Beresford are all, I think, seriously interested in morality. On the whole, their work does not contemptuously and explicitly challenge the idea of monogamous marriage. At least, it does not flout the possibility of arriving, by freedom of readjustment, at some reasonably satisfactory and permanent relationship between one man and one woman. And so, in a sense, their point of view begins to appear relatively conservative. If they could be questioned regarding their moral purpose, or tendency, they would all profess sincere respect for virtue. But they would add that they are concerned as novelists with reflecting the revision which the idea of virtue is undergoing in our time. They are generally willing to admit that society and the State are related in necessary and vital ways to the customary form of sexual alliance. But they repudiate the notion that mere legality can set the seal of virtue upon any such alliance. Less firmly, yet pretty clearly, they repudiate the notion that mere illegality can remove the seal of virtue which individual adventurers may set upon their alliance. Because chastity has been traditionally identified with legality, they hold the word in some contempt; they incline to discard it as the name of any recognizable virtue. The important ideas which it has obscured are these: to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly agreeable to you is virtue; to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly disagreeable to you is vice. (There is quite a bit of ground between.)

IV

Among the novelists who have arrived within the last ten years it is more difficult to discover any community in constructive ethical intention or tendency. One can no longer feel sure that marriage is regarded as the normal condition for which fidelity in illegal relations is a substitute. One recalls numerous heroines who collect erotic adventures like female Don Juans, and others who stoutly and 'conscientiously' refuse marriage to lovers to whom they refuse nothing else. And here is George F. Hummel's *After All*, advertised as follows: 'Its analysis of the inherent self-destructiveness of marriage is carried to a conclusion which, however opposed to accepted standards of morality, has in it the logic and compelling force of a thinking man's profoundest conviction.' Here are D. H. Lawrence's Lost Girl, and Arnold Bennett's Pretty Lady, and W. L. George's Ursula Trent, and Willa Cather's Lost Lady, and Joseph Hergesheimer's Cytherea, and the heroine of Mr. Masters's *Domesday Book* — a whole troop of damsels who meander where they will in quest of rosebuds. Here is Robert Herrick's Lilla deliberately and successfully discarding marriage for an unsanctioned union. Here is Margaret Prescott Montague's Julie (in *Deep Channel*) finding in an illicit relationship the effective key to a larger and more spiritual life. Here is even Mrs. Gerould permitting a grave and thoughtful illegal relationship to the hero of *Conquistador*, whom she would apparently have us regard as the very pink of essential purity. No single explanation will account for the community in 'destructive' tendency discernible in the latest phase of the 'movement,' or for the fact that there is hardly one out of a dozen recent novels which Cornelia would care to see in the hands of her daughter; or for the still more alarming fact that, if there is one such novel in a dozen, Cornelia's daughter probably would not care to read it.

Since, in the United States, marriage has been by no means a legally irretrievable disaster, it would be absurd to point to the rigor of our law as a very important occasion of the widespread indifference or disrespect for chastity exhibited or reflected by many American writers. The occasions of our revolt lie deeper than that, and many causes have conspired to give to our current fiction its unwonted aspect of levity and license.

First, as a literary inheritance, the Wells-Galsworthy group of the elder novelists bequeathed to their successors a profound skepticism of the legal touchstone of chastity, together with a pleasant rule of virtue which tends, as a social regulation, to be unworkable, since it is incapable of objective and public application. Their 'rule,' developed a little, lands one in an anarchical moral individualism; and their successors developed it by omitting the word 'permanent' from the definition of virtue.

Secondly, the appearance of a good many rather frothily wanton pictures of frothily wanton younger sets may still be attributed to reaction from the austerities of war; the writers of the futilitarian school take chastity lightly because they take everything lightly: for examples, Mr. Carl Van Vechten and Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald — though it must be admitted that the latter, in *The Beautiful and Damned*, has written the most impressive temperance tract of our time. (I wonder if Cornelia noticed that it is a temperance tract.)

Thirdly, women are discovering various means of avoiding the inevitable penalties which the earlier novelists inflicted upon sorrowful blue-eyed girls who stooped to folly: they don't, in fiction at least, so often have to abandon a baby (*Adam Bede*), or to lose their job (*Esther Waters*), or to be barred from marriage (*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*), or to suffer ostracism or exile (*David Copperfield*).

Fourthly, as in the use of cocktails and tobacco, the double standard is manifestly giving ground before a single standard, and that a masculine standard: see any novel of the literary and artistic 'villages' of New York or Chicago — for example, those of Mr. Floyd Dell. In Meredith Nicholson's *Broken Barriers* — an extraordinary disclosure from the Indiana school — unchastity is almost blandly presented as, for a considerable group of young business women, something like the accepted avenue to social advancement and as a preliminary to a good marriage.

Fifthly, chastity, legal and spiritual, has for a dozen years been under fire in this country as a distinctive aspect of that 'Puritanism' which, as we knew, must be destroyed, root and branch, before we shall have any art, letters, or society worth mention.

Sixthly, the idea of 'sex' as a sacred mystery under protection of Church and State has given ground before an interesting series of competing ideas: the idea of sex as a chapter in physiology; the idea of sex as a social asset and a contribution which every good mixer makes to the occasion; and the idea of sex as a horrible nuisance.

Seventhly, there is appearing here and there in current literature evidence of the growth among us of an æsthetic philosophy which rejects the moral valuations of life. Its doctrine is briefly this: You can't be sure that any act will yield you happiness. You can't be sure that any act will be virtuous. You can be sure that every act will yield you experience. Let us go in for experience, and value our acts according to the quantity and intensity of the experience which they yield.

Mr. Hergesheimer at present, I think, best represents the æsthetic point of view. I am afraid that Mr. Hergesheimer is just a little bit of a *poseur*. He pretends to feel surprised that many people regard his books as of immoral tendency. I myself am not one of those who are much worried by the moral aspects of his work. If he were content to let the novels speak for themselves, few people would guess how unorthodox the author is. But as a matter of fact Mr. Hergesheimer is a renegade Presbyterian. He is a Presbyterian turned artist. He is proud of his apostasy and he likes to talk about it. He has shaken off his patrimonial 'Puritanism'; he finds life more delectable since; and he delights to find a cool spot in a Havana hotel, and to stretch out his legs and discourse somewhat expansively, for the benefit of his fellow citizens north of the Gulf, upon his 'emancipation' — with frequent pointed references to his informal dinner jacket of Chinese silk, the orange blossom in his buttonhole, the flourished Larrañaga cigar in his fingers, and the frigid mixture of Ron Bacardi, sugar, and vivid green lime at his elbow.

As an artist, he is interested in two things: first, in the luxurious, the 'colorful,' the exotic; and, second, in the poetry of passionate idealisms, martyr-hot. He himself exhibits a middle-aged prudence and coolness; he possesses a certain amount of taste of a certain kind, which preserves him from a certain kind of now popular grossness; he paints himself as a connoisseur of sensations: these qualities, together with his old-fashioned romantic attachment to 'grand passions,' give him a salient distinction, indeed a real isolation, among the 'Jacksonian rabble' who imagine that Mr. Hergesheimer is one of them, and who still constitute the main body of the anti-Puritan movement. Yet, as an artist, he finds himself constrained to be essentially an anti-moralist. He welcomes all experience in proportion to its intensity and richness of color. He cannot help admitting his 'preference for those girls who have the courage of their emotions.' He cannot help confessing his artistic pleasure in observing a crucifix as the background of a prostitute. He cannot deny himself the revenge upon his Presbyterian ancestors which consists in referring to the prostitutes of a house in Havana as 'informal girls' — as if, forsooth, when one emerges from the ancestral hypocrisies of Presbyterianism, 'formality' remains for the only real distinction between these girls and any other sort of girls.

O Cornelia, I begin to understand what troubles you!

Mr. D. H. Lawrence seems to have set out with the notion that sex is 'the greatest thing in the world,' and with the correlative notion that we can't very well have too much of it or have it on too easy terms. He is still, if I understand him, a great believer in experience for experience's sake, and he passes in many quarters for a dangerous immoralist. To the conventional sense, indeed, he may easily appear to write his novels as if the world of conventional morals had no existence. Even in *Sons and Lovers* his heroes and heroines explore their sexual good where they find it with barbaric or *übermenschlich* indifference to legality — or, should one say, with the indifference to legality prevalent among a coal-mining population? In his more recently published *Women in Love* his seekers of experience and self-realization are men and women who have exhausted the possibilities of gratification through any ordinary intimacy of relationship. The book has offended pudency by a few intelligible paragraphs of plain speech where we were formerly accustomed to silence. But its really shocking aspect is its studious remorseless revelation of what a horrible, devouring mania sexual passion may be: how involved with mortal fear; and with cold, probing curiosity; and with murderous hatred. One of the characteristic 'high spots' in the story is that in which Hermione expresses the kind of intimacy that she desires with Birkin, and consummates her 'voluptuous ecstasy' by seizing a beautiful ball of lapis lazuli and bringing it crashing down upon his head. Except for a lively incident of this sort here and there, *Women in Love* must impress the ordinary novel reader as intolerably dull, dreary, difficult, and mad; and anyone who declares that it makes 'sex' attractive should be punished by being required to read it through.

Mr. Lawrence's interest in it is predominantly the interest of an exploring moralist who has specialized in sexual relations and is coming to conclusions which are important, if true. He is coming to the conclusion that — for men, at any rate — passional surrender is not 'the greatest thing in the world.' He is coming to the conclusion that the romantic poets and the romantic novelists — including perhaps Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy — have all been on the wrong tack in representing as the height of human experience that ecstasy in which one individuality is merged and absorbed in another. This he regards as in its essential nature an ideal of decadence. This is an aspiration toward death and disintegration, from which the inevitable reaction is disgust. The virtue of a man is to preserve his own integrity and resist the dissolution of union. 'When he makes the sexual consummation the supreme consummation, even in his *secret* soul, he falls into the beginnings of despair.' I quote this sentence from Mr. Lawrence's fantastic and curious *Fantasia of the Unconscious.* And from his *Studies in Classic American Literature* I quote these words, calculated to trouble both his enemies and his friends: 'The essential function of art is moral. Not æsthetic, nor decorative, not pastime and recreation, but moral. The essential function of art is moral.' This will perhaps trouble Mr. Hergesheimer more than it troubles me.

Among the later novelists of the Middle West one might choose either Sherwood Anderson or Ben Hecht as a striking representative of the anti-Puritan movement. But there is so much cloudy symbolism in the author of *Many Marriages* that one may more expeditiously indicate the position of the author of *Gargoyles* — and of less widely circulated works. Mr. Hecht, generally speaking, appears to be the inheritor of Mr. Dreiser's moral outfit, during the latter's lifetime. He interests me more than Mr. Dreiser ever did because his intellectual processes are much more rapid. Mr. Dreiser reaches his conclusion by a slow, vermiculous, emotional approach, like the promenade of the *Lumbricus terrestris;* Mr. Hecht darts at his like a wasp. He is a stylist and he feels a kind of ecstasy in the stabbing use of words. He is a satirist exulting in the stripping of shams. In *Gargoyles* he is a cynic with the point of view of mad King Lear crying, —

'Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back;
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her.'

He is an angry and disenchanted moralist. But he is also — and this is the particularly interesting aspect of his case — an angry and disenchanted 'immoralist.' The emancipated heroes of *Gargoyles* and *Eric Dorn* hurl themselves over precipices of experience to wallow in abysses of spiritual inanity and despair. Yet before they are emancipated, as Mr. Hecht sees them, they are in an equal agony of moral chains. Basine, in *Gargoyles*, loathes all women for his wife's sake. 'His distaste for his wife had kept him faithful to her because his imagination baulked at the idea of embracing another Henrietta.' Again we are told, almost in the Dreiserian phraseology, that 'cowardice' had made him an excited champion of domestic felicity, marital fidelity, and kindred ideas. In his symbolical romance, Mr. Hecht represents man as an agonized animal, self-crucified on the cross of his moral ideals, martyrizing himself in behalf of laws and conventions to which his desires and appetites are in unvanquishable opposition. Hitherto, his satire of conventional sexual morality has not revealed to me any constructive element: its caustic and sulphurous bolts leap from an anarchical darkness of all-embracing disillusion and fathomless disgust.

The note of sexual disgust is, to the student of contemporary morals, a point of high interest in the recent realistic fiction. This note of disgust is clamorous in *Blackguard*, by Mr. Hecht's spiritual satellite, Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim. It is a steady undertone through the novels and short stories of Sherwood Anderson; in *The Narrow House* and *Narcissus* of Evelyn Scott; and in the *Rahab* of Waldo Frank. It is a cry of diabolic torture in James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man;* and in *Ulysses* it is a rolling ordurous pandemonium.

In reading the novels of Ben Hecht, Maxwell Bodenheim, Sherwood Anderson, Evelyn Scott, Waldo Frank, and James Joyce, one's first impression is frequently of wonder as to what motive can prompt an author to perpetuate a record of experience so humiliatingly painful, and a vision of souls so atrociously ugly. Is the motive revenge upon life for having taken them in? Is the motive to cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that preys upon the reason? The mad King Lear perhaps felt relieved when he had completed his psychoanalysis of the 'simp'ring dame'; but when he had reached his conclusion in 'burning, scalding, stench, consumption,' he cried perforce: 'Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, sweeten my imagination.' In the emetic school of fiction appears the *reductio ad nauseam* of the idea of sex as a social asset. No lust-bitten monk wrestling with hallucinations in a mediæval cloister could have made the entire subject more bewilderingly detestable than this group of anti-Puritan and anti-Catholic emancipators, who apparently set out with a desire to make it pleasant.

V

At this point, as it seemed to me, I had accumulated sufficient material to enable me to resume my conversation with Cornelia, without being immediately extinguished by the immense superiority of her intuitions regarding what is right. Meditating on the evolution of the idea of chastity from Goldsmith and Scott to James Joyce and Ben Hecht, I went to see her again.

It was a pleasant midsummer morning, enlivened by a cool breeze from the lake. I came up through the wood path into the garden, and found her sitting in the pergola, cool and fresh as the breeze. Her hands lay still in her lap, clasped upon an open book. Unaware of my presence, her gaze seemed to have gone dreamingly down the green slope, to rest in a kind of hovering question above the bright young animation of the tennis court. As I appeared, she looked up quickly and said instantly, —

'Sit here, and let me read you these lovely verses of Walter de la Mare's.'

'Do,' I replied; and she read with, oh, just a suspicion of a tremor in her clear smooth voice, these lines: —

'Like an old battle, youth is wild
With bugle and spear, and counter-cry,
Fanfare and drummery, yet a child
Dreaming of that sweet chivalry,
The piercing terror cannot see.

'He, with a mild and serious eye
Along the azure of the years,
Sees the sweet pomp sweep hurtling by;
But he sees not death's blood and tears,
Sees not the plunging of the spears.

. . . .

'O, if with such simplicity
Himself take arms and suffer war;
With beams his targe shall gilded be,
Though in the thickening gloom be far
The steadfast light of any star!

'Though hoarse War's eagle on him perch,
Quickened with guilty lightnings — there
It shall in vain for terror search,
Where a child's eyes beneath bloody hair
Gaze purely through the dingy air.'

She closed the book, and we were silent for a moment, in which I felt within myself curious little surges of sympathy breaking over rocks of difference. Then she said, —

'Well?'

'Cornelia,' I answered, 'you were right. The idea of chastity has been challenged, is being challenged, on all sides, in many ways, for many reasons.' I made a discreet summary of my discoveries, and concluded: 'Current fiction reflects a condition bordering on anarchy.'

'Could n't one know that without making an investigation, without ploughing through these dreadful books?'

'Perhaps,' I responded. 'But, Cornelia, I think you were wrong in an important respect. I think there has been a real change in standards, and that even very nice people no longer think just as they used to think. At least they no longer say what they used to say, and they are more tolerant of what other people think.'

'Do you imagine,' she persisted, 'that this new tolerance indicates general moral progress? I think it indicates general moral laxity. Come, let us be definite. At what points precisely do you fancy there is any advantage to be gained by taking sexual relations away from the protection of Church and State and committing them to the whims of individuals?'

'My dear Cornelia,' I protested, 'the prevailing theory is not that Church and State have "protected" sexual relations. The popular theory is that Church and State have ignored them, or, at least, in attempting to regulate them, have ignored so many exceptional cases that the regulations are invalid. For all these cases, the novel has been a kind of court of last resort. On the whole, I believe that it has greatly enriched the idea of virtue by giving a hearing to the innumerable cases in which legality is the mask of nearly intolerable conditions.'

'Intolerable conditions,' interrupted Cornelia, 'are usually the result of imprudent marriages, marriages for advantage, marriages without love. Those who make such marriages should expect to pay the price. It is sentimentality to discard a good rule to save a few exceptional individuals. Incompatibility of temper is no harder to bear than smallpox or anything else that marriage may let one in for.'

'I am explaining how we differ,' I

resumed. 'I find myself in pretty full sympathy with the current tendency to revolt against the doctrine of the irretrievable as applied by Goldsmith and certain of the Victorians. The earlier Georgian principle that virtue, in this connection, means to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly agreeable to you begins to sound to my ears like orthodoxy, as does also the companion principle, that to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly disagreeable to you is vice. And though I am not ready to subscribe to all the possible corollaries of these two positions, I seem to see, gradually emerging from them, a new and better idea of chastity — which will make "nice" people not less but more fastidious in their intimacies, not less but more austere in yielding the citadel of body and spirit.'

'Nothing will emerge from these principles,' said Cornelia decisively, 'without a rule — without a rule which Church and State can enforce upon people who are not nice. You have admitted that the Wells-Galsworthy test of successful marriage tends to be "unworkable." You admit that the word "permanent" tends to drop out of the principle, and that then you have, instead of a substitute for law, a permission for anarchy. You even admit that the novelists already reflect a condition approaching anarchy. Don't you think, after all, that it is about time to call a halt?'

'No,' I insisted stubbornly; 'the movement of indefinite anarchical expansion halts itself. And I stand by the novelists, even by the emetic school, as showing where the movement halts: in blind alleys, against iron necessities, in miasmic swamps, in ennui, in despair, in disgust unfathomable. You cannot guess, Cornelia; without years of such reading as I am happily certain you will never undertake, you cannot understand what comfort and reassurance I find in the fathomless disgust exhibited in our most advanced novelists — disgust for the life that is dedicated to sex. The disgust of the novelists upholds the splendor of the Church and the majesty of the Law. Upborne by the disgust of the novelists, like a ship by the briny behemoth-haunted deep, marriage may yet spread again her proud full sail for fresh voyages. These novelists reveal obscene things in their deep-sea caves, but they administer whatever antidote is required to the obscenity of their speech. They drive home their moral with an appalling effectiveness beyond the rivalry of critical comment. They deliver the shattering challenge to unchastity. They have shown the emancipated moderns capable of dodging all but one of the consequences which their elders appointed for unchastity; but they have not shown the moderns capable of dodging the stench of a disintegrated personality, which fumes in their books like a last irreducible hell. To safeguard the innocency of your son and daughter, I incline to believe that one whiff from these caverns might be as potent as Heine's prayer. Consciously or not, these novelists are preparing a counter-revolution.'

'What direction, pray, will that take?' inquired Cornelia, to whom God has beautifully denied ability to follow such an argument.

'I shall not prophesy in detail,' I said, looking toward the tennis court. 'Is your contribution to the Younger Generation in that match?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'and is n't it delightful to see how keen they are?'

'It is. It indicates to me one of the directions of the counter-revolution. Historians in the future, surveying the monuments of our children's time, are going to refer to this as the beginning of the great age of stadium building in America. They will see in this movement a religious significance, not yet visible to us; and they will expatiate in glowing terms on the period when, with extravagant and sacrificial adoration of an ideal, our youth exalted the cleanness and hardness of athletic games, and religiously subjected themselves to the rules and rigor of the game — to that arbitrary, elaborate, inflexible, yet self-imposed system of "ethics" which alone makes any good game possible. I am hoping that our children's generation will contain more real sportsmen than ours did — fewer quitters, fewer squealers, fewer players crying out to have the rules changed after the game is on; and no one so silly as to suppose there can be a game without rules.'

'Is n't that hope rather remote?'

'Rather. I have another, more immediate. I hope that in the early stages of the counter-revolution our sophisticated sons and daughters will scrutinize "the idea of sex"; coolly extract from it the part that belongs to physiology and pathology; and then disuse the word as synonym for every other element in the complex human relationship which sometimes makes human beings paradisiacally happy in their blossoming season and content enough with each other even into wintry old age. I have some hope that the emetic school may help our children to understand that sex and sexual self-realization are not, in the long view, the main substance of what youth hungers for.'

'Go on!' Cornelia encouraged.

'I hope that they will make real progress in psychoanalysis. I hope that, when they feel the ache of the soul's ultimate solitude and are restless and full of vague desires, they may be capable of lucid introspection; that they may be frank and plain with themselves, and call things by their right names, and say to themselves something like this: "I am filled with tedium and passionate craving. I shall be hard to satisfy, for I am thirsty for a deep draught of human felicity. What I crave is not described or named in the physiologies. I crave beauty, sympathy, sweetness, incentive, perfume, difference, vivacity, wit, cleanness, grace, devotion, caprice, pride, kindness, blitheness, fortitude. I will not look for these things where I know they cannot be found, nor under conditions in which I know they cannot be maintained. But if I find them, and where they thrive, I shall wish to express my joy by some great act of faith and the hazard of all I hope to be. And I shall not like the town clerk to be the sole recorder of my discovery and my faith. I shall wish witnesses, high witnesses, whatever is august and splendid in the order of the world, to enwheel me round and bid me welcome to that order." — That is the sort of self-realization to which I hope our sons and daughters are coming.'

Cornelia smiled with a kind of malicious sweetness that she has. She was satisfied. She rather yearned, I perceived well enough, to remark that now at last I was taking the 'stand' that she had taken from the first. But Cornelia is one of the few women now living who do not say everything that they yearn to say. She merely released one arrowy smile. Then she rose, as I had done already (standing, she reminds one of Artemis), and, extending her hand, detained mine with another deep question. She asked me whether I knew any 'living reason' to believe that my emancipated young people would return to that ideal.

The opportunity was irresistible.

'Yes,' I said, 'I have known you, Cornelia.'

A YARD OF JUNGLE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

(*January 1916*)

I

WITHIN five minutes the daily downpour of tropical rain would drench the jungle. At this moment the air was tense with electricity, absolutely motionless, and saturated with odorous moisture. The voices of all the wild creatures were hushed. The sense of mystery which is always so dominant in a tropical jungle seemed nearer, more vital, but more than ever a mystery. Its insistency made one oblivious of the great heat. The beating of one's heart became a perceptible sound, absurdly loud. All the swamp and jungle seemed listening to it.

Suddenly a voice came out of the heart of this mystery, and, fittingly enough, the voice seemed something a little more or less than human, and also fittingly it uttered but a single word, and that word a question. And the listener realized that the answer to the question was the only thing which made life and work worth while. The throb of the blood in his veins was forgotten, and all his senses reached out to the sights and sounds and scents about him. And again the great black frog called from its slimy seat hidden in the still blacker water of the jungle swamp. Its voice was deep, guttural, and a little inhuman, but it asked as plainly as any honest man could ask, *Wh — y?* — and after a minute, *Wh — y?*

I squatted in the centre of a trail. Within walking distance behind me flowed the yellow waters of the Amazon, and the igarapé from which the frog had called was even now feeling the tidal heave of the ocean. Ahead, the jungle stretched without a break for three thousand miles or more. And here for a week I had suffered bodily torture, twisting into unhappy positions for hours at a time, watching the birds which crowded the berry-laden foliage of a single jungle tree. In the cool of early morning, throughout the terrible breathless heat of midday and the drenching downpour of afternoon, the frog and I put our questions. There was hope in our interrogation. And my five senses all gave aid, and my hand wrote down facts, and my mind pondered them.

In the very suburbs of Pará, at the mouth of the great Amazon and within a hundred miles of the equator, I found a Mecca of bird life. It was a gastronomic Mecca to be sure, a tall, slender wild cinnamon tree — *canella do matto* the natives called it. For a full week I invited torture by attempting to study the bird life of this single tree. This thing had not been done before; it might not be worth the doing. But testing such possibilities is as important to a naturalist's work as following along the more conventional and consequently more certain lines of investigation. I had no time for exploration of the surrounding country; so I had determined to risk all my precious hours upon intensive observation in one spot.

The century before, a plantling had pushed up through the jungle mould and had won success in the terrible competition of the tropics — the helpless, motionless, silent strife of the vegetable folk. Year by year the lichen-sculptured trunk had pushed its way upward toward light and air, miraculously saved from the deadly embraces of the lianas which crawled forever through the jungle. To-day it had gained an accepted place. Although no forest giant, with no great buttresses or masses of parasitic growths, it held up its branches and twigs in full sunlight a hundred feet or more above the ground. And its twiggy fingers were laden with a wonderful harvest of fruit, uncounted berries which attracted the birds from distant roosts and drinking places.

Here, then, a thousand combinations of fate had led me, and here I suffered day by day. Bound to the earth like other normal men, my eyes should have been directed forward. Now I forced them upward for hours at a time, and all the muscles of neck and shoulders revolted. Then eyestrain and headache and a touch of fever followed, and I cast about for means to ameliorate my bodily ills. I dragged a canvas steamer chair to my place of vigil and all my body was grateful.

In memory, there now remain only the high lights of new discoveries, the colorful moments of unalloyed realization of success. Nevertheless this new method of tropical work brought its own new delights and trials. One joy lay in the very difficulties to be overcome. Every sense came into play. Sight, first and foremost, had been put to the most severe of tests in attempting to record the happenings against the glare of the sky high up among the foliage of this bit of jungle. I strained through my high-power glasses, until, when I looked without them, the world seemed withdrawn, dwarfed, as in the horrid imaginings of fever. The glasses gained in weight as I held them pointing vertically until they fairly dropped from my aching arms. My ears strove to catch every song, every note which might prove a character of worth. The jungle scents played upon my emotions and sometimes dominated my work; the faint aroma from some invisible orchid overhead, the telltale musk from a passing mammal, the healthful scent of clean jungle mould. As for taste, I had tested the aromatic berries and fruit of my canella tree, and for science's sake had proved two warningly colored insects. My sense of feeling had operated involuntarily and wholly aside from my scientific desires. Whether stimulated by dozens of mosquitoes, scores of ants, or hundreds of *bêtes rouges* or 'mucuims,' the insistency of discomfort never discouraged a primary desire to delve as deeply as possible into the secrets of this small area of tropical jungle.

As I walked slowly about beneath the tree or lay back resting in the chair, I seemed to be watching creatures of another world. Whether I ogled them with glasses or now and then brought one down with a charge of small shot, I was a thing of no account to the berry-eating flocks high overhead. A vulture soaring lower than usual passed over the tree, and the shadow of his partial eclipse of the sun froze every bird to instant silence and complete immobility. But my terrestrial activities wrought no excitement. The shot whistled through the foliage, one of their number dropped from sight, and life for the rest went on without a tremor. To ancestral generations, danger had come always from above, not below.

The very difficulty of observation rendered this mode of research full of excitement, and at the same time made my method of work very simple. Against the sky, green, blue, or black feathers all appeared black, and the first two days my glasses helped but little. For several minutes I would watch some tiny bird which might have been a yellow warbler had I been three thousand miles farther north. After memorizing personal characters, scrutinizing its flight and method of feeding, striving to fix its individuality, I would secure the bird, and find in all probability that it was a calliste, or tanager of brilliant plumage. To-morrow, if I were lucky, I might be able to tell off the numbers of this species, to watch them and to know that I was watching them. But recognition would not be by way of the cerulean or topaz or amethystine hues of plumage, but by the slight idiosyncrasies of flirting tail or wing or of general carriage.

II

Day by day, as I came to know better the jungle about me, I began to perceive a phase which did not change. Even when the sun shone most brightly, when the coolness of early morning had not yet passed, the mood of the jungle remained. It was consistent, this low swampy jungle, in its uniform, sombre mystery. In spite of wholesale exaggeration it was the dangers which came to mind. Of all places in the world this was probably fullest of life, both in numbers and diversity. Yet it was death — or the danger of death — which seemed in waiting, always just concealed from view.

Beneath my tree I squatted silently. Just overhead the foliage might have been almost northern. The finely cut leaves were like willow, and at one side an oak, unusual but still an oak, reached out a thousand thousand motionless leaves, breaking the glare into innumerable patches. But ahead the terrible interlacing of vines and thorny ropes, the strangle hold of serpentine lianas on every available trunk — all this could be only tropic.

The ground glistened here and there with a film of black water which revealed the swamp. Everywhere the mould and leaves of a hundred years lay scattered, the last fallen still green. Many feet above, great fans dangled, rayed fronds dry and crackling, fallen from high overhead, and suspended, waiting for the interfering twigs and foliage to die in turn and permit them to seek dissolution in the mould.

The jungle was bright with flowers, but it was a sinister brightness — a poisonous, threatening flash of pigment, set off by the blackness of the shadows. Heliconia spikes gleamed like fixed scarlet lightning, zigzagging through the pungent air. Now and then a bunch of pleasing, warm-hued berries reminded one of innocuous currants, but a second glance showed them ripening into swollen, liver-hued globes which offered no temptation to taste. One tree dangled hideous purple cups filled with vermilion fruits, and not far away the color sequence was reversed. A low-growing, pleasant-leaved plant lifted bursting masses of purple-black, all dripping like wounds upon the foliage below. Many flowers were unrecognizable save by their fragrance and naked stamens, advertised neither by color nor form of blossom. I despaired of flowers worthy of the name, until close by my foot I saw a tiny plant with a comely, sweet-scented blossom, grateful to the eye and beautiful as our northern blooms are beautiful. The leaf was like scores lying about, and I realized that this was a sproutling of the giant tree.

Nothing but the death of this monster could give the light and air which the little plant needed. It was doomed, but it had performed its destiny. It had hinted that much of the beauty of the jungle lay far above the mould and stagnant water. And then I remembered the orchids high overhead. And the realization came that the low-growing blooms needed their glaring colors to outshine the dim, shadowy underjungle, and their nauseous fumes to outscent the musky vapors of decay.

The plants of the jungle won success either by elbowing their neighbors and fighting their path up to sunlight, or else by adapting their needs to the starvation meed of air and light allotted to the lowly growths. The big-leaved churacas had found another means of existence. They lived like permanent rockets, bursting in mid-air. A long, curved stem shot up and reached far out into space. It was so slender as to be almost invisible in the dim light. At its tip radiated a great burst of foliage, leaves springing out in all directions, and absorbing nutrition which a sapling growing amid the undergrowth could not possibly do.

From daybreak to dark the canella tree was seldom deserted. Usually a score or more birds fluttered and fed among its branches, and, true to tropic laws, there were comparatively few individuals, but a multitude of species. In the few hours I was able to devote to its study, I identified seventy-six different kinds, and, together with those which I saw but could not name, I judge that more than a hundred species must have come to the berries during that week in early May. The first day I secured sixteen specimens, all different; and the following day yielded fourteen more, only one of which was a duplicate of the first day's results.

The bird visitors to the tree arrived in one of two characteristic ways. Many came direct and swiftly, singly or in pairs, flying straight and with decision. These came from a distance, with full knowledge of the berries. They fed quietly, and when satiated flew off. The second method of arrival was wholly casual — loose flocks drifting slowly from the neighboring jungle, sifting into the tree, and feeding for a time before passing on. When these left it was rather hastily, and in answer to the chirps and calls of the members of their flock who had not been beguiled by the berries and hence had forged steadily ahead.

These more or less well defined flocks are very characteristic of all tropical jungles. Little assemblages of flycatchers, callistes, tanagers, antbirds, manakins, woodhewers, and woodpeckers are drawn together by some intangible but very social instinct. Day after day they unite in these fragile fraternities which drift along, gleaning from leaves, flowers, branches, trunks, or ground, each bird according to its structure and way of life. They are so held together by an intangible gregarious instinct that day after day the same heterogeneous flock may be observed, identifiable by peculiarities of one or several of its members. The only recognizable bond is vocal — a constant low calling; half-unconscious, absent-minded little signals which keep the members in touch with one another, spurring on the laggards, retarding the overswift.

While I watched, there came to my tree a single species of pigeon, two hawks, and two parrots, four humming birds, and an equal number of toucans and woodpeckers. The remaining fifty-nine were all passerine birds, of which there were eight each of the families of flycatchers, manakins, and cotingas. Eleven were tanagers.

The greedy, noisy parrakeets were always the centre of commotion, wasting more berries than they ate. The toucans, those bizarre birds of whose lives we know nothing, yelped and called and bathed in the water caught in the stubs of branches, and fed to repletion. All the flycatchers forgot their usual diet and took to berrying as ardently as the tanagers themselves. Not all the birds came to feed on the berries. A wren hunted insects among the branches, and a hawk found a giant snail crawling up the trunk and devoured it. The insect eaters of the trunk numbered nine and showed no interest in the berries. Two were woodpeckers and seven woodhewers.

These latter are a strange tropical family four hundred strong, and all the very essence of protective coloring. Their habits of life make of them wandering bits of bark, easy to detect when they are in motion, but vanishing utterly when they are quiet. Their similarity in dress is remarkable. They may be large or small, short- or long-tailed, with beaks blunt, sharp, straight, curved, thick, or needle-pointed. In these characters they differ; by these points they must know one another. But their colors are almost identical. Their olives or browns invariably warm into rich foxy rufous on wings and tail, while over head and shoulders a shower of light streaks has fallen, bits of sunlight fixed in down.

Further details belong only to the literature of ornithology. But the colors of the berry hunters — these baffle description, yet we cannot pass them by in silence. The blood and orange splashed on black of the toucans, the scarlet and yellow of woodpeckers, the soft greens and buffs of flycatchers, all these paled when a flock of manakins or tanagers or honey-creepers came to the tree. Every precious stone found its counterpart in the metallic hues of these exquisite feathered folk.

The glory of all was the opal-crowned manakin, a midget in green coat and sulphur waistcoat, with a cap of mother-of-pearl, scaly, iridescent, silvery plates in no way akin to feathers. Until now the life of this Hop-o'-my-thumb, like those of all his ancestors, had gone smoothly on, with never a human to admire, to wonder, and vainly to echo the question of the great black frog, *Wh — y?*

III

On the last day of my stay I walked slowly up the trail toward the *canella do matto.* For the last time I strained upward at the well-known branches, and with the very movement there came the voice of the swamp. Its tone was insistent, with a tinge of accusation, a note of censure. *Wh — y?* and, after a little time, *Wh — y?*

I looked about me despairingly. What had I learned after all? Was there any clearing up of the mystery of the jungle? Had my week of scrutiny brought me any closer to the real intimacies of evolution? Or — evading these questions for the time — was there nothing I could do in the few precious moments left?

In five minutes I should turn my back on all this wildness, this jungle seething with profound truths, and great solutions within arm's reach. I should pass to the ocean where monotony compels introspection, and finally to the great centre of civilization where the veneer covers up all truths.

Even if my studies had taught only the lesson of the tremendous insurgence of life, could I not emphasize this, make it a more compelling factor to be considered in future efforts toward the frog's question and mine?

My eyes left the foliage overhead and sought the ground. Acting on impulse, I brought from my camping stores an empty war bag, and scraped together an armful of leaves, sticks, moss, earth, mould of all sorts. Four square feet of jungle débris went into my bag, and I shouldered it.

Then I said adieu to my trail and my tree — a sorrowful leave-taking, as is always my misfortune. For the bonds which bind me to a place or a person are not easily broken. And, as usual, when the trail passed from view, the ideal alone remained. The thoughts of mosquitoes, of drenchings, of hours of breathless disappointed waiting, all sank in the memory of the daily discoveries, the mental delights of new research.

A week later, when the sky line was unbroken by land, when a long ground swell waved but did not disturb the deep blue of the open sea, I unlaced my bag of jungle mould. Armed with forceps, lens, and vials, I began my search. For days I had gazed upward; now my scrutiny was directed downward. With binoculars I had scanned without ceasing the myriad leaves of a great tree; now with lens or naked eye I sought for life or motion on single fallen leaves and dead twigs. When I studied the life of the great tree I was in the land of Brobdingnag; now I was verily a Gulliver in Lilliput. The cosmos in my war bag teemed with mystery as deep and as inviting as any in the jungle itself.

When I began work I knew little of what I should find. My vague thoughts visualized ants and worms, and especially I anticipated unearthing myriads of the unpleasant 'mucuims' or *bêtes rouges*, whose hosts had done all in their power to make life in the jungle unhappy.

Day by day my vials increased. Scores of creatures evaded my search; many others, of whose kind I had captured a generous number, I allowed to escape.

My Lilliputian census was far from the mere aggregation of ants and worms which I had anticipated, and a review of the whole showed that hardly any great group of living creatures was unrepresented.

As hinting of the presence of wild animals, a bunch of rufous hairs had in some way been tweaked from a passing agouti. Man himself was represented in the shape of two wads which had dropped from my gunshots sometime during the week. One had already begun to disintegrate and sheltered half a dozen diminutive creatures. Five feathers were the indications of birds, two of which were brilliant green plumes from a calliste. Of reptiles there was a broken skull of some lizard, long since dead, and the eggshell of a lizardling which had hatched and gone forth upon his mission into the jungle. A third reptilian trace may have been his nemesis — a bit of shed snake skin. The group of amphibians was present even in this square of four feet — a very tiny, dried, black, and wholly unrecognizable little frog. Fishes were absent, though from my knees as I had scraped up the débris I could almost have seen a little igarapé in which dwelt scores of minnows.

As I delved deeper and examined the mould more carefully for the diminutive inhabitants, I found that this thin veneer from the floor of the jungle appeared to have several layers, each with its particular fauna. The upper layer was composed of recently fallen leaves, nuts, seeds, and twigs, dry and quite fresh. Here were colonies of small ants and huge, solitary ones; here lived in hiding small moths and beetles and bugs, awaiting dusk to fly forth through the jungle. The middle layer was by far the most important, and in it lived four fifths of all the small folk. The lowest layer was one of matted roots and clayey soil and its animal life was meagre.

Between the upper and the middle strata were sprouting nuts and seeds, with their blanched roots threaded downward into the rich dark mould, and the greening cotyledons curling upward toward light and warmth. Thus had the great bird-filled canella begun its life. In my war bag were a score of potential forest giants doomed to death in the salt ocean. But for my efforts toward the *Wh — y*, their fate might have been very different.

Some of the half-decayed leaves were very beautiful. Vistas of pale, bleached fungus lace trailed over the rich mahogany-colored tissues, studded here and there with bits of glistening, transparent quartz. Here I had many hints of a world of life beyond the power of the unaided eye. And here too the grosser fauna scrambled, hopped, or wriggled. Everywhere were tiny chrysalides and cocoons, many empty. Now and then a plaque of eggs, almost microscopic, showed veriest pin pricks where still more minute parasites had made their escape. When one contracted the field of vision to this world where leaves were fields and fungi loomed as forests, competition, the tragedies, the mystery lessened not at all. Minute seeds mimicked small beetles in shape and in exquisite tracery of patterns. Bits of bark simulated insects, a patch of fungus seemed a worm, while the mites themselves were invisible until they moved. Here and there I discovered a lifeless boulder of emerald or turquoise — the metallic cuirass of some long-dead beetle.

Some of the scenes which appeared as I picked over the mould, suddenly unfolding after an upheaval of débris, were like Aladdin's cave. Close to the eye appeared great logs and branches protruding in confusion from a heaped-up bank of diamonds. Brown, yellow, orange, and white colors played over the scene; and now over a steep hill came a horrid, ungainly creature with enormous proboscis, eight legs, and a shining, liver-colored body, spotted with a sickly hue of yellow. It was studded with short, stiff, horny hairs — a mite by name, but under the lens a terrible monster. I put some of these on my arm, to see if they were the notorious 'mucuims' which tortured us daily. Under the lens I saw the hideous creature stop in its awkward progress, and as it prepared to sink its proboscis I involuntarily flinched, so fearful a thing seemed about to happen.

The lesser organisms defy description. They are nameless except in the lists of specialists, and indeed most are of new, quite unnamed forms. The only social insects were small twigfuls of ant and termite colonies, with from five to fifteen members. All others were isolated, scattered. Life here, so far beneath the sunlight, is an individual thing. Flocks and herds are unknown; the mob has no place here. Each tiny organism must live its life and meet its fate single-handed.

Little pseudo-scorpions were very abundant, and I could have vialed hundreds. They rushed out excitedly and, unlike all the other little beings, did not seek to hide. Instead, when they were disturbed, they sought open spaces, walking slowly and brandishing and feeling ahead with their great pincer-tipped arms, as long as their entire body. When irritated or frightened, they scurried backwards, holding up their chelæ in readiness.

Mites were the most abundant creatures, equaling the ants in number, always crawling slowly along, tumbling over every obstacle in their path and feeling their way awkwardly. Their kinds were numerous, all villainous in appearance. Ticks were less common but equally repellent. Small spiders and beetles were occasionally found, and hundred-legged wrigglers fled to shelter at every turn of a leaf. The smallest snails in the world crawled slowly about, some flat-shelled, others turreted. Tiny earthworms, bright red and very active, crept slowly through fungus jungles until disturbed, when they became an amazingly active tangle of twisting curves, dancing all about. Simple insects, which we shall have to call collembolas, were difficult to capture. They leaped with agility many times their own length, and when quiescent looked like bits of fungus. As for the rest, only Adam and a few specialists hidden in museums could call them by name. They were a numerous company, some ornamented with weird horns and fringes and patterns, others long of leg or legless, swift of foot or curling up into minute balls of animate matter.

One thing was evident early in my exploration: I was in a world of little people. No large insects were in any of the débris. The largest would be very small in comparison with a May beetle. And another thing was the durability of chitin. The remains of beetles, considering the rareness of living ones, were remarkable. The hard wing cases, the thorax armor, the segments of wasps, eyeless head masks, still remained perfect in shape and vivid in color. Even in the deepest layers where all else had disintegrated and returned to the elements, these shards of death were as new.

And the smell of the mould, keen and strong as it came to my nostrils an inch away — it was pungent, rich, woody. It hinted of the age-old dissolution, century after century, which had been going on. Leaves had fallen, not in a sudden autumnal downpour, but in a never-ending drift, day after day, month after month. With a daily rain for moisture, with a temperature of three figures for the quicker increase of bacteria, and an excess of humidity to foster quick decay, the jungle floor was indeed a laboratory of vital work — where only analytic chemistry was allowed full sway, and the mystery of synthetic life was ever handicapped, and ever a mystery.

Before the vessel docked I had completed my task and had secured over five hundred creatures of this lesser cosmos. At least twice as many remained, but when I made my calculations I estimated that the mould had sheltered only a thousand organisms plainly visible to the eye.

And when I had corked my last vial and the steward had removed the last pile of shredded débris, I leaned back and thought of the thousand creatures in my scant four square feet of mould. Then there came to mind a square mile of jungle floor with its thin layer of fallen leaves sheltering more than six billion creatures. Then I recalled the three thousand straight miles of jungle which had lain west of me, and the hundreds of miles of wonderful unbroken forest north and south, and my mind became a blank. And then from the mist of unnamable numerals, from this uncharted arithmetical census, there came to my mind a voice, deep and guttural — and this time the slow enunciation was jeering, hopeless of answer. *Wh — y?* and soon afterwards, *Wh — y?* And I packed up my last box of vials and went on deck to watch the sunset.

IMAGINATION IN BUSINESS

BY LORIN F. DELAND

(*April 1909*)

I

When Napoleon caused the names of his dead soldiers to be inscribed on the face of Pompey's Pillar, someone criticized the act as 'a mere bit of imagination.' 'That is true,' replied Napoleon, 'but imagination rules the world.'

The subject of imagination is a large one. Even our morals come, in part, from the imagination — as the virtue of pity. Doubtless it would be impossible for a human being absolutely devoid of imagination to feel the emotion of pity. But let us consider the application of imagination to one thing: namely, to business. It would be easy to trace the world's inventions to its imaginative men, and tell of the gain to the individual from a single thought. We had all watched children go scuffling along to school, stubbing their toes at every step, and it meant nothing to us. But one day an imaginative man watched them, and saw the effect of putting a thin strip of copper across the toe of the boy's boot. The world gave him a million dollars. It could afford to, out of the many millions it saved. Or, leaving inventions aside, we might trace the imagination which made the waterfall of Niagara feed the electric lamps in the city of Buffalo, twenty miles away.

But, confining our thoughts within an even smaller circle, let us follow the workings of the imagination in the most material form of business — that of ordinary merchandising. I believe that imagination is as valuable — I do not say as essential, but as valuable — in the management of trade as in any of the arts. It is as valuable, it is as applicable, and, with the single exception of the art of literature, it is as essential.

But just what do we mean by imagination? If our research is to be carried to any distance, the word should be clearly defined. Is not the best definition, to put it concisely, this: Imagination is the synthesis of the mind; that is, the opposite of analysis? It is the putting together of things into a compound, not the separation of a compound into its parts. It is the relating of one thought or object to another and different one; or, rather, the relating of separate elements or objects. Its nature is dual; it manifests itself in two directions — range and intensity.

Here on the wall hangs a sword carried in the Civil War. Two men of imagination look at it. One of them instantly imagines the conditions of society which brought about the war; he thinks of slavery, of the horrors of the middle passage, of the scenes of terror in the Bight of Benin, and lo, in a twinkling he is a hundred years and three thousand miles away from that sword. That is *range*. The second man looks at the same sword, and he sees the battle, the charge at the fortifications, and the fearful slaughter. He hears the bugles blowing the advance, and he listens to the deafening roar of the cannon and the higher-voiced rattle of musketry. The groans of the wounded sound in his ears. Already a whole epic is acting itself out upon the stage of his brain, and that simple sword is its beginning and its end. That is *intensity*.

Imagination, then, is the ability, upon seeing any object, to construct around that object its probable or possible environment; thus, apprehending any force, to realize what produced it, and what it will produce. The man of imagination writes a drama. His dramatic instinct apprehends the power of contrasts; he constructs a plot; he realizes what each person will do, and why he will do it. His characters take possession of his will; they act out their own destiny — often against their author's own desire. *He* relates it all together.

Take the simplest instance of this relating of one thing to another in business. Let me say here, in passing, that I shall not introduce into this article any supposititious occurrences; each illustration is an actual fact, either in my experience, or of which I have been cognizant. And one other point: it is difficult at times to draw the line between imagination and sagacity. Starting in sagacity, a man's action often proceeds by imagination. The two become blended. Perhaps it is not too much to claim that, as sagacity emerges from the present, the existing, and the seen, into the future, the unborn, and the unapprehended, it becomes imagination. I shall try to confine myself to instances of action which proceed forth from imagination.

We were about to consider the simplest illustration of this relating of one thing to another in business. Let me tell the story of two bootblacks. We can scarcely go lower in the business scale. These two boys, of about the same age, I found standing, one Saturday afternoon, on opposite sides of a crowded thoroughfare in Springfield. So far as could be judged, there was no preference between the different sides of the street, for an equally large crowd seemed to be moving on both sides. The bootblacks had no regular stand, but each had his box slung over his shoulder, and, standing on the curbstone, solicited the passers-by to stop and have a shine. Each boy had one 'call,' or method of solicitation, which he repeated at regular intervals. The two solicitations were entirely different, but each was composed of four words. They never varied them. Yet one of these boys, by the peculiar wording of his solicitation, secured twice as much business as the other, so far as one could judge, and I watched them for a long time.

The cry of the first boy was, 'Shine your boots here.' It announced the simple fact that he was prepared to shine their boots. The cry of the second boy was, 'Get your Sunday shine!' It was then Saturday afternoon, and the hour was four o'clock. This second boy employed imagination. He related one attraction to another; he joined facts together; his four simple words told all that the first boy said, and a great deal more. It conveyed the information, not simply that he was there to shine shoes, but that tomorrow was Sunday; that from present appearances it was likely to be a pleasant day; that he, as a bootblack, realized they would need an extra good shine; and, somehow, the sentence had in it a gentle reminder that the person on whose ears it fell had heretofore overlooked the fact that the next day was the Sabbath, and that any self-respecting Christian would wish his shoes shined before he repaired to the sanctuary. Perhaps it was merely good luck that this boy secured twice the business of the other, but I have seen too many of such experiences to think of them as accidental.

Take another case, not in my own experience, but which happened to Heinemann, the European publisher. He once noticed two peddlers standing side by side, selling toy dolls. One of them had a queer, fat-faced doll, which he was pushing into the faces of the passers-by, giving it the name of a well-known woman reformer then prominently before the public. His dolls were selling rapidly, while the man beside him, who had a really more attractive doll, was doing comparatively little business. A thought occurred to Heinemann, and he tried an experiment. Calling the second peddler to one side, 'My friend,' he said, 'do you want to know how to sell twice as many of these dolls as you are selling now? Hold them up in pairs, two together in each hand, and cry them as "The Heavenly Twins."' The toy vender somewhat grudgingly followed his advice. It was at a time when Sarah Grand's famous novel was at the height of its popularity, and the title of the book was on everyone's tongue. Perhaps it was merely another case of good luck, but the Heavenly Twins dolls were an instantaneous success, and within one hour the vender of the woman-reformer dolls gave up the fight, acknowledged himself beaten, and moved five blocks down the street to escape the ruinous competition. Here, again, is the relating of one thing to another, though in this case it was the relating of a popular name to an absolutely foreign subject. Of course the relation was wholly illogical, but it 'got there' just the same.

The imaginative man sends his thought through all the instincts, passions, and prejudices of men; he knows their desires, and their regrets; he knows every human weakness and its sure decoy. Let me illustrate now that use of the imagination in business which is cleverly built on the frailties of mankind. It may be instanced in as many ways as there are human weaknesses. Under this head comes the subscription book, offered to you in a delicately worded circular, explaining that an edition of two hundred copies only is to be printed, and the plates then destroyed, thereby ensuring the rarity of the book. If we stop and think a moment, we recognize that here is a direct appeal to vanity and selfishness. Yet how it works! Men are gratified even to be included in the list of recipients of such an invitation. And yet, really, the invitation is tantamount to an insult, for it assumes your overmastering vanity and selfishness, by making its strongest appeal in this direction.

Another weakness in human nature is the inability to throw away an element of value, even though it cannot be utilized. Many years ago a firm of large retailers of Oriental rugs in this country, the representative of leading houses in Smyrna and Constantinople, found itself overloaded with goods. The situation was critical, unless a certain part of the stock could be turned over at once. The firm had but one proposition to make: namely, a great sacrifice sale of its smaller sizes of rugs, with a reduction in price of from 50 to 60 per cent, to ensure the movement of at least a thousand rugs, at retail, within one week. An average price on small Oriental rugs — take them as they come — would be $30 to $35. This called for an average loss of profit on each rug of from $15 to $20. But just here imagination was applied, and another course was recommended and adopted, which was based upon the inability of the average person voluntarily to throw away an element of value. This was twenty years ago, and the plan has since lost much through familiarity; but in those days it was a novelty, and it worked most effectively.

Briefly, it purposed — not to sell rugs; oh, dear, no! — but to determine the relative advertising merits of the different newspapers of the city in which this house was located. A test was to be made for six days. Of course, the firm was willing to pay something for such information, and so in each paper there was printed a facsimile of a one-dollar bill, made out in the name of the firm, and good during the next six days, to the extent of one dollar, on the purchase of any Oriental rug at its establishment. The imitation one-dollar note was somewhat crude, but in size and general appearance it suggested a dollar bill, and results showed that it was difficult for many persons to regard it in any other light. At least, they found it as hard to let it go unused as if it had been indeed a genuine dollar. To all intents and purposes it was a one-dollar bill, provided it was spent at a certain store during a certain limit of time, and for a certain article. It seems incredible now, for the experiment was not tried in a large city, yet within three days the volume of rugs sold amounted to the largest total yearly discount limit; in other words, the greatest discount given to any retail house if the volume of its sales in one year could be made to equal this total.

The anticipation of one thousand rugs was far exceeded in the performance, and the week ended with sales of sixteen hundred rugs. On these there had been a total discount of sixteen hundred dollars, with but little more than the customary daily amount of advertising, and a complete saving of the large sacrifice which had at first seemed to the firm to be inevitable. The experiment was a bold one, for, had it failed, the firm must have suffered ten days' delay at a time of pressing necessity. I had faith in the plan, however, because it was founded on a principle in human nature — the inability to throw away an element of value.

Mark this fact! It was not the price. It never is. It was the *reason* for the price. If, instead of giving the buyer one dollar toward his purchase money, they had taken twelve dollars off the rug, there might have been sold, perhaps, two hundred of those rugs — scarcely more! But by making one twelfth as good an offer in a more imaginative form, they sold — not two hundred rugs, but sixteen hundred. That is imagination in business!

When the late Phillips Brooks held a series of religious services on Sunday evenings in Faneuil Hall, some doubt was expressed as to the size of the audience, since it was plainly announced that these services were for the 'waifs' and 'strays' of the city, and not for churchgoers. The club of young men who had the matter in hand left to me the question of deciding what course would ensure the largest possible attendance. I went the first night, and found the hall well filled. The second night the attendance had dwindled perceptibly, and the third Sunday night there was scarcely more than half an audience. I called the committee together, and told them that the audience had grown so small that we must hereafter have admission wholly by ticket. I still remember their consternation at this proposal. Their argument was a very natural one: if you cannot get people to come now, when there is no barrier whatever to their coming, how do you expect to get them to come when you refuse to admit them unless they have a ticket? But we carried the plan through, and thereafter no one was admitted who did not have a ticket. *From that night* the hall was full at every service. The ticket resembled in appearance a season ticket to the most expensive course of lectures or entertainments. As might have been expected, the people who got these tickets found it quite impossible to sacrifice an element of value, however slight that value was. They were entitled to attend divine service that night at Faneuil Hall, while Tom, Dick, and Harry, their neighbors, were not. And this slight advantage many of them could not relinquish.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, found it necessary to employ this same method when he held services in the great tabernacle on Tremont Street many years ago. His attendance, large at first, soon fell off materially; but Mr. Moody, to correct this, announced that attendance would be by ticket only; within a week the great tabernacle was crowded at every service, and this continued up to the last meeting.

II

Perhaps we might leave the domain of business for one moment, and remind ourselves of the working of this law in the privacy of our own homes, when one's wife says, 'My dear, there are only a few more of these strawberries left; they can't keep till to-morrow; I wish you'd eat them up to-night so they won't spoil!' There is the element of value again, which so rarely can be thrown away gracefully.

But, returning to business, let me relate another experience along the same line. It happened back in the eighties, but human nature has not changed in the intervening twenty years. A leading organ manufactory found that by actual count they had, in the preceding fifty years, manufactured and sold a larger number of organs than any other maker in the world. In other words, they held the world's record of sales, the number being 200,000. The problem was to determine how best to utilize the advantage contained in this fact. I suggested that they offer a prize for the best popular conception of the number 200,000; that they publish this offer widely throughout the country, which in itself would call attention in an interesting way to the fact that they had manufactured 200,000 organs. They were then to take the fifty best conceptions of this large total, making an engraving to illustrate each one, and publish the whole in an attractive pamphlet, of which they should issue an edition large enough to make the cost of the book not to exceed one cent. It could be mailed for another cent, so that they could supply it to the public at a cost of two cents; or, in other words, anyone enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter would receive the book by mail; and if a large number of these books could be distributed it would be substantially free advertising, for it would be advertising which involved no expenditure beyond the sending away of the books. It was found that an edition of 100,000 copies would have to be printed to bring the cost to this low limit, and the firm questioned whether so many as this could be disposed of by a simple offer that the book would be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. But their doubts yielded to my arguments, and they issued the book.

Four months later, in discussing another matter, they referred to the failure of their efforts to dispose of the book, and their chagrin at finding so large an edition on their hands which they could not use. It appeared, on further conversation, that to dispose of them they had advertised them once in the *Youth's Companion*, a paper which at that time had a circulation of over 400,000 copies. They showed me the advertisement. It measured about six inches, single column, and, in good plain type, announced that a book entitled 'How Large Is 200,000?' had been prepared, with over fifty illustrations, finely printed, making an attractive volume of forty-eight pages, which would be sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp. In all the time which had elapsed since that advertisement had appeared they had received 788 replies, and, consequently, an edition of 99,212 books was still upon their hands. The man who was responsible for this operation felt his humiliation, but nevertheless he believed that he could get rid of those books by an advertisement *in the same paper*, inserted once only, and in a smaller space — virtually a mere repetition of the previous offer.

Accordingly, the following advertisement appeared. At the top were the words, PRIZE REBUS. Under this heading there was a simple rebus, one of the old-fashioned kind so dear to the 'regular subscriber,' although this particular puzzle was so easy of solution that any person of ordinary intelligence could not fail to work it out in a reasonable time. Under the rebus was the offer, which was to the effect that the books had been prepared, that a certain edition had been printed, that no more would be thereafter printed, and that the books would not be distributed thereafter upon request, but would be given as prizes to anyone who could solve the rebus there given. Of course the rebus, being exceedingly simple, would be readily solved; it then entitled its interpreter to a book, and we find ourselves at once back on the old ground of a person entitled to an advantage, and called upon to choose whether he will avail himself of that advantage by a very slight expenditure, or sacrifice the advantage with no expenditure. The advertisement was inserted once, and nothing further was heard from the organ company for a time. Then came a letter saying, 'Where is this thing going to end? We have sent out 23,000 books on that one advertisement up to last Saturday night. We have now a force of five women employed in opening letters and mailing books. Had we not better prepare another edition?'

So it went on for *ten weeks* more, finally breaking all known records for the number of replies from any single advertisement.

Now, what was the defect in the first offer? It employed no imagination. It did not reckon with human nature. Or, rather, it went directly contrary to a law of human nature. There is a belief, deep-seated in the human mind, that the thing which you can get for nothing is worth nothing. The public very properly accepted this book at its publisher's own appraisal; he offered it for nothing, therefore it was worth nothing. It would be possible to go further, and tell how the advantage was followed up in this case, and organs were sold to the people who had solved the prize rebus, but that is what Kipling calls 'another story,' and does not properly belong under this particular weakness of human nature.

I want to give just one more illustration under this head. A leading publisher conceived the idea of preparing a series of pictures of the great scenes of the Civil War. There were many pictures in the series, and they were finely executed from originals by famous artists. No pains or expense was spared, and, sure of success, a very large edition was printed. They were offered to the public at five dollars each. It was never intended to reduce this price, except to quote a slightly lower rate for the complete series. But the pictures were a dead failure. Some time after they were placed on the market the account on the books of the firm stood charged with an expenditure of over $50,000, against which there were receipts amounting to $700, representing the sales of the first six months. Net loss up to that date, $49,300. It was evident that this was a bad investment. The question was whether it would not be wise, in view of the signal failure of the enterprise, to reduce the pictures to a price of one dollar, which would represent less than the actual manufacturing cost, it is true, but which would go far, if the entire edition of fifty thousand could be sold, to reimburse the company for the very large sum which had been put into these pictures, and which, at present, there seemed to be no way of taking out. The plan was not to spend any money in advertising, but to announce to the trade, and to storekeepers generally, that these five-dollar pictures were now reduced to one dollar.

If the plan had been carried out along the lines then proposed, the result must have been an absolute failure. It is doubtful if a thousand more pictures would have been sold. Instead, the following plan was suggested, and its efficacy may be left to the judgment of any student of human nature. A circular was to be prepared and mailed to every member of the Grand Army of the Republic, which at that time numbered over 361,000 men. Enclosed with that circular was to be a receipt for $4.00 on account, to apply on the purchase of one of the war pictures. It was to be made out in the name of the member and signed by the publishers. The circular was to state that the regular price of the picture was $5.00, but that a comrade of any Grand Army Post could secure the picture for the nominal price of $1.00. The picture would be delivered to him upon payment of $1.00, with the accompanying receipt for $4.00, which must be attested by the Secretary of his Post.

It was easy to imagine how this plan would work. By virtue of his membership in the Grand Army, the recipient was entitled to secure a $5.00 picture for $1.00. The offer would not be made to anyone else. He, by virtue of his membership in this National Order, had only to pay $1.00 to secure an equivalent of $5.00. Let us admit at once that thousands of these men did not care to pay $1.00 even for a $5.00 picture. But how many of them, do you suppose, would tear up the signed receipt for $4.00? Instead, they would keep it in their pocket, look at it every few days, mention it to some of their friends, and end by making the generous offer to one of these friends that if he would like to avail himself of the chance he could do it in *his* name. In other words, John Brown, as a G. A. R. man, is entitled to the picture, but John Brown does not care to buy it. His friend, John Smith, who is not in the G. A. R., however, will be very glad to take advantage of such an opportunity, and so Brown buys the picture for Smith in his (Brown's) name, paying for it with his $4.00 receipt and Smith's $1.00 in money. Inasmuch as the sales of these pictures would be naturally among members of the Grand Army, the offer amounted to a virtual reduction of the price from $5.00 to $1.00; yet how much more attractive was this form of making the reduction, which preserved the pictures from the shock of a precipitate and sensational discount.

III

We have now taken two weaknesses in human nature — namely, selfishness and acquisitiveness — and shown the baser use of the imagination in business which rears its fabric on such weaknesses — using the word 'baser' not to imply a moral defect, but merely to designate such usages as relatively less pleasing than other instances which might be cited. If time afforded, it would be easily possible to select other weaknesses of mankind, and instance how the imagination is employed in such cases; then, to take the reverse of these cases — that is, the traits not in themselves weak or base, but of which advantage is taken; such, for example, as the love of the material or concrete, the reasoning by analogy, the impression of value by quantity, the impression of quality by multiplication of argument, and similar instances.

It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the *reason* for the price. This is one of the backbone truths of merchandising, and when once a seller gets a firm hold of this fact, and is able to apply it in its highest efficiency, he can almost devastate the trade. I have seen on more than one occasion the delight with which a retail advertiser first clearly grasps this idea. We can detect something of it in one of the illustrations just used; but now what is the reason which underlies this law? Is it not this: that the argument for the price is the imaginative part of the transaction; the price itself is absolutely unimaginative. Admit that the reason for the price is an important thing in the transaction, and that a high price with a good reason will sell more goods than a low price with a poor reason, and it is only reaffirming, in another form, the potentiality of the imagination in business.

The bankrupt stock, the fire sale, the manufacturer's remnants, the annual clearance, the removal sale, the dissolution-of-partnership sale — what are these, and many more, but arguments for the price? And note this one point: that without the argument the price is powerless. Reduce your fur-lined overcoats from $100 to $60, and your liberal discount attracts little attention. Why? Because there is no reasonable explanation for the reduction. Why should you present overcoats to the public? But announce that, owing to an expiration of your lease, and the imperative command that you vacate your present store within two weeks, you will reduce the price of your fur-lined overcoats from $100 to $80, and you may sell easily all you have to offer. Instinctively, the public sees the whole picture — the proprietor's anxiety, the inevitable removal, the vanishing days, the final sacrifice, and the store full of eager buyers quick to seize such an opportunity. This is only half the reduction previously considered; but one is business without imagination, and the other is business with it.

Approach the whole question from another standpoint. Perhaps there is no better index of the value of imagination in business than the immense importance which attaches to the selection of a name for any article. To describe an article in an imaginative vein is to sell it at once to many persons; merely to give it a good name is to sell it to a few. So important is this matter held to be by those who have successfully grasped the value of imagination in business that it has been used for no less an object than the stifling of competition. Let us assume that to-morrow you decide to embark in the business of manufacturing a toilet soap, to compete with some of the well-known makers. It is important that it should have a significant or attractive name. That is a first consideration. But, right at the outset, you discover that it is almost impossible to secure any satisfactory name for a new soap. Its color, transparency, and clearness suggest the title of 'amber soap.' Yes, surely 'amber soap' does have an attractive sound. But you cannot use the word 'amber,' for you find that this is one of a list of twenty-four possible names for a toilet soap, preëmpted by registration as a protectionary measure, years ago, by one of the leading American soap makers. They have covered over one hundred names in the past quarter of a century, willingly paying the registration charges of twenty-five dollars for every title. Of course, they do not intend to use them; they register them to fight off competition, believing (and here is the important point!) that no clever business man (and it is such competition which alone they fear) — that no clever business man would embark in the enterprise of manufacturing a new soap when from the start he was prevented from employing the powerful weapon of imagination in giving it a suitable name. If an establishment like this, directed by some of the ablest heads in the business world, believes that it can discourage competition by simply depriving the would-be competitor of the appeal to the imagination in the naming of his soap, how great a value must we attach to imagination in business!

More striking instances of this endeavor to intercept competition may be found by a perusal of the trade names and trade-marks registered in Great Britain. Ten years ago there were only 27,000 trade names registered in the United States as against 182,000 registered in England. The English, from whom we have borrowed the idea of protection by registration, take most of our American names that have any originality or value, if the owner for any reason has left them unregistered at the expiration of the six months during which the trade name is protected for filing in Great Britain. English manufacturers have gone to the extent of protecting themselves, not merely in their own line of goods, but in all lines of manufacture, thereby preventing their trade name from becoming commonplace by its repeated use. Thus the word 'Sunlight' has been registered by its owners, not merely as the name of a soap, but for practically every article of household use to which the name could be applied.

By a peculiarity of the English copyright laws, it is not permitted to cover every article with one name. The various articles of domestic use are arranged in groups, and one article in each group must be left unprotected, to conform to the law. In this case at hand, no little ingenuity has been used in selecting as the subject of each omission an article to which the name 'Sunlight' could scarcely apply; as, for example, Sunlight Andirons — I think this was one of the articles in one of the groups left unprotected. The English charge is £10 for each registration, exclusive of all fees, and some manufacturers have expended close to $50,000 in this form of protection. When we see shrewd manufacturers investing such sums on their belief that you ruin a man's chances when you curtail his ability to employ imagination, is it not another proof of the value of imagination in business?

I shall try now, before concluding this article, to illustrate the use of imagination in business by three business problems. I select them partly because of their remoteness from the present in point of time (there being little harm in my speaking of the occurrences at this late date), and partly because they typify widely different cases.

The first is a retail problem, the circumstance of a carpet house. The general question was whether the volume of business could be enlarged. This firm was advertising extensively in the papers, and such advertising is the fool's first resort and the wise man's last one. It is the proper remedy in about one in four cases of the kind here considered. It could hardly be used advantageously in a carpet business, for the reason that carpets are not tempting merchandise. In other words, one is not prompted by any advertisement to rush out and buy carpets. One buys them when one needs them. The buying of carpets is done in a cold-blooded way.

Once a year, rarely oftener, a family decides that it wants a new carpet. This is usually at the strenuous period known as 'spring cleaning.' But there is a more important time than this, and that is when the family is removing from one house to another. Probably from 20 to 30 per cent of all buying of carpets is induced by a change of residence. Estimated roughly, there is one day in the year when each householder may buy carpets; accordingly, on three hundred and sixty-four days of the year the advertising of specific carpets for that man is wasted. For *every* man it would be wasted three hundred and sixty-four out of three hundred and sixty-five days, and such a proportion of waste will not permit of profitable advertising. The important thing, then, was to get at people when they were about to move, and it seemed at the start that the key to the situation was the real-estate agent. In this direction work was begun.

The plan was to secure from real-estate agents, for some slight consideration, a complete record of all changes and removals from house to house in that city and its suburbs. The work had proceeded only a short distance, however, before it became evident that this was a wrong analysis of the case. The real-estate agent was not the correct clew; it was the furniture mover! Many persons might effect a change of residence, especially in the upper class (and these changes were most valuable), without the transaction passing through the hands of any real-estate agent. But no one could remove from one residence to another, whether it was from a great establishment on Washington Square to another on Fifth Avenue, or whether a lodger with one trunk moved from a room on Bleeker Street to a room on Houston Street, without employing the furniture mover.

Accordingly new plans were laid, a competent man was engaged to carry them out, and work proceeded on the following lines. A club was formed of all the furniture movers in that city and its suburbs. Of course, there were isolated cases here and there of men who would not 'club,' but within ten days an organization was perfected, comprising forty-one of the leading furniture movers, employing seventy-six wagons. A formal agreement was entered into and signed with each furniture mover. The consideration for which they performed their service was comparatively slight. It has long been a custom with business houses to pay for the painting of a delivery wagon on the condition that it shall bear their advertisement; the name of the owner then appears in small letters, and the wagon ostensibly is a delivery wagon of the house whose name it bears. It is generally supposed that an advertisement thus painted on a wagon moving about through the streets of a city for a year is well worth the cost of the painter's bill.

This old idea that furniture movers like to escape the painting of their wagons was made to do duty here, and the repainting became a part of the compensation given to them under the agreement. Their wagons were all painted with the name of this carpet house; a further consideration was that the house should keep them repaired at its own expense. They were to be repainted as often as required, say once in two years, and all repairs were to be paid for unless they were occasioned by gross carelessness. Contracts were made with seven or eight leading carriage painters in the city in which this occurred, and exceptionally low rates secured by reason of the large quantity of work. Similar contracts were also made with wheelwrights for repairs.

To describe the consideration given by the furniture mover to the carpet house, let me tell what would have happened had you, at any time desiring to move from one part of that city to another, called upon one of these furniture movers with a view to securing his services. The conversation might have been substantially on these lines: —

Customer. I am about to move from 32d Street to 57th Street. I don't know exactly how many loads there will be, but it is an ordinary houseful of furniture. I should like to know your charge for the job.

Furniture Mover. Where are you now located?

(*Customer gives his residence.*)

And what is the new location?

(*Customer gives the address. Both replies are at once entered on a slip.*)

When do you propose to move?

(*The date is given.*)

Just how many loads would there be? How many rooms are there in the house?

(*Replies noted.*)

Customer. Do you employ reliable and satisfactory men?

Furniture Mover. Yes, sir. Here is my business card, and you will see upon the back of it what John Smith & Co., the well-known carpet house, say about me.

At this he hands the customer a business card, supplied to him without charge by the carpet house, and on the back of this business card there is a letter from John Smith & Co., stating that they understand that this man is a reliable furniture mover, who employs suitable help. The attitude with which the furniture mover proudly regards the endorsement of John Smith & Co. is, in itself, an evidence that in the furniture-moving business, at least, Smith & Co. is readily conceded to be the leading carpet house of the city. In the meantime, the customer sees along the curb a number of neat-looking, attractive wagons, on each of which is the advertisement of John Smith & Co.

By direct agreement with the Smith carpet house, the furniture mover is obliged to fill out within one hour, and forward to them by mail, a printed blank as follows: —

Name of party about to move: ——; present address of party: —— ; new location to which he is to move: ——; date when he expects to move: ——; number of loads he will carry: ——; etc., etc.

From forty-five to ninety of these blanks were received daily at the carpet house. When the system was started, it was the custom to send a representative, with samples, to call immediately upon the parties about to move. For a very short time one representative did all this work, but within three months it required six representatives, of whom four went in 'sampler' carts built for this especial work, mounted on two wheels, and in appearance not unlike an Adams Express money wagon. The carts were finely fitted up, and contained a complete line of samples, not only of carpetings, but of upholsteries, draperies, shades, and so forth. The memoranda received at the carpet house went immediately to the manager of the retail department; by him they were separated according to their locality; the presumably large customers were handed to the more expert representatives, while some poor devil who was moving with a trunk from one room to another received no call, but, instead, a circular or special letter, according to his importance, in which the house offered its services in connection with any refurnishing which he might have to do, and suggested that one of its representatives call with samples on his daily round, for which, of course, there would be no charge. Meanwhile all newspaper advertising was stopped.

The business grew to such size that at the end of a year the carpet house had bought and was operating its own repair and paint shop. The plan worked out substantially as first conceived, with one exception. It was found necessary to employ two men whose sole business it was to go daily among the furniture movers and keep them sharply up to their end of the agreement, ensuring immediate reports on all names, and complete memoranda. This experiment showed one solution of how to enlarge a retail carpet business. It was literally a gold mine, and the business of the house was greatly increased.

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So the retailer meets his difficulties and applies imagination in their solution. But the wholesaler has his problems too, and we shall find that the same panacea has lost none of its virtues as we examine a plan for the extension of a business in lithographic novelties. This house was one of the three firms who had supplied the great market of the world with its Christmas cards. The Christmas-card industry had waned, but they had taken it at its flood, and nicely calculated the moment of the ebb. The instant that the upper class of society abandoned the sending of Christmas cards, this firm was keen enough to realize that the custom was destined to have a short life, and from that day drew in its manufacturing, carried a short stock, and was well equipped to take advantage of any new turn. (The firm afterwards made a study of the question whether the custom of sending Christmas cards could be reëstablished, deciding finally that as the custom had gone out through the upper class of society it could only reënter through that class, and no way of reëstablishing it in that direction seemed to suggest itself. Many ways were open to revive the custom in other classes of society, but this firm wisely concluded that it would be impossible to work the revival upwards. The popularity of the bicycle is the only exception I know to this general rule, and it has been one of the curious anomalies in trade movements in recent years.)

The establishment in question then turned its attention to the manufacture of art novelties, booklets, hangers, and so forth. For these there was a fairly large demand, and the question was how to double that trade. It was a difficult problem, for the goods were marketed entirely by little stationery and periodical stores — about the smallest calibre of storekeeper that can be imagined. It was out of the question to sell to the consumer direct, as that would instantly antagonize the retailers then handling the goods. It seemed almost impossible to infuse any enterprise and life into these little two-by-four storekeepers, in whose hands lay absolutely the future prosperity of the business. However, upon a closer study of the conditions, the point which attracted attention was the wide divergence in the volume of business done by different stores. Two, situated in Cleveland, Ohio, and in Providence, Rhode Island, in the same relative location and appealing to the same class, were doing a totally different business. The two constituencies were substantially alike; but one store was doing a business of $300, and the other of $3000.

This indicated broadly that but few of these little storekeepers understood how to push their business, and it at once suggested the course which should be taken: first, to acquaint the trade, immediately and confidentially, with this state of affairs; and secondly, for this house to offer, as a committee of the whole, to investigate the various methods by which the business could be developed, reporting estimates and figures, with attested results as to each method. In other words, if a man in Philadelphia had employed successfully the method of making 5, 10, 15, and 25 cent counters, the house proposed to investigate the whole system and its results, and report its findings to all who joined the movement. If another man in another city had established $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, and $5.00 packets, and made a great success, the workings of that system would be explained, telling just what to avoid and what to do. In a similar way, to investigate the sending of canvassers, with books of samples, to interview customers in person; the advertising in magazines; and all the different ways by which one and another man in different parts of the country had made any success.

It was supposed that possibly 300 dealers might join this movement. The first circular was sent out, and within six weeks 2900 small storekeepers and their clerks had united with the lithographing firm in the undertaking. The movement was continued successfully for several years. It grew out of its original limitations, and the monthly reports began finally to discuss methods of salesmanship, taking individual articles and illustrating different methods of presentment.

Here we see a different application of imagination, a sort of outward application to lubricate the stiffening joints of business. Let me now, as a last illustration, take an instance where the medicine was compounded to be taken internally. It was the question of a humble employee. We will say his name was Mills, and he was one of the army of workers in the service of a wholesale clothing house. He came to me with his serious problem: he had been employed by this house for three years; he had received one small raise of salary at the end of the first year, and now, after two years of waiting, he was sidetracked, as he thought, hopelessly stalled on the road to business success, one of the innumerable teeth in the mighty gear, of no special value, and with no prospects whatever for the future. He wanted to marry (on $6.00 a week!), and this had added to his discontent with his surroundings. He came to ask me whether he had not better give up his situation, and trust to luck to find something better. I urged at once against such a course, and told him to look for something better while still holding his present situation. He said he had tried that for some time, but found himself restless. I said to him, 'Mills, the important thing for you in this matter is to ascertain whether you are paid all that you are worth; and, that settled, whether you can make yourself worth any more. But first of all let us see if you can make yourself worth any more, whether you are paid it or not. If you can, you had better stick, and look for your raise at the first fair opportunity.' He agreed with me in my hypothesis, but said he did not quite understand how that could be found out. I said, 'I cannot find it out to-day, but if you will put yourself in my hands absolutely for three months I will guarantee that we shall both have an answer to that question.' He agreed, and I went ahead. Here were my instructions to him: —

'For the first thirty days I want you to put your mind on one thing only; drop all outside nonsense, and focus your entire attention, thought, and energy upon this question: By what method which *you* can devise can your house sell $100,000 worth more of goods every year than they are now selling? (Mills gasped!) Or $10,000 worth more? Or $1000 worth more? *Or $100 worth more?* When you have discovered your plan, work it all out on paper, put down the figures in black and white, verify every item of expense, and take the complete showing, at a favorable moment, to the man on whom you must depend for your raise of salary. However good the idea may be, when you present it to him view it tentatively; tell him as modestly as you can that you believe that the prosperity of the house should be as truly your concern as his; that both your fortunes are in the same boat; say frankly that you hope it may not seem presumptuous that you should seem to suggest reforms or changes, but that you are really interested in the success of the business, and it is this interest which must be blamed for any seeming intrusion on your part. Put it to him modestly; if he decides that the idea is not good, say you are sorry for having wasted his time, and get out as quickly as you can. Then go to work on another idea. When you carry this to him, if he negatives it also, make your excuses and ask him if there is any objection to your still studying and trying to plan out some method by which the business can be extended.'

In a general way, with a good deal more of explanation, I think I made him understand how he was to present his idea, so that in no case would he be in danger of losing his position or the good will of the firm by seeming to have their interests very closely at heart. Thirty days passed, and Mills came to me. His report was brief. With all his thinking, he had found no method by which the business of the firm could be extended even one hundred dollars a year. I then put him to work upon his second month's labor, which was this: 'See whether you can discover any method by which, while losing no present advantage or trade, the firm can transact its present volume of business with greater economy, so that, by your improved methods of conducting the business, there shall be effected a saving of $50,000 a year; or $5000 a year; or $500 a year; *or $50 a year!*' I thought he drew a rather long breath as he left me to go to work for thirty days on this proposition; but he, more or less manfully, went through the second stage of his labors, and at the end of another thirty days he came back to me with his report. He had been able to discover no new method whereby the firm could economize on its present system. He had, however, discovered one thing — namely, that he would not need to go ahead for another thirty days with our experiment, for he had about made up his mind that he would continue where he was.

I said to him, 'So, Mills, you don't care for any more of my advice? Well, this time I am going to give it to you without your wanting it. My boy, just realize for one moment where you stand. With the enormous volume of clothing business which is being done, and with the undoubted expansion which can be effected, you are not able, though you have worked three years in this house, to increase the volume of this business one hundred dollars a year; with the elaborate and necessarily wasteful methods in which that great business is transacted, you are not near enough to it to be able to point out a better system in any department whereby the small sum of fifty dollars a year may be saved. Now, Mills, let me give you a last word of advice, and it is valuable advice. My boy, lie low! Attract just as little attention to yourself as you can. Don't let the proprietors or manager remember that you have been three years in their employ if you can help it. You are an absolutely unproductive man. If they knew how little capable you are of development and progress, they would change you off to-morrow for some young man of greater promise. Lie low, my boy. Keep out of prominence as much as you can, and go down on your knees to-night and thank God that you have got a situation where you are paid all that you are worth. I don't mean that you are a bit inferior to thousands of other young men who are in the stores and wholesale houses in this city; but you, like them, are simply sitting upon the head of the one brainy man who sits in the countingroom. He has to solve all these problems. You and fifty others in your establishment are just sitting on top of his head, like so many dead weights. If the business prospers you expect a raise of salary, when it is his headwork that has gained every inch of the progress. He has to carry you all.'

The young man went off, sadder and wiser than he came. For the five years thereafter in which I was able to follow his course, he held the same place and at the same salary. Now, in a last word, what was the object of this experiment? Of course, I did n't expect that this boy was going to revolutionize the clothing trade. It was simply to find out whether he had in him any imagination which he could employ in his business. I was willing to stake my prediction of his fate on the result of that one question, and I think the years have shown that I was right.

V

And now shall we not all agree that there is a faculty which can accomplish in business such remedial and constructive work as we have been considering? It is not enterprise, nor thrift, nor industry, nor sagacity, nor courage. Nor can all these qualities combined supply the place left vacant by the lack of imagination. They each have their value, and by any of these roads a man may win to success. But the faculty of which I now conceive MAKES HIM CAPABLE OF UNDERTAKING ANY BUSINESS! He may be a successful bootblack, or the able president of a bank, or the astute manager of a circus. He *may fail*, for the imagination which enables him to comprehend human nature in the aggregate does not necessarily enable him to understand it in the individual. He may know human nature, but not individual nature. Hence he may be a judge of methods, but not of men.

And now is any apology needed for these illustrations? To some readers, perhaps, they may seem sharp and shrewd, with a little flavor of the pavement. But business is intellectual warfare, a battle of wits — in which one does not repulse solid shot with blank cartridges. It is not a theory, but a condition, which confronts the business man. He takes his medicine as he finds it compounded. It does n't taste as he would like to have it, but no one asked him what he liked. He is n't picnicking. He's at war. He smiles through the bitter drink, and orders it up for the whole company when his turn comes!

TWENTY MINUTES OF REALITY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

(*May 1916*)

As a child I was afraid of world without end, of life everlasting. The thought of it used to clutch me at times with a crushing sense of the inevitable, and make me long to run away. But where could one run? If never-ending life were true, then I was already caught fast in it, and it would never end. Perhaps it had never had a beginning. Life everlasting, eternity, forever and ever: these are tremendous words for even a grown person to face; and for a child — if he grasp their significance at all — they may be hardly short of appalling. The picture that Heaven presented to my mind was of myself, a desperate little atom, dancing in a streak of light around and around and around forever and ever. I do not know what could have suggested such an idea; I only know that I could not think of myself caught there in eternity like a chip in a whirlpool, or say 'round again, and round again, and round again' for more than a minute, without hypnotizing myself into a state of sheer terror. Of course, as I grew older I threw off this truly awful conception; yet, shorn of its crudeness and looked at with grown-up eyes, there were moments when, much as I believed in, and desired, eternal life, that old feeling of 'round again, and round again' would swoop back upon me with all its unutterable weariness, and no state of bliss that I could imagine seemed to me proof forever against boredom. Nevertheless, I still had faith to believe that eternity and enjoyment of life could in some way be squared, though I did not see how it was to be done. I am glad that I had, for I came at last to a time when faith was justified by sight, and it is of that time that I wish to write here.

If this paper ever chances to be printed, it will be read, I think, by two sets of persons. There will be those who will wonder if I speak of something that is really there, or who will be quite sure that I do not — that I either imagined or made up the whole thing, or else that it was entirely due to the physical condition of convalescence. Others there will be, who will believe that I am speaking of the truth that is there, because they, too, have seen it. These last will think that it was not because I was returning to health that I imagined all life as beautiful, but that with the cleared vision that sometimes attends convalescence I 'saw into reality,' and felt the ecstasy which is always there, but which we are enabled to perceive only on very rare and fleeting occasions.

It is these last for whom I wish to write. If this clearing of the vision is an occasional occurrence of convalescence, then what I saw is of far more value than it would be had my experience been unique.

I do not really know how long the insight lasted. I have said, at a rough guess, twenty minutes. It may have been a little shorter time, it may have been a little longer. But at best it was very transitory.

It happened to me about two years ago, on the day when my bed was first pushed out of doors to the open gallery of the hospital. I was recovering from a surgical operation. I had undergone a certain amount of physical pain, and had suffered for a short time the most acute mental depression which it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. I suppose that this depression was due to physical causes, but at the time it seemed to me that somewhere down there under the anæsthetic, in the black abyss of unconsciousness, I had discovered a terrible secret, and the secret was that there was no God; or, if there was one, He was indifferent to all human suffering.

Though I had hardly reëstablished my normal state of faith, still the first acuteness of that depression had faded, and only a scar of fear was left when, several days later, my bed was first wheeled out to the porch. There other patients took their airing and received their visitors; busy internes and nurses came and went, and one could get a glimpse of the sky, with bare gray branches against it, and of the ground, with here and there a patch of melting snow.

It was an ordinary cloudy March day. I am glad to think that it was. I am glad to remember that there was nothing extraordinary about the weather, nor any unusualness of setting — no flush of spring or beauty of scenery — to induce what I saw. It was, on the contrary, almost a dingy day. The branches were bare and colorless, and the occasional half-melted piles of snow were a forlorn gray rather than white. Colorless little city sparrows flew and chirped in the trees, while human beings, in no way remarkable, passed along the porch.

There was, however, a wind blowing, and if any outside thing intensified the experience it was the blowing of that wind. In every other respect it was an ordinary commonplace day. Yet here, in this everyday setting, and entirely unexpectedly (for I had never dreamed of such a thing), my eyes were opened, and for the first time in all my life I caught a glimpse of the ecstatic beauty of reality.

I cannot now recall whether the revelation came suddenly or gradually; I only remember finding myself in the very midst of those wonderful moments, beholding life for the first time in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty, and importance. I cannot say exactly what the mysterious change was. I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous new light — in what I believe is their true light. I saw for the first time how wildly beautiful and joyous, beyond any words of mine to describe, is the whole of life. Every human being moving across that porch, every sparrow that flew, every branch tossing in the wind, was caught in and was a part of the whole mad ecstasy of loveliness, of joy, of importance, of intoxication of life.

It was not that for a few keyed-up moments I *imagined* all existence as beautiful, but that my inner vision was cleared to the truth so that I *saw* the actual loveliness which is always there, but which we so rarely perceive; and I knew that every man, woman, bird, and tree, every living thing before me, was extravagantly beautiful, and extravagantly important. And as I beheld, my heart melted out of me in a rapture of love and delight. A nurse was walking past; the wind caught a strand of her hair and blew it out in a momentary gleam of sunshine, and never in my life before had I seen how beautiful beyond all belief is a woman's hair. Nor had I ever guessed how marvelous it is for a human being to walk. As for the internes in their white suits, I had never realized before the whiteness of white linen; but much more than that, I had never so much as dreamed of the mad beauty of young manhood. A little sparrow chirped and flew to a near-by branch, and I honestly believe that only 'the morning stars singing together, and the sons of God shouting for joy' can in the least express the ecstasy of a bird's flight. I cannot express it, but I have seen it.

Once out of all the gray days of my life I have looked into the heart of reality; I have witnessed the truth; I have seen life as it really is — ravishingly, ecstatically, madly beautiful, and filled to overflowing with a wild joy, and a value unspeakable. For those glorified moments I was in love with every living thing before me — the trees in the wind, the little birds flying, the nurses, the internes, the people who came and went. There was nothing that was alive that was not a miracle. Just to be alive was in itself a miracle. My very soul flowed out of me in a great joy.

No one can be as happy as I was and not have it show in some way. A stranger passing paused by my bed and said, 'What are you lying here all alone looking so happy about?' I made some inadequate response as to the pleasure of being out-of-doors and of getting well. How could I explain all the beauty that I was seeing? How could I say that the gray curtain of unreality had swirled away and that I was seeing into the heart of life? It was not an experience for words. It was an emotion, a rapture of the heart.

Besides all the joy and beauty and that curious sense of importance, there was a wonderful feeling of rhythm as well, only it was somehow just beyond the grasp of my mind. I heard no music, yet there was an exquisite sense of time, as though all life went by to a vast, unseen melody. Everything that moved wove out a little thread of rhythm in this tremendous whole. When a bird flew, it did so because somewhere a note had been struck for it to fly on; or else its flying struck the note; or else again the great Will that is Melody willed that it should fly. When people walked, somewhere they beat out a bit of rhythm that was in harmony with the whole great theme.

Then, the extraordinary importance of everything! Every living creature was intensely alive and intensely beautiful, but it was as well of a marvelous value. Whether this value was in itself or a part of the whole, I could not see; but it seemed as though before my very eyes I actually beheld the truth of Christ's saying that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of the Father in Heaven. Yet *what* the importance was, I did not grasp. If my heart could have seen just a little further I should have understood. Even now the tips of my thoughts are forever on the verge of grasping it, forever just missing it. I have a curious half-feeling that somewhere, deep inside of myself, I know very well what this importance is, and have always known; but I cannot get it from the depth of myself into my mind, and thence into words. But whatever it is, the importance seemed to be nearer to beauty and joy than to an anxious morality. I had a feeling that it was in some way different from the importance I had usually attached to life.

It was perhaps as though that great value in every living thing were not so much here and now in ourselves as somewhere else. There is a great significance in every created thing, but the significance is beyond our present grasp. I do not know what it is; I only know that it is there, and that all life is far more valuable than we ever dream of its being. Perhaps the following quotation from Milton may be what I was conscious of: —

> What if Earth
> Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
> Each to other like more than on Earth is
> thought!

What if here we are only symbols of ourselves, and our real being is somewhere else — perhaps in the heart of God? Certainly that unspeakable importance had to do with our relationship to the great Whole; but what the relationship was I could not tell. Was it a relationship of love toward us, or only the delight in creation? But it is hardly likely that a glimpse of a cold Creator could have filled me with such an extravagant joy, or so melted the heart within me. For those fleeting, lovely moments I did indeed, and in truth, love my neighbor as myself. Nay, more: of myself I was hardly conscious, while with my neighbor in every form, from wind-tossed branches and little sparrows flying, up to human beings, I was madly in love. Is it likely that I could have experienced such love if there were not some such emotion at the heart of Reality? If I did not actually see it, it was not that it was not there, but that I did not see quite far enough.

Perhaps this was because I was still somewhat in the grip of that black doubt which I had experienced, and of which I have spoken. I think it was owing to this doubt also that afterwards I had a certain feeling of distrust. I was afraid that all that beauty might be an uncaring joy. As if, though we were indeed intensely important in some unguessed way to the great Reality, our own small individual sorrows were perhaps not of much moment. I am not sure that I actually had this feeling, as it is very difficult, after the lapse of almost two years, to recapture in memory all the emotions of so fleeting and so unusual an experience. If I did, however, I comfort myself, as I have said, with the thought of the intense joy that I experienced. The vision of an uncaring Reality would hardly have melted me to such happiness. That the Creator is a loving Creator I believe with all my heart; but this is belief, not sight. What I saw that day was an unspeakable joy and loveliness, and a value to all life beyond anything that we have knowledge of; while in myself I knew a wilder happiness than I have ever before or since experienced.

Moreover, though there was nothing exactly religious in what I saw, the accounts given by people who have passed through religious conversion or illumination come nearer to describing my emotions than anything else that I have come across.

These testimonies I read almost a year after my hospital episode. I came upon them by chance, and was astonished to find that they were describing very much what I had passed through. I think if I had had nothing to match them in my own experience I should almost certainly have felt sure that these people, because of the emotional excitement within themselves, imagined all the beauties that they described. Now I believe that they are describing what is actually there. Nor are poets making up — as the average mind believes, and as I think I always believed — the extravagant beauty of which they sing. They are telling us of the truth that is there, and that they are occasionally enabled to see.

Here are some of the testimonies offered by people who have experienced illumination in one form or another.

'Natural objects were glorified,' one

person affirms. 'My spiritual vision was so clarified that I saw beauty in every natural object in the universe.' Another says, 'When I went into the field to work, the glory of God appeared in all His visible creation. I well remember we reaped oats, and how every straw and beard of the oats seemed, as it were, arrayed in a kind of rainbow glory, or to glow, if I may so express it, in the glory of God.' The father of Rabindranath Tagore thus describes his illumination: 'I felt a serenity and joy which I had never experienced before . . . the joy I felt . . . that day overflowed my soul. . . . I could not sleep that night. The reason of my sleeplessness was the ecstasy of soul; as if moonlight had spread itself over my mind for the whole of that night.' And when Tagore speaks of his own illumination he says, 'It was morning; I was watching the sunrise in Free School Street. A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music; one marvelous rhythm.' (Note his sense of rhythm, of which I also was conscious.) 'The houses in the street, the children playing, all seemed part of one luminous whole — inexpressibly glorified.' (Perhaps the significance of that tremendous importance which I felt, but failed to grasp, was that we are all parts of a wonderful whole.) 'I was full of gladness, full of love for every tiniest thing.'

And this was what — in a smaller degree — I, too, saw for those fleeting moments out there upon the hospital porch. Mine was, I think, a sort of accidental clearing of the vision by the rebirth of returning health. I believe that a good many people have experienced the same thing during convalescence. Perhaps this is the way in which we should all view life if we were born into it grown up. As it is, when we first arrive we are so engaged in the tremendous business of cutting teeth, saying words, and taking steps, that we have no time for, and little consciousness of, outside wonders; and by the time we have the leisure for admiration life has lost for us its first freshness. Convalescence is a sort of grown-up rebirth, enabling us to see life with a fresh eye.

Doubtless almost any intense emotion may open our 'inward eye' to the beauty of reality. Falling in love appears to do it for some people. The beauties of nature or the exhilaration of artistic creation does it for others. Probably any high experience may momentarily stretch our souls up on tiptoe, so that we catch a glimpse of that marvelous beauty which is always there, but which we are not often tall enough to perceive.

Emerson says, 'We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision.' I believe that religious conversion more often clears the eyes to this beauty of truth than any other experience; and it is possible that had I not still been somewhat under that black cloud of doubt, I should have seen further than I did. Yet what I did see was very good indeed.

The following quotation from Canon Inge may not be entirely out of place in this connection: 'Incidentally I may say that the peculiar happiness which accompanies every glimpse of insight into truth and reality, whether in the scientific, æsthetic, or emotional sphere, seems to me to have a greater apologetic value than has been generally recognized. It is the clearest possible indication that the truth is for us the good, and forms the ground of a reasonable faith that all things, if we could see them as they are, would be found to work together for good to those who love God.'

In what I saw there was nothing seemingly of an ethical nature. There were no new rules of conduct revealed by those twenty minutes. Indeed, it seemed as though beauty and joy were more at the heart of Reality than an overanxious morality. It was a little as though (to transpose the quotation)

> I had slept and dreamed that life was duty,
> But waked to find that life was beauty.

Perhaps at such times of illumination there is no need to worry over sin, for one is so transported by the beauty of humanity, and so poured out in love toward every human being, that sin becomes almost impossible.

Perhaps duty may merely point the way. When one arrives at one's destination it would be absurd to go back and reconsult the guidepost. Blindness of heart may be the real sin, and if we could only purify our hearts to behold the beauty that is all about us, sin would vanish away. When Christ says, 'Seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you,' He may mean by 'all these things' spiritual virtues even more than things temporal, such as what we shall eat, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. It may be that He stood forever conscious of a transcendent beauty, and joy, and love, and that what grieved Him most was mankind's inability to behold what was there before their very eyes.

Perhaps, too, this may be the great difference between the saints and the Puritans. Both are agreed that goodness is the means to the end, but the saints have passed on to the end and entered into the realization, and are happy. (One of the most endearing attributes of saints of a certain type was — or rather is, for one refuses to believe that saints are all of the past — their childlike gayety, which can proceed only from a happy and trustful heart.) The Puritan, on the other hand, has stuck fast in the means — is still worrying over the guideposts, and is distrustful and overanxious.

It is like walking and dancing. One could never dance unless he had first learned to walk, or continue to dance unless walking were always possible; yet if one is too intent upon the fact of walking, dancing becomes impossible. The Puritan walks in a worried morality; the saint dances in the vision of God's love; and doubtless both are right dear in the sight of the Lord, but the saint is the happiest.

Father Tyrrell says, 'For Jesus the moral is not the highest life, but its condition.'

Some may object that I preach a dangerous doctrine; others, that I am trying to whip a mad moment of Pagan beauty into line with Christian thought. Possibly I am; yet I am trying not to do the one or the other. I am merely wondering, and endeavoring to get at the truth of something that I saw.

And all the beauty is forever there before us, forever piping to us, and we are forever failing to dance. We could not help but dance if we could see things as they really are. Then we should kiss both hands to Fate and fling our bodies, hearts, minds, and souls into life with a glorious abandonment, an extravagant, delighted loyalty, knowing that our wildest enthusiasm cannot more than brush the hem of the real beauty and joy and wonder that are always there.

This is how, for me, all fear of eternity has been wiped away. I have had a little taste of bliss, and if Heaven can offer this, no eternity will be too long to enjoy the miracle of existence. But that was not the greatest thing that those twenty minutes revealed, and that did most to end all dread of life everlasting. The great thing was the realization that weariness, and boredom, and questions as to the use of it all, belong entirely to unreality. When once we wake to Reality, — whether we do so here or have to wait for the next life for it, — we shall never be bored, for in Reality there is no such thing.

Chesterton has pointed out the power for endless enjoyment of the same thing which most children possess, and suggested that this is a Godlike capacity; that perhaps to God His creation always presents itself with a freshness of delight; that perhaps the rising of the sun this morning was for Him the same ecstatic event that it was upon the first day of its creation. I think it was the truth of this suggestion that I perceived in those twenty minutes of cleared vision, and realized that in the youth of eternity we shall recapture that Godlike and childlike attribute which the old age and unreality of Time have temporarily snatched from us.

No; I shall have no more fear of eternity. And even if there were no other life, this life here and now, if we could but open our dull eyes to see it in its truth, is lovely enough to require no far-off Heaven for its justification. Heaven, in all its springtide of beauty, is here and now, before our very eyes, surging up to our very feet, lapping against our hearts; but we, alas, know not how to let it in!

Once again, when I was almost recovered, I had another fleeting visitation of this extreme beauty. A friend came into my room dressed for the opera. I had seen her thus a great number of times before, but for a moment I saw her clothed in all that wild beauty of Reality, and, as before, my heart melted with joy at the sight. But this second occasion was even more transitory than the first, and since then I have had no return. Tagore's illumination, he says, lasted for seven or eight days, and Jacob Boehme knew a 'Sabbath calm of the soul that lasted for seven days,' during which he was, as it were, inwardly surrounded by a divine light. 'The triumph that was then in my soul,' he says, 'I can neither tell nor describe; I can only liken it to a resurrection from the dead.'

And this miraculous time was with him for a whole week, while I have only tasted it for those few short minutes! But he was a saint, and had really ascended to the holy hill of the Lord through clean hands and a pure heart, while I was swept there momentarily, and, as it were, by accident, through the rebirth of returning health. But when the inspired ones testify to a great joy and a great beauty I too can cry, 'Yes, I have seen it also! Yes, O Beauty, O Reality, O Mad Joy! I too have seen you face to face!' And though I have never again touched the fullness of that ecstatic vision, I know all created things to be of a beauty and value unspeakable, and I shall not fail to pay homage to all the loveliness with which existence overflows. Nor shall I fear to accord to all of life's experiences, whether sad or gay, as high, as extravagant, and as undismayed a tribute of enthusiasm as I am capable of.

Perhaps some day I shall meet it face to face again. Again the gray veil of unreality will be swirled aside; once more I shall see into Reality. Sometimes still, when the wind is blowing through trees, or flowers, I have an eery sense that I am almost in touch with it. The veil was very thin in my garden one day last summer. The wind was blowing there, and I knew that all that beauty and wild young ecstasy at the heart of life was rioting with it through the tossing larkspurs and rose-pink Canterbury bells, and bowing with the foxgloves; only I just could not see it. But it is there — it is always there — and some day I shall meet it again. The vision will clear, the inner eye open, and again all that mad joy will be upon me. Some day — not yet perhaps — but some day!

MR. SQUEM

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

(June 1917)

'Why do we go on perpetuating an uncomfortable breed?'

The man who was shaving at the mirror-paneled door of the Pullman smoking compartment looked at his questioner on the leather seat opposite.

'Give it up,' he answered. 'Why is a hen?'

The first man rapped his pipe empty on the edge of a cuspidor.

'You answer the question,' he said, 'in the only possible way — by asking another.'

'Right,' answered the shaver, and began to run the hot water.

A closely built man, in a suit so heavily striped as to seem stripes before it was a suit, lurched into the compartment and settled himself to his paper and cigar.

'That monkey-on-a-stick,' he presently broke out, 'is still taking good money away from the asses who go to hear him rant about God and Hell and all the rest, up in Boston. I am so *damn* tired of him, and of that rich roughneck Freeze. It's the limit.'

'Pretty much,' said the man with the pipe. 'I was reading about the Belgians just before you came in, and when I jumped away from them I lit on some things about Poland. Then I wondered aloud to this gentleman why we go on multiplying — increasing such an uncomfortable breed. Modoc gods and degenerate millionaires make one wonder more.'

'What is your line, may I ask?' inquired the stripe-suited man.

'Religion.'

'The hell — I beg pardon. If you mean you're a preacher, or something like that, all I've got to say is, you're a funny one. It's your job, is n't it, to be dead sure that everything's all right, or somehow going to be all right — no matter about all the mussed-upness? Yes, that's certainly your job. Yet here you are, asking why we go on stocking the world with kids. *I* might ask that, — I'm in rubber tires, — but not you. Yes, I might — only I don't.'

The man who had been shaving had resumed his tie, collar, and coat, and now lighted a cigarette.

'I lay my money,' he said, 'on one thing: that, if men let themselves go, they wind up shortly with God — or with what would be God if there were any. You've come to it early — through the *Ledger*. You'd have got to it sooner or later, though, if you'd been talking about hunting dogs — provided you'd have let yourselves go.'

'Well, now,' asked the closely built man, 'what is *your* line?'

'Education.'

'Highbrow company! Seems to me the pair of you ought to be silencers for a plain business man like me. Rubber is my line — not how the world is run.

My opinion on that is small change, sure. Yet I think it ought to be run, — the world, I mean, — even if it's mussed up to the limit, and I think it's up to us to keep it running. The parson here — if he is a parson — asks why we should; that is, if I get him. And then I think there's a manager of it all in the central office — a manager, understand, though he never seems to show up around the works, and certainly does seem to have some of the darnedest ways. The professor here — if he is a professor — does n't sense any manager; that is, if I get him straight, with his "if there were any." That was what you said, was n't it? I'm a picked chicken on religion and education, but, honest, both those ideas would mean soft tires for me — yes, sir, soft tires.'

'Broad Street, gentlemen,' said the porter at the door.

The Reverend Allan Dare walked away from the train and down the street. He was Episcopally faced and Episcopally trim, and he was having considerable difficulty in holding his universe together. This is not pleasant at forty-two, when you want your universe held together and things settled and calm. He had an uncomfortable sense that this difficulty had jolted into plain sight on the car.

'Ass!' he addressed himself briefly. 'To let your sag and unsettlement loose in that way! To say such a thing as you said, and in such a place! To parade your momentary distrust of life! Ass — oh, ass!'

He said — or thought — a Prayer Book collect, one which seemed rather suited to asses, and continued: —

'I suppose I'm three tenths sag — no more; and "He knoweth whereof we are made," and what a devil of a world it is to be in just now. But that rubber man on the car — he is n't sag at all. Heavens, his crudeness! His beastly clothes, and the bare shaved welt around the back of his neck, and that awful seal ring! But he's fastened. Life is worth pushing at and cheering for — and there's a manager, if he *has* "the darnedest ways." I'd give something for an every-minute mood like that — a carrying night-and-day sureness like that. He's not illuminated — lucky dog!'

Professor William Emory Browne had changed cars and was continuing his journey. In his lap lay a volume of essays just put forth by a member of his craft, a college professor. He opened it, — it chanced at page 27, — and his eye was caught by the name of his own specialty. He read: —

> Philosophy is the science which proves that we can know nothing of the soul. Medicine is the science which tells that we know nothing of the body. Political Economy is that which teaches that we know nothing of the laws of wealth; and Theology the critical history of those errors from which we deduce our ignorance of God.

'Confound it!' ejaculated Professor Browne, and closed the book.

'Room for one more?' inquired a voice, and the rubber-tire man slid into the seat.

'I just pulled off a little thing out here,' he said, 'that ought to put a small star in my crown. A down-and-out — a tough looker — says to me, "*Please*, mister, give me a dime. I'm hungry." And I says to him, "Get out! What you want is a good drink — go get it," and slips him a quarter. Talk about gratitude! To think there are men — you know it and I know it and he was afraid of it — who'd have steered him to a quick lunch and put him against soft-boiled eggs!'

'"Man's inhumanity to man"' —

'Sure! Nothing but that ever makes me any trouble about things. Tear ninety, George,' — this to the conductor, — 'and burn this panetela some time. You said you were in education,' he went on. 'I've just blown myself to a Universal History — five big volumes, with lots of maps and pictures and flags of all nations and hanging gardens of Babylon and things like that. Gave down thirty-five for it, and my name is printed — Peter B. Squem — on the first page of every book. Now,' — Mr. Squem grew quite earnest, — 'you'd say, would n't you, that if a man could take those books down, — chew them up, you understand, and take them down, — he'd have an education? Not the same, of course, as normal school or college, and yet an education.'

'I think, if you know what's good for you, you will steer clear of what you call an education. I think I should stick to rubber tires, and a few comfortable certainties — and peace.'

Mr. Squem stared. 'How's that?' he inquired. 'Education is your line, you were saying, and yet you queer your stuff. I'd get quick word from the house if I handled Mercury tires that way.'

'But you would n't,' rejoined Professor Browne. 'You would n't, because tires mean something. Tires are your life preserver — they are shaped like life preservers, are n't they?'

'You've got me going,' said Mr. Squem, 'and no mistake. I don't mind telling you I'd hoped to get some hunch from you — on education. You see, my clothes are right, I always have a room with bath, and I get two hundred a month and fifty on the side. I read the papers — and the magazine section on Sunday — and I got through four books last year. And yet there's something not there — by Keefer, not there! I'd give something to *get* it there — to slide it under, somehow, and bring the rest of me up to regular manicuring and ice-cream forks and the way my clothes fit!'

Mr. Squem was interrupted in the expression of this craving. There was a tremendous jar; the car tore and bumped with an immense pounding over the ties, then careened and sprawled down a short bank and settled on its side. People who have been through such an experience will require no description. To others none can be given. In the bedlam chaos and jumble, and chorus of shrieks and smashing glass, Professor Browne, struggling up through the bodies which had been hurled upon him, was conscious of a pain almost intolerably sharp in his leg, and then of a sort of striped whirlwind which seemed to be everywhere at once, extricating, calming, ordering, comforting — and swearing. It was like a machine gun: —

'*Keep* your clothes on, nothing's going to bite you — just a little shake-up. — Yes, chick, we'll find your ma. — No, you *don't* climb over those people; sit down or I'll help you. — To hell with your valise! Pick up that child! — There go the axes; everybody quiet now, just where he is. — You with the side whiskers, get back, *back*, hear me! — Now, children first, hand 'em along — women next, so — men last. — Why did n't you *say* you was a doctor? Get out there quick! Some of those people have got broke and need you!'

Professor Browne was one of these last. Lifted by Peter Squem and a very scared brakeman, he lay on two Pullman mattresses at the side of the track, waiting for the rabbit-faced country doctor to reach him. He was suffering very much, — it seemed to him that he had never really known pain before, — but his attention went to a white-haired lady near by — a slight, slender woman, with breeding written all over her. She had made her way from the drawing-room of the Pullman, and leaned heavily upon her maid, in a state approaching collapse. Professor Browne was impressed by her air of distinction even in the midst of his pain. Then he saw a striped arm supportingly encircle her, and a hand dominated by an enormous seal ring press to her lips an open bottle of Scotch.

'Let it trickle down, auntie — right down. It's just what you need,' said Peter B. Squem.

'What did you think of when the car stopped rolling?'

Professor Browne, lying in his bed, asked this question of Mr. Squem, sitting at its side. The latter had got the professor home to his house and his housekeeper after the accident the day before, had found the best surgeon in town and stood by while he worked, had in a dozen ways helped a bad business to go as well as possible, and now, having remained overnight, was awaiting the hour of his train.

'Think of? Nothing. No time. I was that cross-eyed boy you've heard about — the one at the three-ringed circus. *Did* you see that newly wed rooster — I'll bet he was that — the one with the celluloid collar? "Good-bye, Maude!" he yells, and then tries to butt himself through the roof. He would n't have left one sound rib in the car if I had n't pinned him. No, I had n't any time to think.'

He produced and consulted a watch — one that struck the professor as being almost too loud an ornament for a Christmas tree. An infant's face showed within as the case opened.

'Your baby?' inquired Professor Browne.

'Never. Not good enough. This kid I found — where do you suppose? On a picture postal at a news stand. The picture was no good — except the kid; and I cut him out, you see. Say, do you know the picture was painted by a man out in Montana? Yes, sir, Montana. They had the cards made over in Europe somewhere, — Dagoes, likely, — and when they put his name on it they did n't do a thing to that word "Montana." Some spelling!'

'Why, what you have there,' said the professor, taking the watch with interest, 'is the Holy Child of Andrea Mantegna's "Circumcision," — it's in the Uffizi at Florence. Singularly good it is, too. I'm very much wrapped up in the question, raised in a late book, of Mantegna's influence upon Giovanni Bellini. There's a rather fine point made in connection with another child in this same picture — a larger one, pressing against his mother's knees.'

Mr. Squem was perfectly uncomprehending. 'Come again,' he remarked. 'No, you need n't, either, for I don't know anything about the rest of the picture. I told you it was no good. There was an old party in a funny bathrobe and with heavy Belshazzars, I remember — but the picture was *this*.'

He rose and began to get into his overcoat.

'There's one thing about this kid,' he said, in a casual tone which somehow let earnestness through. 'I know a man, — he travels out of Phillie, and he's some booze artist and other things that go along, — who's got one of those little "Josephs." You know, those little dolls that Catholics tote around? Separate him from it? Not on your life. Why, he missed it one night on a sleeper, and he cussed and reared around, and made the coon rout everybody out till he found it. It's luck, you see. Now this kid' — Mr. Squem was pulling on his gloves — 'is n't luck, but he works like luck. He talks to me, understand, and' — here a pause — 'he puts all sorts of cussedness on the blink. You can't look at him and be an Indian. I was making the wrong sort of date in Trenton one day, and I saw him just in time — sent the girl word I'd been called out of town. I was figuring on the right time to pinch a man in the door, — he'd done me dirty, — and I saw *him* again. Good night! I'm never so punk that he does n't ginger me — does n't look good to me. The management is mixed up with him — and I hook up to him. Here's the taxi. So long, professor. — Rats! I have n't done one little thing. Good luck to your game leg!'

It was Sunday morning, and service was under way in the Church of the Holy Faith. For the thousandth time the Reverend Allan Dare had dearly-beloveded his people, assembled to the number of four hundred before him, exhorting them in such forthright English as cannot be written nowadays not to dissemble nor cloak their sins before God, and to accompany him unto the throne of the heavenly grace. He had had a sick feeling, as he read this exhortation, so full of pound, rhythm, heart search, and splendid good sense, to the courteous abstractedness in the pews.

'Heavens!' he had thought, 'once this burnt in!' He had wanted to shriek — or fire a pistol in the air — and then crush the meaning into his people; crush God into them, yes, and into himself.

He was four tenths sag that morning — the Reverend Allan Dare. In the *Jubilate*, a small choir boy — a phenomenon who was paid a thousand a year, and was responsible for the presence of not a few of the four hundred — had sung 'Be ye sure that the Lord he is God,' to the ravishment of the congregation — not of the rector, who stood looking dead ahead. The First Lesson had been all about Jonadab, the son of Rechab, and drinking no wine — frightful ineptness! What could it mean to anyone? How help anyone? Here was Life, with all its cruel tangles, tighter and more choking every day. Here was Arnold's darkling plain, and the confused alarms and the ignorant armies clashing by night.

There came back to Dare the creed he had heard in the smoking compartment: 'I think it ought to be run, — the world, — even if it's mussed up to the limit, and I think it's up to us to keep it running. I think there's a manager of it all in the central office — a manager, understand, though he never seems to show up around the works, and certainly does seem to have some of the darnedest ways.'

'O God!' breathed Allan Dare, 'there are so many things — so many things!'

It was the same Sunday. Professor William Emory Browne was for the first time on crutches, and stood supported by them at his window.

'Back again,' he ruminated. 'I can probably drive to my classes in another week. Then the same old grind, showing ingenuous youth — who fortunately will not see it — how "the search hath taught me that the search is vain." Ho, hum! How very kind, that Mr. Squem, — he did so much for me, — and how very funny! I should like to produce him at the seminar — with his just-right clothes, his dream of culture via his Universal History, his approach to reality through a picture postal card!'

He turned on himself almost savagely. Then, —

'What the devil are you patronizing him for? Don't you see that he is hooked to something and you are not, that he is warm and you are freezing, that he is part of the wave, — the wave, man, — and that you are just a miserable, tossing clot?'

It was the same Sunday. Mr. Squem sat in his room — extremely dennish, smitingly red as to walls, oppressive with plush upholstery. A huge deer head, jutting from over the mantel, divided honors with a highly colored 'September Morn,' affrontingly framed. On a shelf stood a small bottle. It contained a finger of Mr. Squem, amputated years before, in alcohol.

On the knees of the owner of the room was Volume One of the Universal History — Number 32, so red-ink figures affirmed, of a limited edition of five hundred sets. Mr. Squem's name was displayed, in very large Old English on the flyleaf, and above was an empty oval wherein his portrait might be placed.

'No use,' soliloquized the owner of this treasure, 'no use. If I *could* chew it up and get it down, — or two of it, — *that* would n't slide under the thing that is n't there. Nothing will ever put me in the class of Professor Browne or that preacher on the car, or bring the rest of me up to my clothes.'

He rose and stretched.

'Maybe,' he said, addressing a huge chocolate-colored bust of an Indian lady, 'maybe I can catch up to those fellows sometime — but not here. Noon, I bet,' — looking at his watch, — 'and it is to eat.'

He contemplated the Mantegna baby.

'So long,' he said, 'you're running things' — and snapped his watch.

THE RING

(*June 1885*)

HOLD the trinket near thine eye,
And it circles earth and sky;
Place it further, and behold!
But a finger's breadth of gold.

Thus our lives, belovèd, lie
Ringed with love's fair boundary;
Place it further, and its sphere
Measures but a falling tear.

JOHN B. TABB

A LETTER TO THE RISING GENERATION

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

(*February 1911*)

FROM the dawn of time, one generation has cried reproof and warning to the next, unheeded. 'I wonder that you would still be talking. Nobody marks you,' say the young. 'Did you never hear of Cassandra?' the middle-aged retort.

Many of you young people of to-day have *not* heard of Cassandra, for a little Latin is no longer considered essential to your education. This, assuredly, is not your fault. You are innocent victims of a good many haphazard educational experiments. New ideas in pedagogy have run amuck for the last twenty-five years. They were introduced with much flourish of drums; they looked well on paper; they were forthwith put into practice on the helpless young. It has taken nearly a generation to illustrate their results in flesh and blood. Have they justified themselves in you?

The rising generation cannot spell, because it learned to read by the word-method; it is hampered in the use of dictionaries, because it never learned the alphabet; its English is slipshod and commonplace, because it does not know the sources and resources of its own language. Power over words cannot be had without some knowledge of the classics or much knowledge of the English Bible — but both are now quite out of fashion.

As an instance of the working out of some of the newer educational methods, I recall serving upon a committee to award prizes for the best essays in a certain competition where the competitors were seniors in an accredited college. In despair at the material submitted, the committee was finally forced to select as 'best' the essay having the fewest grammatical errors and the smallest number of misspelled words. The one theme which showed traces of thought was positively illiterate in expression.

These deficiencies in you irritate your seniors, but the blame is theirs. Some day you will be upbraiding your instructors for withholding the simple essentials of education, and you will be training your own children differently. It is not by preference that your vocabulary lacks breadth and your speech distinction. In any case, these are minor indictments, and, when all is said, we older ones may well ask ourselves whether we find our minds such obedient, soft-footed servants of the will as to make it clear that the educational procedure of our own early days is to be endorsed without reserve.

Your seniors also find themselves irritated and depressed because modern girls are louder-voiced and more bouncing than their predecessors, and because their boy associates are somewhat rougher and more familiar toward them than used to be thought well-bred. But even these things, distasteful as they are, should not be the ground of very bitter complaint. It requires more serious charges than these to impeach the capacity and intentions of those who are soon to be in full charge of this world. Every generation has — with one important abatement — the right to fashion its own code of manners.

The final right of each generation to its own code depends upon the inner significance of those manners. When they express such alterations in the fibre of the human creature as are detrimental to the welfare of the race, then, and perhaps then only, are our criticisms completely justified.

From the generation earlier than my own still survive gentlewomen who are like old lace and opals, gentlemen all compounded of consideration and courtliness. Their graces are not due to their length of life, but to the lights by which they have lived. They are adorable. None of us born since the Civil War approach them in respect to some fine nameless quality that gives them charm and atmosphere. Yet, if we are not less staunch and unselfish than they, I take it we also have not failed in giving the world that nourished us its due.

Is the quality of the human product really falling off? That is the humiliating question you must ask yourselves. If the suspicion which runs about the world is true, then, youngsters, as you would elegantly phrase it, it is 'up to you.'

One of the advantages of living long in the world is that one steadily acquires an increasingly interesting point of view. Even in middle life one begins to see for one's self the evolution of things. One gets a glimpse of the procession of events, the march of the generations. The longer an intelligent being lives, the more deeply experience convinces him that there is a pattern in the tapestry of our lives, individual as well as national and racial, at whose scope we can only guess.

Yet the things we actually see and can testify to are profoundly suggestive. I know of my own knowledge how greatly the face of life in this country has altered since my own childhood. It is neither so simple nor so fine a thing as then. And the type of men of whom every small community then had at least half a dozen, the big-brained, big-hearted, 'old Roman' men, whose integrity was as unquestioned as their ability, is almost extinct. Their places are cut up and filled by smaller, less able, often much less honest men. It is not that the big men have gone to the cities — for they are not there; it is not that they left no descendants — for in more cases than I care to count the smaller, less able, less honest men are their own sons. These latter frequently make as much money in a year as their fathers did in ten, and show less character in a lifetime than their fathers did in a year.

The causes of this are too complicated to go into here, but, so far as you young people just coming on the stage are concerned, the result of this change of type in American life and American men is to make life a far harder problem. The world is itself smaller; it is harder for the individual to live by his own light. The members of the body politic are much more closely knit together in the mesh of common interest to-day than ever before. While political scandals, graft, and greed have always existed, there never has been a time when low standards in business and politics have so assailed the honor and integrity of the people as a whole, by tempting them, through fear of loss, to acquiesce in the dishonesty of others. If better standards are to prevail, it is you who must fight their final battles.

Your wisdom, patience, and moral earnestness are going to be taxed to the breaking point before those battles are won. Have you the muscle for that fight?

Evidence in regard to the falling off in the human product is necessarily fragmentary and chaotic. Let us run over a few of the points your elders have observed and recorded against you.

Veteran teachers are saying that never in their experience were young people so thirstily avid of pleasure as now. 'But,' one urges, 'it is the season when they should enjoy themselves. Young people always have — they always will.' 'Yes,' they answer, 'that is true, but this is different from anything we have ever seen in the young before. They are so keen about it — so selfish, and so hard!'

Of your chosen pleasures, some are obviously corroding to the taste; to be frank, they are vulgarizing. It is a matter of ordinary comment that the children of cultivated fathers and mothers do not, nowadays, grow up the equals of their parents in refinement and cultivation. There must, then, be strong vulgarizing elements outside the home, as well as some weakness within, so to counteract and make of little worth the gentler influences of their intimate life. How can anything avail to refine children whose taste in humor is formed by the colored supplements of the Sunday paper, as their taste in entertainment is shaped by continuous vaudeville and the moving-picture shows? These things are actually very large factors in children's lives to-day. How should they fail of their due influence on plastic human material? Where the parents at the formative age saw occasional performances of Booth, Barrett, Modjeska, and *Rip Van Winkle*, the children go to vaudeville, and go almost constantly. While most vaudeville performances have one or two numbers that justify the proprietors' claim of harmless, wholesome amusement, the bulk of the programme is almost inevitably drivel, common, stupid, or inane. It may not be actually coarse, but inanity, stupidity, and commonness are even more potent as vulgarizing influences than actual coarseness. Coarseness might repel; inanity disintegrates.

'I don't approve,' your fathers and mothers say anxiously, 'but I hate to keep Tom and Mary at home when all the other children are allowed to go.' These parents are conscientious and energetic in looking after Tom's teeth and eyes, Mary's hair, tonsils, and nasal passages, but seem utterly unconscious that mental rickets and curvature of the soul are far more deforming than crooked teeth and adenoids.

Our ancestors spoke frequently of fortitude. That virtue was very real and very admirable to them; we use the word too little; you, not at all. The saving grace of their everyday hardships has vanished. 'Even in a palace, life may be well lived.' One wonders how Marcus Aurelius would have judged the moral possibilities of flats or apartment hotels? When one gets light by pushing a button, heat by turning a screw, water by touching a faucet, and food by going down in an elevator, life is so detached from the healthy exercise and discipline which used to accompany the mere process of living that one must scramble energetically to a higher plane or drop to a much lower one.

When the rising generation goes into the militia, it is, old officers tell us, 'soft' and incompetent, unpleasantly affected by ants and spiders, querulous as to tents and blankets, and generally as incapable of adapting itself to the details of military life as one would expect a flat-reared generation to be. The advocates of athletics and manual training in our schools and colleges are doing their utmost to counteract the tendency to make flabby, fastidious bodies which comes from too comfortable living; but the task is huge.

Much more ado is made over this business of training the mind and body to-day than ever before. From the multiplied and improved machinery of education, it would seem that we must be far in advance of our fathers. But where are the results in improved humanity? The plain truth seems to be that the utmost which can be done for the child to-day is not enough to counterbalance the rapidly growing disadvantages of urban life and modern conditions. Vast increase in effort and in cost does not even enable the race to keep up with itself. Forging ahead at full speed, we are yet dropping woefully behind.

Training is not a matter of the mind and body only. More fundamental to personality than either is the education of the soul. In your upbringing this has been profoundly neglected — and here is your cruelest loss. Of the generation of your fathers and mothers it may be generally affirmed that they received their early religious training under the old régime. Their characters were shaped by the faith of their fathers, and those characters usually remained firm and fixed, though their minds sometimes became the sport of opposing doctrines. They grew up in a world that was too hastily becoming agnostic as a result of the dazzling new discoveries of science. It was a shallow interpretation that claimed science and religion as enemies to the death. So much is clear now. But, shallow or not, such was the thought of the seventies. The rising generation of that day had to face it. A great many young people then became unwilling martyrs to what they believed the logic of the new knowledge. It was through inability to enlarge their ideas of Him, to meet the newly disclosed facts about His universe, that they gave up their God. They lost their faith because imagination failed them.

The clamor and the shouting of that old war have already died away; the breach between science and religion is healed; the world shows more and more mysterious as our knowledge of it widens, and we acknowledge it to be more inexplicable without a Will behind its phenomena than with one. But that period of storm and stress had a practical result; it is incarnated in the rising generation.

In the wrack of beliefs, your parents managed to retain their ingrained principles of conduct. Not knowing what to teach you, they taught you nothing whole-heartedly. Thus you have the distinction of growing up with a spiritual training less in quantity and more diluted in quality than any 'Christian' generation for nineteen hundred years. If you are agnostic-and-water, if you find nothing in the universe more stable than your own wills — what wonder? Conceived in uncertainty, brought forth in misgiving — how can such a generation be nobly militant?

Before it occurred to me to analyze your deficiencies and your predicament thus, I used to look at a good many members of the rising generation and wonder helplessly what ailed them. They were amiable, attractive, lovable even, but singularly lacking in force, personality, and the power to endure. Conceptions of conduct that were the very foundations of existence to decent people even fifteen years their seniors were to them simply unintelligible. The word 'unselfishness,' for instance, had vanished from their vocabularies. Of altruism they had heard. They thought it meant giving away money if you had plenty to spare. They approved of altruism, but 'self-sacrifice' was literally as Sanscrit to their ears. They demanded ease; they shirked responsibility. They did not seem able to respond to the notion of duty as human nature has always managed to respond to it before.

All this was not a matter of youth. One may be undeveloped and yet show the more clearly the stuff of which one is made. It was a matter of substance, of mass. You cannot carve a statue in the round from a thin marble slab; the useful two-by-four is valueless as framing timber for ships; you cannot make *folks* out of lightweight human material.

When these young persons adopted a philosophy, it was naïve and inadequate. They talked of themselves as 'socialists,' but their ideas of socialism were vague. To them it was just an 'ism' that was going to put the world to rights without bothering them very much to help it along. They seemed to feel that salvation would come to them by reading Whitman and G. B. S., or even the mild and uncertain Mr. H. G. Wells, and that a vague, general good will toward man was an ample substitute for active effort and self-sacrifice for individuals. Somebody, some day, was going to push a button, and presto! life would be soft and comfortable for everybody.

Of socialism in general I confess myself incompetent to speak. It may, or it may not, be the solution of our acutely pressing social problems. But if men are too cheap, greedy, and sordid to carry on a republic honestly, preserving that equality of opportunity which this country was founded to secure, it must be men who need reforming. The more ideal the scheme of government, the less chance it has against the inherent crookedness of human nature. In the last analysis, we are not ruled by a 'government,' but by our own natures objectified, moulded into institutions. Rotten men make rotten government. If we are not improving the quality of the human product, our social system is bound to grow more cruel and unjust, whatever its name or form.

'But of course you believe,' said one pink-cheeked young socialist, expounding his doctrine, 'that the world will be a great deal better when everybody has a porcelain bathtub and goes through high school. Why — why, of course, you *must* believe that!'

Dear lad, I believe nothing of the kind! You yourself have had a porcelain bathtub from your tenderest years. You also went through high school. Yet you are markedly inferior to your old grandfather in every way, — shallower, feebler, more flippant, less efficient physically and even mentally, though your work is with books, and his was with flocks and herds. Frankly, I find in you nothing essential to a man. God knows what life can make of such as you. I do not. Your brand of socialism is made up of a warm heart, a weak head, and an unwillingness to assume responsibility for yourself or anybody else — in short, a desire to shirk. These elements are unpleasantly common in young socialists of my acquaintance. I know, of course, that a very passion of pity, a Christlike tenderness, brings many to that fold, but there are more of another kind. It was one of the latter who was horrified by my suggestion that he might have to care for his parents in their old age. It would interfere too much, he said, with his conception of working out his own career!

What can one say to this? The words 'character' and 'duty' convey absolutely nothing to young people of this type. They have not even a fair working conception of what such words mean. Did I not dispute a whole afternoon with another young man about the necessity for character, only to learn at the end of it that he did n't know what character was? He supposed it was 'something narrow and priggish — like what deacons used to be.' And he, mind you, was in his twenties, and claimed, *ore rotundo*, to be a Whitmanite, a Shavian, and a socialist. Also, he was really intelligent about almost everything but life — which is the only thing it is at all needful to be intelligent about.

The *culte du moi* is one thing when it is representative, when one rhapsodizes one's self haughtily as a unit of the democratic mass, as Whitman undoubtedly did; and quite another when it is narrowly personal, a kind of glorification of the petty, personal attributes of young John Smith, used by him to conceal from himself the desirability of remodeling his own personality; but that is what young John Smith, who calls himself a Whitmanite, is making of it. I knew one of these young persons — I trust his attitude is exceptional — who refused special training for work he wanted to do on the ground that he was 'repelling interference with his sacred individuality.'

Twenty years ago there were faint-hearted disciples of Whitman who took him as an antidote for congenital unassertiveness. His insistence on the value of personality supplied something needed in their make-up, and they found in wearing a flannel shirt and soft tie a kind of spiritual gymnastic that strengthened the flabby muscles of their Ego. The young Whitmanites of to-day have no flabby muscles in their Ego.

The same temperamental qualities operate when they name themselves Shavians. Their philosophy has been set forth lucidly in a recent *Atlantic* article.[1] Its keynote is the liberation of the natural will, with the important modifications that the natural will must hold itself to an iron responsibility in its collisions with other wills, must not obstruct the general good of society or the evolution of the race. To the unphilosophic eye, these modifications look suspiciously like duties — the old, old duties to God and man. Why go around Robin Hood's barn to arrive at the point where our ancestors set out? If the exercise were mentally strengthening, the détour might be justified, but the evidence of this is decidedly incomplete.

It may easily happen that the next twenty years will prove the most interesting in the history of civilization. Armageddon is always at hand in some fashion. Nice lads with the blood of the founders of our nation in your veins, pecking away at the current literature of socialism, taking out of it imperfectly understood apologies for your temperaments and calling it philosophy — where will you be if a Great Day should really dawn? What is there in your way of thought to help you play the man in any crisis? If the footmen have wearied you, how shall you run with the horsemen? In one way or another, every generation has to fight for its life. When your turn comes, you will be tossed on the scrap heap, shoved aside by boys of a sterner fibre and a less easy life, boys who have read less and worked more, boys who have thought to some purpose and have been willing — as you are not — to be disciplined by life.

If you point out to one of these young Whitmanshaws the fact that the Ten Commandments are concrete suggestions for so conducting life that it will interfere as little as possible with 'the general good of society and the evolution of the race,' and that the Golden Rule is a general principle covering the same ground, he will tell you that the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are bad because they are promulgated on Authority, and nobody must take things on Authority — for Mr. Shaw says so! One must find it all out for himself. If you suggest that it is possible to regard Authority as the data collected by those who have preceded him along the trail, telling him what they found out about the road, so as to save him from trouble and danger; if you maintain that it is as unscientific to reject previous discoveries in ethics as in engineering, he may be silenced, but he will not be convinced, for his revolt is not a matter of logic but of feeling. He wants to do as he pleases. He desires to be irresponsible, and he will adopt any philosophy which seems to him to hold out a justification of irresponsibility, as he will adopt any theory of social organization which promises to relieve him of a man's work in the world. I am not exaggerating the shallowness of this attitude.

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[1] 'The Philosophy of Bernard Shaw,' by Archibald Henderson, in the *Atlantic* for February 1909. — EDITOR

All educated young people are not 'intellectuals.' Most of them are perfectly contented without any articulate philosophy as an apology for their inclinations. There is also a considerable body of them who are already painfully commercialized even in their school days. On the whole, the kind of young socialist who resents the idea of having to care for his parents in their helpless age is less of a menace to society as now constituted than the kind of young individualist who boasts how much money he acquired during his college course by making loans to his classmates upon the security of their evening clothes and watches. The latter, hard as nails and predatory, has already moulded himself into a distinctly anti-social shape; the former is still amorphous, still groping. There is yet a chance that he may make a man.

I am not a philosopher. I know only so much as the man in the street may know, the rough-and-ready philosophy that is born in us all. Just so long as any system of education or any philosophy produces folks that *are* folks, wisdom is justified of her children. That system has earned the right to stand. This point is not debatable. Even the new prophets concede it. For the end of all education, the business of all living, is to make men and women. All else is vain toil. The old conditions produced them; the new do not.

Certain qualities go to the making of any human being whom other human beings esteem. Certain ingredients are as necessary to a man as flour and yeast to bread, or iron and carbon to steel. You cannot make them any other way. There is a combination of steadiness of purpose, breadth of mind, kindliness, wholesome common sense, justice, perhaps a flash of humor, certainly a capacity for the task in hand, that produces a worth-while person. The combination occurs in every rank in life. You find it as often in the kitchen as in the parlor; oftener, perhaps, in the field than in the office. The people who are so composed have spiritual length, breadth, thickness; they are people of three dimensions. Everybody feels alike about them, even you youngsters. For this saving grace I have noticed about you — you do, after all, know whom to like when types are put before you in the flesh. Never by any chance do you waste your real admiration on the one-dimension people who, like points, have 'position but no magnitude,' or on the two-dimension people who, like planes, 'have length and breadth but no depth.' You frankly don't care much for the kind of creature your own ideas would shape. You want people to be staunch, patient, able, just as much as if you were not repudiating for yourselves the attitudes which produce these things.

Force, personality, the power to endure: these our fathers had; these you are losing. Yet life itself demands them as much as it ever did. For though we may be getting soft and losing our stamina (another word which, like fortitude, has gone out of fashion), the essential elements of life remain unchangeable. Life is not, and is not meant to be, a cheap, easy matter, even for flat dwellers. It is a grim, hard, desolate piece of work, shot through with all sorts of exquisite, wonderful, compensating experiences.

Consider the matter of your own existence and support that you accept with such nonchalant ease. Every child born into the world is paid for with literal blood, sweat, tears. That is the fixed price, and there are no bargain sales. Years of toil, months of care, hours of agony, go to your birth and rearing. What excuse have you, anyhow, for turning out flimsy, shallow, amusement-seeking creatures, when you think of the elements in your making? The price is paid gladly. That is your fathers' and mothers' part. Yours is to be worth it. You have your own salvation to work out. It must be salvation, and it must be achieved by work. That is the law, and there is no other.

Our rushing, mechanical, agitated way of living tends to hide these root facts from you. Years ago I asked a young girl, compelled for reasons of health to spend her winters away from her home, how she filled her days. 'It takes a good deal of time to find out what I think about things,' she answered, explaining thereby, in part, the depth in her own character as well as the shallowness in whole groups of others. In simpler days, when there was more work and less amusement, there was more time for thinking, and thinking is creative of personality. Some of it must go to the making of any creature who counts at all, as must also some actual work. Also, and you ought to know this and to be able to rejoice in it, the other great creative elements in personality are responsibility and suffering. The unshapen lump of raw human material that we are cannot take on lines of identity without the hammer, the chisel, the drill — that comparison must certainly be as old as the art of moralizing, but it has not lost its force.

Sometimes you prattle confidently of growth by 'development,' as though that were an affair of ease. It is only experience, the reaction of our activities on the self, which develops; and experience has immense possibilities of pain. Have you forgotten what you learned in your psychology concerning the very kernel of selfhood? 'We measure ourselves by many standards. Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good luck, are things which warm our heart and make us feel ourselves a match for life. But deeper than all such things, and able to suffice unto itself without them, is the sense of the amount of effort we can put forth . . . as if it were the substantive thing which we *are*, and those were but the externals which we *carry*. . . . He who can make none is but a shadow; he who can make much is a hero.'

We are, obviously, here to be made into something by life. It seizes and shapes us. The process is sometimes very pleasant, sometimes very painful. So be it. It is all in the day's work, and only the worthless will try to evade their proper share of either pain or pleasure. To seek more of the former would be bravado, as to accept less would be dishonor. The whole matter is of such a simplicity that only the suspicion of a concerted, though unconscious, attempt of an entire generation to get the pleasure without the due pain of living would justify such a definite statement of it here.

The other day I beheld a woman, whose husband earns something less than two hundred dollars a month, purchasing her season's wardrobe. Into it went one hat at fifty dollars and another at thirty dollars. Her neighbors in the flat building admired and envied. One of the bolder wondered. 'Well, I can't help it,' said Mrs. Jones. 'I just tell Mr. Jones life is n't worth livin' if I can't have what I want.' This, you see, was her way of 'liberating the natural will.'

The truth is that 'life is n't worth livin'' if you *can* have what you want — unless you happen to be the exceptional person who wants discipline, responsibility, effort, suffering.

From the thought of Mrs. Jones and her hats, I like to turn to a certain volume of memoirs, giving a picture of New England life in the first half of the nineteenth century. It is an incomparable textbook on the art of getting the most out of living. It sets forth in such concrete, vivid fashion as to kindle the most reluctant imagination the habits and virtues of a plain-living, high-thinking, purposeful day. The delightful lady who is the subject of it found three dresses at a time an ample outfit, and six days' sewing a year sufficed for her wardrobe; but she had 'a noble presence and what would have been called stately manners had they not been so gracious.'[2] Before the age of twenty she had read 'all the authors on metaphysics and ethics that were then best known,' and throughout life she kept eagerly in touch with the thought of the day. This did not interfere with her domestic concerns, as they did not narrow her social life. If she arose at 4 A.M. to sweep the parlors, calling the domestics and the family at six, it was that she might find time for reading during the morning, and for entertaining her friends in the evening, as she habitually did some three times a week. She managed a large house and a large family, and her wit, cultivation, and energy enriched life for everybody who knew her. She had 'no higher aim than to light and warm the neighborhood where God had placed her.' She and her sisters 'had never dreamed of a life of ease, or of freedom from care, as anything to be desired. On the contrary, they gloried in responsibility . . . with all the intensity of simple and healthy natures.'

That day is gone, not to return, but its informing spirit can be recaptured and applied to other conditions as a solvent. If that were done, I think the Golden Age might come again, even here and now.

No generalizations apply to all of a class. Numerically, of course, many of the rising generation are fine and competent young people, staunch, generous, right-minded, seeking to give and to get the best in life and to leave the world better than they found it. I take it any young person who reads the *Atlantic* will have chosen this better part — but, suppose you had n't! Suppose you discovered yourself to be one of those unfortunates herein described? Deprived of the disciplinary alphabet, multiplication table, Latin grammar; dispossessed of the English Bible, most stimulating of literary as well as of ethical inheritances; despoiled of your birthright in the religion that made your ancestors; destitute of incentives to hardihood and physical exertion; solicited to indolence by cheap amusements, to self-conceit by cheap philosophies, to greed by cheap wealth — what, then, is left for you?

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[2] *Recollections of My Mother*, by Susan I. Lesley, Houghton Mifflin Company. — EDITOR

Even if your predicament were, without relief, dire as this, you would at least have the chance to put up a wonderful fight. It would be so good a thing to win against those odds that one's blood tingles at the thought. But there are several elements which alter the position. For one, the lack of a definite religious training is not irreparable.

This is not a sermon, and it is for others to tell those how to find God who have not yet attained unto Him, but it is certain that the mature world around you with which you are just coming into definite relation is morally very much alive just now. That its moral awakening is not exactly on the lines of previous ones does not make it less authentic or contagious. Unless you are prematurely case-hardened, it is bound to affect you.

Then — you are young. It is quite within your power to surprise yourselves and discomfit the middle-aged prophets of evil who write you pages of warnings. The chance of youth is always the very greatest chance in the world, the chance of the uncharted sea, of the undiscovered land.

The idealism of the young and their plasticity in the hands of their ideals have carried this old world through evil days before now. It has always been held true that so long as you are under twenty-five you are not irrevocably committed to your own deficiencies. I wonder if you realize that for you, first among the sons of men, that period of grace has been indefinitely extended?

The brain specialists and the psychologists between them have given in the last ten years what seems conclusive proof of the servitude of the body to the Self; they have shown how, by use of the appropriate mechanism in our make-up, we can control to a degree even the automatisms of our bodies; they have demonstrated the absolute mastery of will over conduct. Those ancient foes, Heredity and Habit, can do very little against you, today, that you are not in a position to overcome. Since the world began, no human creatures have had the scientific assertion of this that you possess. Many wise and many righteous have longed to be assured of these matters, and have agonized through life without that certainty. Saints and sages have achieved by long prayer and fasting the graces that you, apparently, may attain by the easy process of a self-suggestion.

Coming as this psychological discovery does, in the middle of an age of unparalleled mechanical invention and discovery, it is almost — is it not? — as if the Creator of men had said, 'It is time that these children of mine came to maturity. I will give them at last their full mastery over the earth and over the air and over the spirits of themselves. Let us see how they bear themselves under these gifts.'

Thus, your responsibility for yourselves is such an utter responsibility as the race has never known. It is the ultimate challenge to human worth and human power. You dare not fail under it. I think the long generations of your fathers hold their breath to see if you do less with certainty than they have done with faith.

THE TWO GENERATIONS

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

(*May 1911*)

It is always interesting to see ourselves through the eyes of others, even though that view may be most unflattering. The recent 'Letter to the Rising Generation,' if I may judge from the well-thumbed and underscored copy of the *Atlantic* which I picked up in the College Library, has been read with keen interest by many of my fellows, and doubtless, too, with a more emphatic approval, by our elders. The indictment of an entire generation must at its best be a difficult task, but the author of the article has performed it with considerable circumspection, skirting warily the vague and the abstract, and passing from the judge's bench to the pulpit with a facility that indicates that justice is to be tempered with mercy.

The rather appalling picture which she draws of past generations holding their breath to see what my contemporaries will make of themselves suggests, too, that we are still on probation, and so before final judgment is passed it may be pertinent to attempt, if not, from the hopeless nature of the case, a defense, at least an extenuation of ourselves.

The writer's charge is pretty definite. It is to the effect that the rising generation in its reaction upon life and the splendid world which has been handed down to it shows a distinct softening of human fibre, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, in comparison with the generations which have preceded it. The most obvious retort to this is, of course, that the world in which we find ourselves is in no way of our own making, so that if our reactions to it are unsatisfactory, or our rebellious attitude toward it distressing, it is at least a plausible assumption that the world itself, despite the responsible care which the passing generation bestowed upon it, may be partly to blame.

But this, after all, is only begging the question. The author herself admits that we are the victims of educational experiments, and, in any event, each generation is equally guiltless of its world. We recognize with her that the complexity of the world we face only makes more necessary our bracing up for the fray. Her charge that we are not doing this overlooks, however, certain aspects of the situation which go far to explain our seemingly deplorable qualities.

The most obvious fact which presents itself in this connection is that the rising generation has practically brought itself up. School discipline, since the abolition of corporal punishment, has become almost nominal; church discipline practically nil; and even home discipline, although retaining the forms, is but an empty shell. The modern child from the age of ten is almost his own 'boss.' The helplessness of the modern parent face to face with these conditions is amusing. What generation but the one to which our critic belongs could have conceived of 'mothers' clubs' conducted by the public schools, in order to teach mothers how to bring up their children! The modern parent has become a sort of Parliament registering the decrees of a Grand Monarque, and occasionally protesting, though usually without effect, against a particularly drastic edict.

I do not use this assertion as a text for an indictment of the preceding generation; I am concerned, like our critic, only with results. These are a peculiarly headstrong and individualistic character among the young people, and a complete bewilderment on the part of the parents. The latter frankly do not understand their children, and their lack of understanding and of control over them means a lack of the moral guidance which, it has always been assumed, young people need until they are safely launched in the world. The two generations misunderstand each other as they never did before. This fact is a basal one to any comprehension of the situation.

Now let us see how the rising generation brings itself up. It is perfectly true that the present-day secondary education, that curious fragmentary relic of a vitally humanistic age, does not appeal to them. They will tell you frankly that they do not see any use in it. Having brought themselves up, they judge utility by their own standards, and not by those of others. Might not the fact that past generations went with avidity to their multiplication table, their Latin grammar, and their English Bible, whereas the rising generation does not, imply that the former found some intellectual sustenance in those things which the latter fails to find?

The appearance of industrial education on the field, and the desperate attempts of educational theory to make the old things palatable which fifty years ago were gulped down raw, argue, too, that there may be a grain of truth in our feeling. Only after a serious examination of our intellectual and spiritual viands should our rejection of them be attributed to a disordered condition of our stomachs.

The author's charge that the rising generation betrays an extraordinary love of pleasure is also true. The four years' period of high-school life, among the children of the comfortable classes, is, instead of being a preparation for life, literally one round of social gayety. But it is not likely that this is because former generations were less eager for pleasure, but rather because they were more rigidly repressed by parents and custom, while their energy was directed into other channels, religious, for instance. But now, with every barrier removed, we have the unique spectacle of a youthful society where there is perfectly free intercourse, an unforced social life of equals, in which there are bound to develop educative influences of profound significance.

Social virtues will be learned better in such a society than they can ever be from moral precepts. An important result of this camaraderie is that the boy's and the girl's attitude toward life, their spiritual outlook, has come to be the same. The line between the two 'spheres' has long disappeared in the industrial classes; it is now beginning to fade among the comfortable classes.

Our critic has not seen that this avidity for pleasure is a natural ebullition which, flaring up naturally, within a few years as naturally subsides. It goes, too, without that ennui of overstimulation; and the fact that it has been will relieve us of the rising generation from feeling that envy which invariably creeps into the tone of the passing generation when they say, 'We did not go such a pace when we were young.'

After this period of pleasure has begun to subside, there ensues for those who have not been prematurely forced into industry a strange longing for independence. This feeling is most striking among the girls of the rising generation, and crops up in the most unexpected places, in families in the easiest circumstances, where to the preceding generation the idea of caring to do anything except stay at home and get married, if possible, would have been inconceivable. They want somehow to feel that they are standing on their own feet. Like their brothers, they begin to chafe under the tutelage, nominal though it is, of the home. As a result, these daughters of the comfortable classes go into trained nursing, an occupation which twenty years ago was deemed hardly respectable; or study music, or do settlement work, or even public-school teaching. Of course, girls who have had to earn their own living have long done these things; the significant point is that the late rapid increase in these professions comes from those who have a comfortable niche in society all prepared for them. I do not argue that this proves any superior quality of character on the part of this generation, but it does at least fail to suggest a desire to lead lives of ignoble sloth.

The undergraduate feels this spirit, too. He often finds himself vaguely dissatisfied with what he has acquired, and yet does not quite know what else would have been better for him. He stands on the threshold of a career, with a feeling of boundless possibility, and yet often without a decided bent toward any particular thing. One could do almost anything were one given the opportunity, and yet, after all, just what shall one do? Our critic has some very hard things to say about this attitude. She attributes it to an egotistic philosophy, imperfectly absorbed. But may it not rather be the result of that absence of repression in our bringing up, of that rigid moulding which made our grandfathers what they were?

It must be remembered that we of the rising generation have to work this problem out all alone. Pastors, teachers, and parents flutter aimlessly about with their ready-made formulas, but somehow these are less efficacious than they used to be. I doubt if any generation was ever thrown quite so completely on its own resources as ours is. Through it all, the youth as well as the girl feels that he wants to count for something in life. His attitude, which seems so egotistical to his elders, is the result of this and of a certain expansive outlook, rather than any love of vainglory. He has never known what it was to be moulded, and he shrinks a little perhaps from going through that process. The traditional professions have lost some of their automatic appeal. They do conventionalize, and furthermore the youth, looking at many of their representatives, the men who 'count' in the world to-day, may be pardoned if he feels sometimes as if he did not want to count in just that way.

The youth 'who would not take special training because it would interfere with his sacred individuality' is an unfair caricature of this weighing, testing attitude toward the professions. The elder generation should remember that it is no longer the charted sea that it was to our grandfathers, and be accordingly lenient with us of the rising generation.

Business, to the youth standing on

the threshold of life, presents a similar dilemma. Too often it seems like a choice between the routine of a mammoth impersonal corporation and chicanery of one kind or another, or the living by one's wits within the pale of honesty. The predatory individualist, the 'hard-as-nails' specimen, does exist, of course, but we are justified in ignoring him here; for, however much his tribe may increase, it is certain that it will not be his kind, but the more spiritually sensitive, the amorphous ones of the generation, who will impress some definite character upon the age, and ultimately count for good or evil, as a social force. With these latter, it should be noted that, although this is regarded as a mercenary age, the question of gain, to an increasingly large number, has little to do with the final decision.

The economic situation in which we find ourselves, and to which not only the free, of whom we have been speaking, but also the unfree of the rising generation are obliged to react, is perhaps the biggest factor in explaining our character. In this reaction the rising generation has a very real feeling of coming straight up against a wall of diminishing opportunity. I do not see how it can be denied that practical opportunity is less for this generation than it has been for those preceding it. The man of fifty years ago, if he was intellectually inclined, was able to get his professional training at small expense, and usually under the personal guidance of his elders; if commercially inclined, he could go into a small, settled, self-respecting business house, practically a profession in itself and a real school of character. If he had a broader outlook, there was the developing West for him, or the growing industrialism of the East. It looks, at least from this distance, as if opportunity were easy for that generation. They had the double advantage of being more circumscribed in their outlook and of possessing more ready opportunity at hand.

But these times have passed forever. Nowadays, professional training is lengthy and expensive; independent business requires big capital for success; and there is no more West. It is still as true as ever that the exceptional man will always 'get there,' but now it is likely to be only the exceptional man, whereas formerly all the able 'got there,' too. The only choice for the vast majority of the young men of to-day is between being swallowed up in the routine of a big corporation and experiencing the vicissitudes of a small business, which is now an uncertain, rickety affair, usually living by its wits, in the hands of men who are forced to subordinate everything to self-preservation, and in which the employee's livelihood is in constant jeopardy. The growing consciousness of this situation explains many of the peculiar characteristics of our generation.

It has a direct bearing on the question of responsibility. Is it not sound doctrine that one becomes responsible only by being made responsible for something? Now, what incentive to responsibility is produced by the industrial life of to-day? In the small business there is the frank struggle for gain between employer and employee, a contest of profits versus wages, each trying to get the utmost possible out of the other. The only kind of responsibility that this can possibly breed is the responsibility for one's own subsistence. In the big business, the employee is simply a small part of a big machine; his work counts for so little that he can rarely be made to feel any intimate responsibility for it.

Then, too, our haphazard industrial

system offers such magnificent opportunities to a young man to get into the wrong place. He is forced by necessity to go early, without the least training or interest, into the first thing which offers itself. The dull, specialized routine of the modern shop or office, so different from the varied work and the personal touch which created interest in the past, is the last thing on earth that will mould character or produce responsibility. When the situation with an incentive appears, however, we are as ready as any generation, I believe, to meet it.

I have seen too many young men, of the usual futile bringing-up and negligible training, drift idly about from one 'job' to another, without apparent ambition, until something happened to be presented to them which had a spark of individuality about it, whereupon they faced about and threw themselves into the task with an energy that brought success and honor — I have seen too much of this not to wonder, somewhat impiously perhaps, whether this boasted character of our fathers was not rather the result of their coming into contact with the proper stimulus at the proper time, than of any tougher, grittier strain in their spiritual fibre. Those among our elders who, deploring Socialism, insist so strenuously on the imperfections of human nature ought not to find fault with the theory that frail humanity is under the necessity of receiving the proper stimulus before developing a good character or becoming responsible.

Nor is the rising generation any the less capable of effort when conditions call it forth. I wonder how our critic accounts for the correspondence schools which have sprung up so abundantly within the past fifteen years. They are patronized by large numbers of young men and women who have had little academic training and have gone early into industry. It is true that the students do not spend their time on the Latin grammar; they devote themselves to some kind of technical course which they have been led to believe will qualify them for a better position. But the fact that they are thus willing to devote their spare time to study certainly does not indicate a lack of effort. Rather, it is the hardest kind of effort, for it is directed toward no immediate end, and, more than that, it is superimposed on the ordinary [illegible], which is usually quite arduous [illegible] to fatigue the youth.

Young apprentices in any branch where there is some kind of technical or artistic appeal, such as mechanics or architecture, show an almost incredible capacity of effort, often spending, as I have seen them do, whole days over problems. I know too a young man who, appointed very young to political office, found that the law would be useful to him, and travels every evening to a near-by city to take courses. His previous career had been most inglorious, well calculated by its aimlessness to ruin any 'character'; but the incentive was applied, and he proved quite capable of putting forth a surprising amount of steady effort.

Our critics are perhaps misled by the fact that these young men do not announce with a blare of trumpets that they are about to follow in the footsteps of an Edison or a Webster. It must be admitted that even such men as I have cited do still contrive to work into their time a surprising amount of pleasure. But the whole situation shows conclusively, I think, that our author has missed the point when she says that the rising generation shows a real softening of the human fibre. It is rather that we have the same reserves of ability and effort, but that from the complex nature of the economic situation these reserves are not unlocked so early or so automatically as with former generations.

The fact that our fathers did not need correspondence schools or night schools, or such things, implies either that they were not so anxious as we to count in the world, or that success was an easier matter in their day, either of which conclusions furnishes a pretty good extenuation of our own generation. We cannot but believe that our difficulties are greater in this generation; it is difficult to see that the effort we put forth to overcome these difficulties is not proportional to that increase. I am aware that to blame your surroundings when the fault lies in your own character is the one impiety which rouses the horror of present-day moral teachers. Can it not count to us for good, then, that most of us, while coming theoretically to believe that this economic situation explains so much of our trouble, yet continue to act as if our deficiencies were all our own fault?

Our critic is misled by the fact that we do not talk about unselfishness and self-sacrifice and duty, as her generation apparently used to do, into thinking that we do not know what these things mean. It is true that we do not fuss and fume about our souls, or tend our characters like a hothouse plant. This is a changing, transitional age, and our view is outward rather than inward.

In an age of newspapers, free libraries, and cheap magazines, we necessarily get a broader horizon than the passing generation had. We see what is going on in the world, and we get the clash of different points of view, to an extent which was impossible to our fathers. We cannot be blamed for acquiring a suspicion of ideals which, however powerful their appeal once was, seem singularly impotent now, or if we seek for motive forces to replace them, or for new terms in which to restate the world. We have an eagerness to understand the world in which we live that amounts almost to a passion. We want to get behind the scenes, to see how the machinery of the modern world actually works. We are curious to learn what other people are thinking, and to get at the forces that have produced their point of view. We dabble in philanthropy as much from curiosity to see how people live as from any feeling of altruism. We read all sorts of strange philosophies to get the personal testimony of men who are interpreting the world. In the last analysis, we have a passion to understand why people act as they do.

We have, as a result, become impatient with the conventional explanations of the older generation. We have retained from childhood the propensity to see through things, and to tell the truth with startling frankness. This must, of course, be very disconcerting to a generation so much of whose activity seems to consist in glossing over the unpleasant things or hiding the blemishes on the fair face of civilization. There are too many issues evaded which we should like to meet. Many of us find, sooner or later, that the world is a very different sort of place from what our carefully deodorized and idealized education would have us believe.

When we find things simply not as they are painted, is it any wonder that we turn to the new prophets rather than to the old? We are more than half confident that the elder generation does not itself really believe all the conventional ideals which it seeks to force upon us, and much of our presumption is a result of the contempt we naturally feel for such timorousness. Too many of your preachers seem to be whistling simply to keep up your courage. The plain truth is that the younger generation is acquiring a positive faith, in contact with which the nerveless negations of the elder generation feel their helplessness without knowing just what to do about it except to scold the young.

This positive aspect is particularly noticeable in the religion of the rising generation. As our critic says, the religious thinking of the preceding generation was destructive and uncertain. We are demanding a definite faith, and our spiritual centre is rapidly shifting from the personal to the social in religion. Not personal salvation, but social; not our own characters, but the character of society, is our interest and concern. We feel social injustice as our fathers felt personal sin. Settlement work and socialist propaganda, things done fifty years ago only by rare and heroic souls like Kingsley, Ruskin, and Maurice, are now the commonplaces of the undergraduate.

The religion that will mean anything to the rising generation will be based on social ideals. An essay like ex-President Eliot's 'Religion of the Future,' which in a way synthesizes science and history and these social ideals and gives them the religious tinge which every age demands, supplies a real working religious platform to many a young man and woman of the rising generation, and an inspiration of which our elders can form no conception. Perhaps it is unfair to call this religion at all. Perhaps it is simply the scientific attitude toward the world. But I am sure that it is more than this; I am sure that it is the scientific attitude tinged with the religious that will be ours of the rising generation. We find that we cannot keep apart our religion, our knowledge, our practice, and our hopes in water-tight compartments, as our ancestors did. We are beginning to show an incorrigible tendency to work our spiritual assimilations into one intelligible, constructive whole.

It is to this attitude rather than to a softening of fibre that I think we may lay our growing disinclination to deify sacrifice and suffering. A young chemistry student said to me the other day, 'Science means that nothing must be wasted!' This idea somehow gets mixed up with human experience, and we come to believe that human life and happiness are things that must not be wasted. Might it not be that such a belief that human waste of life and happiness was foolish and unnecessary would possibly be of some avail in causing that waste to disappear? And one of the most inspiring of the prophets to the rising generation, William James, has told us that certain 'moral equivalents' of these things are possible which will prevent that incurable decaying of fibre which the elder generation so anxiously fears.

Another result of this attitude is our growing belief in political machinery. We are demanding of our preachers that they reduce quality to quantity. 'Stop talking about liberty and justice and love, and show us institutions or concerted attempts to model institutions that shall be free or just or lovely,' we cry. You have been trying so long to reform the world by making men 'good,' and with such little success, that we may be pardoned if we turn our attention to the machinery of society, and give up for a time the attempt to make the operators of that machinery strictly moral. We are disgusted with sentimentality. Indeed, the charm of Socialism to so many of the rising generation is just that scientific aspect of it, its claim of historical basis, and its very definite and concrete organization for the attainment of its ends. A philosophy which gives an illuminating interpretation of the present, and a vision of the future, with a definitely crystallized plan of action with concrete methods, however unsound it may all be, can hardly be said to appeal simply to the combination of 'a weak head, a soft heart, and a desire to shirk.'

Placed in such a situation as we are, and with such an attitude toward the world, we are as interested as you and the breathless generations behind you to see what destinies we shall work out for ourselves. An unpleasantly large proportion of our energy is now drained off in fighting the fetishes which you of the elder generation have passed along to us, and which, out of some curious instinct of self-preservation, you so vigorously defend. We, on the other hand, are becoming increasingly doubtful whether you believe in yourselves quite so thoroughly as you would have us think. Your words are very brave, but the tone is hollow. Your mistrust of us, your reluctance to convey over to us any of your authority in the world, looks a little too much like the fear and dislike that doubt always feels in the presence of conviction to be quite convincing. We believe in ourselves; and this fact, we think, is prophetic for the future. We have an indomitable feeling that we shall attain, or, if not, that we shall pave the way for a generation that shall attain.

Meanwhile our constructive work is hampered by your distrust, while you blame us for our lack of accomplishment. Is this an attitude calculated to increase our responsibility and our self-respect? Would it not be better in every way, more constructive and more fruitful, to help us in our aspirations and endeavors, or, failing that, at least to strive to understand just what those aspirations and endeavors are?

TWO SONNETS

(*December 1915*)

I

HERE in the self is all that man can know
Of Beauty: all the wonder, all the power,
All the unearthly color, all the glow;
Here in the self which withers like a flower,
Here in the self which fades as hours pass,
And droops, and dies, and rots, and is forgotten
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.

Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone—
Beauty herself, the universal mind,
Eternal April wandering alone;
The god, the holy ghost, the atoning lord—
Here in the flesh, the never-yet-explored.

II

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,
Gone down full many a windy midnight lane,
Probed in old walls, and felt along the floor,
Pressed in blind hope the lighted window-pane.
But useless all; though sometimes when the moon
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,
Along my body's alleys came a tune
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.

Then for an instant I have felt at point
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be—
Whether some saint whose glory does anoint
Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,
Or something that the things not understood
Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

JOHN MASEFIELD

EXILE AND POSTMAN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

(*January 1917*)

It used to make me homesick, in our little African clearing, to see the albino woman. She would move about among her brown companions like a flame — and her white body, that flickered in the sun and glimmered in the shade, used to knock at the door of nostalgia. Homesick people always long for a visit, and that albino was so white!

Once, to our neighborhood, where in those days white women did not come, there came a white woman. She did not lodge with us; she lodged with the white officer because she was an officer's wife. We used to wonder if she would call upon us. One of us had a pair of field glasses, and we used to watch her little figure coming and going about the clearing on the government hill. When one day she was seen to come down into our valley by the zigzag trail, we thought we had a Visit. I cannot tell you how anxious we were, in that little bark house, to make a good appearance — or what fresh disposals were made, with our eyes upon that descent, of our properties. I do not wish to make you too sad, but that white woman did not visit us. She went away. She did not know about us, or about exiles — that they are always dreaming of a Visit.

It seems a hard thing, sometimes, when night closes the doors of all the little trails, that the day has passed without a visitor. It is true of exiles that they have the most unreasonable expectations of the sort, based perhaps upon the migrations of swallows, and not relinquished until the hour of dusk. Yes, then the little trails of the forest are perceived by the mind's eye — which like a cat's eyes sees them better for the dark — to wander away into an infinite distance and a solitude.

Dusk is altogether the most illuminating hour for the exile; he then knows so exactly where he is; he has a perfectly visual sense of his surroundings. He sees where he is, but how came he to be there? The geography of his circumstance is plain, but not the logic. He who has no other companions than himself suspects this companion, in that hour of dusk, to be a fool. It must be a poor fool, he thinks, who has drifted into such a clearing by such a river!

The forest of the Cameroon is as good a place as any to be homesick; but I will not be saying that the members of my profession — and I am a missionary — are chronic sufferers. Missionaries are, in the main, gay, and for excellent reasons — some of them pagan reasons, for they are little brothers of Antæus; some of them Christian reasons, for they are of the company of successful fishermen. A fisherman with a good catch can defy even the dusk; his string of silver fish is a lantern to his feet.

No, if there were an altar and a service to placate nostalgia it would not be that fisherman who would most attend that service. The path to that altar would be worn brown by the feet of the trader. I think the trader is lonelier than the missionaries are; he is better versed in solitude. He goes into the forest with a backward look; he comes out of the forest sometimes with a secret and a stricken countenance. More than missionaries do, he does. More often than they, he builds out of his lonely horror and the license of solitude a perverse habitation for his soul. Sometimes — and this is very sad — he is afraid. He lingers and lingers on the margin of that green sea of forest.

'The heart,' say the Bulu, 'has gone to hide in the dark.' And this is a Bulu way of saying that the heart is not worn upon the sleeve. Well, upon the sleeve of the white drill suits that beach traders wear there is, I will agree, no device of hearts. But those lonely inland traders, — those that have traveled ten, twenty, thirty days from their kind, — what is that they sometimes seem to wear upon the sleeve of their singlets? And who cares where he wears his heart if there is never a white man's eye to fall upon it! In those little bark huts on the trading posts, where young white men pale with the passing hours, there comes to be a careless fashion in wear, whether of hearts or of collars. In the warm dusk of those little houses, where there is an earthen floor, where there are tin trade boxes as bright as jockeys' jackets, where there are trade cloths printed with violent designs, where there is salt fish, and cheap scent and tobacco, — where all these desirable things may be had for ivory and rubber, — there the trader may wear his heart upon his sleeve without shame. None of those brilliant eyes, set in those dark faces, know a white man's heart when they see it. There in his hut is a monotony of brown bodies quick with vehement gestures; there is a tumult of controversy in a tongue he does not know. The sudden glitter of brass ornament is there, and the glitter of brass spears. There are fantastic headdresses studded with buttons and shells and beads, and scented with the odor of wood fires. Between those brown bodies and the body of the white man lies the counter. More lies between them than this. There are between them such barriers that the white man is not more lonely when he is alone.

Yet how still it is of an idle day under the thatched leaves of that little house! The sun does its exaggerated violence to the yellow earth of the clearing; the forest hangs its arras over its secret. How far it is, in this place not named on the map, from Manchester! How, when the rain falls, it is other than rainfall on the Clyde! How the pale fruit that hangs high on the *ajap* tree is not like the apples that ripen in Wishaw!

Do not speak of apples! Nostalgia in her cruel equipment carries a scented phantom apple.

At night there is about that young trader a trouble of drums that never rest. There is the sharp concerted cry of the dancers. There is the concerted wail for the dead. There is about him all the rhythmic beating of the mysterious life of his neighborhood, tormenting him where he lies under his mosquito net. For this he will rise and walk about, the ember of his pipe drifting back and forth in the dark, and his gramophone, roused by himself, making its limited obedient effort.

There is this about a gramophone: it is a thing that speaks the home tongue. I have seen him sitting under the eaves of his little hut, by his little table spread with a checkered cloth, his gramophone beside him, trying, with its tale of the old grouse gunroom, to divert that lonely meal. Now that I think of it, the gramophone is a kind of hero of my little piece — a kind of David with five tunes to do battle with nostalgia. Back in the tent broods Saul, and this poor patient David plays the endless round of five tunes. Until some day there is a javelin in the wall, and a proud black man goes away with a gramophone into the wilderness.

The night sky does more permanent ministry to the homesick, and of all the bright ministers the moon is the most effectual. It is the great reflector of lights; there it comes, swinging up its old path in the sky, and the fires of home are mirrored on its disk. You who read have spread your hands, in your hour of homesickness, to those phantom fires — and other hands are always spread. Some of us were sitting on our heels about a little flame in a new clearing; all of us were alien in that clearing; one of us was white. And the black women said to the white woman when the moonlight fell upon all those women faces, —

'The moon looks upon the villages and upon the home village. We black people, when we sit in the towns of strangers and the moon shines, we say, "Now by the light of this same moon the people at home dance to the drums!" However far we walk, we look upon the moon and we remember our friends at home.'

Upon another moonlight night, sitting in a forest camp with young black girls for companions, these sang for me a little set of songs — the songs, they told me, of the moon: —

'Ah, moné zip, alu a danéya! Ah, moné zip!'

This little refrain they sang; clapping their hands ever so lightly, and the meaning of the singing was a warning:

'Ah, little gazelle, the night has deepened! Ah, little gazelle!'

It was a song of the moon, a song for wanderers. And the moon on that remembered night, dragging its net of broken silver cords in among the trees of the forest, caught everywhere the wandering hearts and drew them back on the little rough trails to the home fires. Every night that is a moonlight night there is the casting of that silver net upon far rivers and forests deeper than rivers — wherever aliens make a bed of leaves or sleep on a canvas cot.

On such a night, and caught in such a net, I have met the postman. Yes, on just such a night, when the world appeared as it hangs in space, a crystal globe, and, when so observed from a little clearing in an African forest, it was seen to be charted for voyagers, and all its little paths ran readily about the globe to that gilt side which is home. On such a night, and upon such a path, I met the postman.

To hang upon a little wicket gate under the moon at the end of a moon-filled clearing in a breach of the forest, — to see the black body of the postman suddenly darken the checkered light upon the path from the west, — how to speak of this adventure with moderation! How to speak of postmen at all with moderation! And of those postmen who thread the lonely forests of the world, their loads upon their backs, their rations of salt fish on top of their loads; how to recall their aspects, their monthly or bimonthly or semiannual arrivals, the priceless treasures they carry! How speak of these things to men and women who have never followed the little gazelle into those forests where the night has deepened; who have never felt the divinity in postmen!

Imagine that there is a people in this world who let a postman walk up the path unattended, and who wait until he knocks on the door! Who do not shout to their neighbors when they receive a letter, and who receive one every day! These items alone prove the truth of the Bulu proverb that there are tribes and tribes, and customs and customs.

And I will agree that there are, even

on the trails of the wilderness, postmen and postmen. There are even, though I hate to dwell upon it, postmen whom I do not trust. Not all postmen have wings upon their heels. The ideal postman does of course fly. He is like

> The bird let loose in eastern skies
> When hastening fondly home.

He avoids idle wanderers. But they do not all do so. I remember to have been wakened one night in a village by the gossip of two old headmen. They had met before my tent; there in the moonlight they chatted together. All the little life of the village was sleeping; the two old men alone were abroad. They were about the business of the post. It is a pioneer custom in Africa, east and west, that the white man's local letter is franked from town to town. The black man to whom the white man gives his letter carries it to the headman of the next settlement, who carries it in turn to his brother headman down the trail; and so from hand to hand, by day and by night, with a glance from any passing white man, the letter goes forward. Such a letter — carried, as the custom is, in a split rod from which there hung, like a flag, a bit of turkey red — changed hands that night before my tent. And now I write it in a white man's book that the postmen loitered.

To stand and chat there in the moonlight with the exile's letter in your hands — how could you do that, you two old heartless headmen? I watched you from my little green tent. It is remembered of you that you so delayed, while in some lonely hamlet under that same moon a white man sickened for a letter. And when one gave the forked stick to the other, it was then too late. If indeed, as you would say, you spoke no more than five words of gossip one to the other, those words were five too many. It is remembered of you, and a thousand nights since when I have waited for the mail, if it were a moonlight night, I have told myself with an extreme self-pity and a bitterness, 'The carrier is gossiping in some clearing.' I have seen in my heart that man with the load of mail upon his back, standing for hours by a friend of his, laughing and asking news one of the other. This conjured vision of two black men holding up the mail is the sad issue of an imagination infected beyond cleansing. You see, *I saw them do it.*

Some postmen have come in late because their feet were sore. And some, in passing through their home town, have permitted themselves an illness or a marriage. Some have waited, with the mail in their loads, to bury the dead. Such a postman, so given to misadventures and clumsy ill-timed tragedies, was once late to the tune of eleven days. Who remembers what delayed him or what exquisite reasons he gave? And who of us in that little clearing forgets the long hours of that year of days?

Another postman, of an extreme beauty and an extreme speed, arrived before his time. There was a shouting when he came. All the inhabitants of that little settlement of white men called to each other; the four or five of them filled a room of a bark house — those white faces that were growing daily like the face of the Asra, '*bleich und bleicher*,' were all lit by the flame of the mail. In all that little commonwealth, with its pioneer trades and its pioneer gardens and its pioneer hospital and school and church — in all that settlement all the busy crude wheels of industry slackened and stood still while the white men opened the load of the mail.

'Now they will be reading the *books* from home!'

And of Ebengé, that young carrier, it is still remembered that he arrived before he was due. 'Ah, Ebengé,' you still say to him from time to time, 'that was a fine walking you walked that walk so long ago when you slept but three nights with the mail!'

Another postman, never to be forgotten by those exiles whom he served, never came at all. This was a boy, too young, you would think, for his great office. The letters in his little pack were from husbands to wives, and they must travel a hundred miles of forest trail in time of war. Not twenty miles they traveled when the postman, surrounded by black soldiers, was called to deliver. He did not deliver. He could not give the white man's letters to another hand. He said, No, he could not. And for this they killed him. That young body tarried forever upon the trail, witnessing in that interminable delay — as Ebengé had witnessed in his swift coming — to the sacred element in the mail.

Here is the king's touch for the king's evil — the hand of the postman dropping a letter. For this the victims of nostalgia do long service. For this they scribble, in their lonely and various dwellings, their letters. There is a night, in those alien settlements all about the world, that is unlike other nights. It is the night before the mail is closed. The lamp is full of oil that night, and the cup of coffee is at the elbow. On and on, while the stars march, the white man's hand runs upon the page. In villages where there are no street lamps, the white man's window is a lamp all night of the night before the mail. From steamers that are tied to trees among the rushes, in rivers that you do not know, the officer on watch may look all night through such a window at such a man writing, writing a long, long letter — the beating heart of man, articulate in all that heartless darkness.

How quick a seed, you would say, the seed in such a letter! How such a letter must bear, some sixty-, some an hundred-fold! Yet myself I saw this: I saw the harbor master of Kabinda, a settlement of white men on the west coast of Africa, come aboard the monthly steamer to get the mail. He was an old Portuguese, coffee-colored in his gray linen suit. A long time he had been harbor master, and many times he had taken the brown bag of mail ashore. This day, when he lifted his bag, he 'hefted' it: the lightness of it in his hand made him smile. Some irony that was the fruit of his long experience of exiles and their letters made that old indifferent man curl the lip. I think that in Kabinda that night there went white men hungry to bed. I would not like to live in Kabinda, where the postman is so old and so wise. These white postmen know too much; they can count more than ten. And other things they know: they know a thing too sad to tell. Better Ebengé, who ran so swiftly with his load, or little Esam, who thought that for a load of letters some would even dare to die.

MY HUNT AFTER 'THE CAPTAIN'

(*Continued from page 528*)

The Kitzmuller is a beady-eyed, cheery-looking ancient woman, answers questions with a rising inflection, and gives a good account of the Captain, who got into the vehicle without assistance, and was in excellent spirits. — Of course he had struck for Hagerstown as the terminus of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and was on his way to Philadelphia via Chambersburg and Harrisburg, if he were not already in the hospitable home of Walnut Street, where his friends were expecting him.

I might follow on his track or return upon my own; the distance was the same to Philadelphia through Harrisburg as through Baltimore. But it was very difficult, Mr. Fay told me, to procure any kind of conveyance to Hagerstown, and on the other hand I had James Grayden and his wagon to carry me back to Frederick. It was not likely that I should overtake the object of my pursuit with nearly thirty-six hours start, even if I could procure a conveyance that day. In the meantime James was getting impatient to be on his return, according to the direction of his employers. So I decided to go back with him.

But there was the great battlefield only about three miles from Keedysville, and it was impossible to go without seeing that. James Grayden's directions were peremptory, but it was a case for the higher law. I must make a good offer for an extra couple of hours, such as would satisfy the owners of the wagon, and enforce it by a personal motive. I did this handsomely, and succeeded without difficulty. To add brilliancy to my enterprise, I invited the Chaplain and the Philanthropist to take a free passage with me.

We followed the road through the village for a space, then turned off to the right and wandered somewhat vaguely, for want of precise directions, over the hills. Inquiring as we went, we forded a wide creek in which soldiers were washing their clothes, the name of which we did not then know, but which must have been the Antietam.

On coming near the brow of the hill, we met a party carrying picks and spades. 'How many?' 'Only one.' The dead were nearly all buried, then, in this region of the field of strife. We stopped the wagon, and, getting out, began to look around us. Hard by was a large pile of muskets, scores, if not hundreds, which had been picked up and were guarded for the Government. A long ridge of fresh gravel rose before us. A board stuck up in front of it bore this inscription, the first part of which was, I believe, not correct: 'The Rebel General Anderson and 80 Rebels are buried in this hole.' Other smaller ridges were marked with the number of dead lying under them. The whole ground was strewed with fragments of clothing, haversacks, canteens, cap boxes, bullets, cartridge boxes, cartridges, scraps of paper, portions of bread and meat. I saw two soldiers' caps that looked as though their owners had been shot through the head. In several places I noticed dark red patches where a pool of blood had curdled and caked, as some poor fellow poured his life out on the sod.

I then wandered about in the cornfield. It surprised me to notice that, though there was every mark of hard fighting having taken place here, the Indian corn was not generally trodden down. One of our cornfields is a kind of forest, and, even when fighting, men avoid the tall stalks as if they were trees. At the edge of this cornfield lay a gray horse, said to have belonged to a Rebel colonel, who was killed near the same place. Not far off were two dead artillery horses in their harness. Another had been attended to by a burying party, who had thrown some earth over him; but his last bedclothes were too short, and his legs stuck out stark and stiff from beneath the gravel coverlet. It was a great pity that we had no intelligent guide to explain to us the position of that portion of the two armies which fought over this ground. There was a shallow trench before we came to the cornfield, too narrow for a road, as I should think, too elevated for a watercourse, and which seemed to have been used as a rifle pit; at any rate, there had been hard fighting in and about it. This and the cornfield may serve to identify the part of the ground we visited, if any who fought there should ever look over this paper. The opposing tides of battle must have blended their waves at this point, for portions of gray uniform were mingled with the 'garments rolled in blood' torn from our own dead and wounded soldiers. I picked up a Rebel canteen, and one of our own — but there was something repulsive about the trodden and stained relics of the stale battlefield. It was like the table of some hideous orgy left uncleared, and one turned away disgusted from its broken fragments and muddy heeltaps. A bullet or two, a button, a brass plate from a soldier's belt, served well enough for mementos of my visit, with a letter which I picked up, directed to Richmond, Virginia, its seal unbroken. 'N. C. Cleaveland County. E. Wright to J. Wright.' On the other side, 'A few lines from W. L. Vaughn,' who has just been writing for the wife to her husband, and continues on his own account. The postscript, 'tell John that nancy's folks are all well and has a verry good Little Crop of corn a growing.' I wonder if, by one of those strange chances of which I have seen so many, this number or leaf of the *Atlantic* will not sooner or later find its way to Cleveland County, North Carolina, and E. Wright, widow of James Wright, and Nancy's folks get from these sentences the last glimpse of husband and friend as he threw up his arms and fell in the bloody cornfield of Antietam? I will keep this stained letter for them until peace comes back, if it comes in my time, and my pleasant North Carolina Rebel of the Middletown Hospital will, perhaps, look these poor people up, and tell them where to send for it.

On the battlefield I parted with my two companions, the Chaplain and the Philanthropist. They were going to the front, the one to find his regiment, the other to look for those who needed his assistance. We exchanged cards and farewells, I mounted the wagon, the horses' heads were turned homewards, my two companions went their way, and I saw them no more. On my way back, I fell into talk with James Grayden. Born in England, Lancashire; in this country since he was four years old. Had nothing to care for but an old mother; did n't know what he should do if he lost her. Though so long in this country, he had all the simplicity and childlike light-heartedness which belong to the Old World's people. He laughed at the smallest pleasantry, and showed his great white English teeth; he took a joke without retorting by an impertinence; he had a very limited curiosity about all that was going on; he had small store of information; he lived chiefly in his horses, it seemed to me. His quiet animal nature acted as a pleasing anodyne to my recurring fits of anxiety, and I liked his frequent, ''Deed I don' know, sir,' better than I have sometimes relished the large discourse of professors and other very wise men.

I have not much to say of the road which we were traveling for the second time. Reaching Middletown, my first call was on the wounded Colonel and his lady. She gave me a most touching account of all the suffering he had gone through with his shattered limb before he succeeded in finding a shelter, showing the terrible want of proper means of transportation of the wounded after the battle. It occurred to me, while at this house, that I was more or less famished, and for the first time in my life I begged for a meal, which the kind family with whom the Colonel was staying most graciously furnished me.

After tea, there came in a stout army surgeon, a Highlander by birth, educated in Edinburgh, with whom I had pleasant, not unstimulating talk. He had been brought very close to that immane and nefandous Burke and Hare business which made the blood of civilization run cold in the year 1828, and told me, in a very calm way, with an occasional pinch from the mull to refresh his memory, some of the details of those frightful murders, never rivaled in horror until the wretch Dumollard, who kept a private cemetery for his victims, was dragged into the light of day. He had a good deal to say, too, about the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, and the famous preparations, mercurial and the rest, which I remember well having seen there, — the '*sudabit multum*,' and others, — also of our New York Professor Carnochan's handiwork, a specimen of which I once admired at the New York College. But the Doctor was not in a happy frame of mind, and seemed willing to forget the present in the past: things went wrong, somehow, and the time was out of joint with him.

Dr. Thompson, kind, cheerful, companionable, offered me half his own wide bed, in the house of Dr. Baer, for my second night in Middletown. Here I lay awake again another night. Close to the house stood an ambulance in which was a wounded Rebel officer, attended by one of their own surgeons. He was calling out in a loud voice, all night long, as it seemed to me, 'Doctor! Doctor! Driver! Water!' in loud, complaining tones, I have no doubt of real suffering, but in strange contrast with the silent patience which was the almost universal rule.

The courteous Dr. Thompson will let me tell here an odd coincidence, trivial, but having its interest as one of a series. The Doctor and myself lay in the bed, and a lieutenant, a friend of his, slept on the sofa. At night, I placed my match box, a Scotch one, of the Macpherson-plaid pattern, which I bought years ago, on the bureau, just where I could put my hand upon it. I was the last of the three to rise in the morning, and on looking for my pretty match box I found it was gone. This was rather awkward — not on account of the loss, but of the unavoidable fact that one of my fellow lodgers must have taken it. I must try to find out what it meant.

'By the way, Doctor, have you seen anything of a little plaid-pattern match box?'

The Doctor put his hand to his pocket, and, to his own huge surprise and my great gratification, pulled out *two* match boxes exactly alike, both printed with the Macpherson plaid. One was his, the other mine, which he had seen lying round and naturally took for his own, thrusting it into his pocket, where it found its twin brother from the same workshop. In memory of which event we exchanged boxes, like two Homeric heroes.

This curious coincidence illustrates well enough some supposed cases of plagiarism, of which I will mention one where my name figured. When a little poem called 'The Two Streams' was first printed, a writer in the New York *Evening Post* virtually accused the author of it of borrowing the thought from a baccalaureate sermon of President Hopkins, of Williamstown, and printed a quotation from that discourse, which, as I thought, a thief or catchpoll might well consider as establishing a fair presumption that it was so borrowed. I was at the same time wholly unconscious of ever having met with the discourse or the sentence which the verses were most like, nor do I believe I ever had seen or heard either. Some time after this, happening to meet my eloquent cousin, Wendell Phillips, I mentioned the fact to him, and he told me that *he* had once used the special image said to be borrowed, in a discourse delivered at Williamstown. The spores of a great many ideas are floating about in the atmosphere. We no more know where all the growths of our mind came from than where the lichens which eat the names off from the gravestones borrowed the germs that gave them birth. The two match boxes were just alike, but neither was a plagiarism.

In the morning I took to the same wagon once more, but, instead of James Grayden, I was to have for my driver a young man who spelt his name 'Phillip Ottenheimer,' and whose features at once showed him to be an Israelite. I found him agreeable enough, and disposed to talk. So I asked him many questions about his religion, and got some answers that sound strangely in Christian ears. He was from Wittenberg, and had been educated in strict Jewish fashion. From his childhood he had read Hebrew, but was not much of a scholar otherwise. A young person of his race lost caste utterly by marrying a Christian. The Founder of our religion was considered by the Israelites to have been 'a right smart man, and a great doctor.' But the horror with which the reading of the New Testament by any young person of their faith would be regarded was as great, I judged by his language, as that of one of our straitest sectaries would be if he found his son or daughter perusing the *Age of Reason*.

In approaching Frederick, the singular beauty of its clustered spires struck me very much, so that I was not surprised to find 'Fair-View' laid down about this point on a railroad map. I wish some wandering photographer would take a picture of the place, a stereoscopic one, if possible, to show how gracefully, how charmingly, its group of steeples nestles among the Maryland hills. The town had a poetical look from a distance, as if seers and dreamers might dwell there. The first sign I read, on entering its long street, might perhaps be considered as confirming my remote impression. It bore these words: 'Miss Ogle, Past, Present, and Future.' On arriving, I visited Lieutenant Abbott, and the attenuated unhappy gentleman, his neighbor, sharing between them as my parting gift what I had left of the balsam known to the pharmacopœia as *spiritus vini gallici*. I took advantage of General Shriver's always open door to write a letter home, but had not time to partake of his offered hospitality. The railroad bridge over the Monocacy had been rebuilt since I passed through Frederick, and we trundled along over the track toward Baltimore.

It was a disappointment, on reaching the Eutaw House, where I had ordered all communications to be addressed, to find no telegraphic message from Philadelphia or Boston, stating that Captain H. had arrived at the former place, 'wound doing well in good spirits expects to leave soon for Boston.' After all, it was no great matter; the Captain was, no doubt, snugly lodged before this in the house called Beautiful, at —— Walnut Street, where that 'grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion' had already welcomed him, smiling, though 'the water stood in her eyes,' and had 'called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family.'

The friends I had met at the Eutaw House had all gone but one, the lady of an officer from Boston, who was most amiable and agreeable, and whose benevolence, as I afterwards learned, soon reached the invalids I had left suffering at Frederick. General Wool still walked the corridors, inexpansive, with Fort McHenry on his shoulders, and Baltimore in his breeches pocket, and his courteous aid again pressed upon me his kind offices. About the doors of the hotel the newsboys cried the papers in plaintive, wailing tones, as different from the sharp accents of their Boston counterparts as a sigh from the southwest is from a northeastern breeze. To understand what they said was, of course, impossible to any but an educated ear, and if I made out 'Stŏarr' and 'Clipp'rr,' it was because I knew beforehand what must be the burden of their advertising coranach.

I set out for Philadelphia on the morrow, Tuesday the twenty-third, there beyond question to meet my Captain, once more united to his brave wounded companions under that roof which covers a household of as noble hearts as ever throbbed with human sympathies. Back River, Bush River, Gunpowder Creek — lives there the man with soul so dead that his memory has cerements to wrap up these senseless names in the same envelopes with their meaningless localities? But the Susquehanna, — the broad, the beautiful, the historical, the poetical Susquehanna, — the river of Wyoming and of Gertrude, dividing the shores where

> aye those sunny mountains half-way down
> Would echo flageolet from some romantic town,

did not my heart renew its allegiance to the poet who has made it lovely to the imagination as well as to the eye, and so identified his fame with the noble stream that it 'rolls mingling with his fame forever'? The prosaic traveler perhaps remembers it better from the fact that a great sea monster, in the shape of a steamboat, takes him, sitting in the car, on its back, and swims across with him like Arion's dolphin — also that mercenary men on board offer him canvasbacks in the season, and ducks of lower degree at other periods.

At Philadelphia again at last! Drive fast, O colored man and brother, to the house called Beautiful, where my Captain lies sore wounded, waiting for the sound of the chariot wheels which bring to his bedside the face and the voice nearer than any save one to his heart in this his hour of pain and weakness! Up a long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off at right angles into another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off again at another right angle into still another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. The natives of this city pretend to know one street from another by some individual differences of aspect; but the best way for a stranger to distinguish the streets he has been in from others is to make a cross or other mark on the white shutters.

This corner house is the one. Ring softly — for the Lieutenant Colonel lies there with a dreadfully wounded arm, and two sons of the family, one wounded like the Colonel, one fighting with death in the fog of a typhoid fever, will start with fresh pangs at the least sound you can make. I entered the house, but no cheerful smile met me. The sufferers were each of them thought to be in a critical condition. The fourth bed, waiting its tenant day after day, was still empty. *Not a word from my Captain.*

Then, foolish, fond body that I was, my heart sank within me. Had he been taken ill on the road, perhaps been attacked with those formidable symptoms which sometimes come on suddenly after wounds that seemed to be doing well enough, and was his life ebbing away in some lonely cottage, nay, in some cold barn or shed, or at the wayside, unknown, uncared for? Somewhere between Philadelphia and Hagerstown, if not at the latter town, he must be, at any rate. I must sweep the hundred and eighty miles between these places as one would sweep a chamber where a precious pearl had been dropped. I must have a companion in my search, partly to help me look about, and partly because I was getting nervous and felt lonely. Charley said he would go with me — Charley, my Captain's beloved friend, gentle, but full of spirit and liveliness, cultivated, social, affectionate, a good talker, a most agreeable letter writer, observing, with large relish of life, and keen sense of humor. He was not well enough to go, some of the timid ones said; but he answered by packing his carpetbag, and in an hour or two we were on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad in full blast for Harrisburg.

I should have been a forlorn creature but for the presence of my companion. In his delightful company I half forgot my anxieties, which, exaggerated as they may seem now, were not unnatural after what I had seen of the confusion and distress that had followed the great battle, nay, which seem almost justified by the recent statement that 'high officers' were buried after that battle whose names were never ascertained. I noticed little matters, as usual. The road was filled in between the rails with cracked stones, such as are used for macadamizing streets. They keep the dust down, I suppose, for I could not think of any other use for them. By and by the glorious valley which stretches along through Chester and Lancaster counties opened upon us. Much as I had heard of the fertile regions of Pennsylvania, the vast scale and the uniform luxuriance of this region astonished me. The grazing pastures were so green, the fields were under such perfect culture, the cattle looked so sleek, the houses were so comfortable, the barns so ample, the fences so well kept, that I did not wonder when I was told that this region was called the England of Pennsylvania. The people whom we saw were, like the cattle, well nourished; the young women looked round and wholesome.

'Grass makes girls,' I said to my companion, and left him to work out my Orphic saying, thinking to myself that, as guano makes grass, it was a legitimate conclusion that Ichaboe must be a nursery of female loveliness.

As the train stopped at the different stations, I inquired at each if they had any wounded officers. None as yet; the red rays of the battlefield had not streamed off so far as this. Evening found us in the cars; they lighted candles in spring candlesticks; odd enough I thought it in the land of oil wells and unmeasured floods of kerosene. Some fellows turned up the back of a seat so as to make it horizontal, and began gambling or pretending to gamble; it looked as if they were trying to pluck a young countryman; but appearances are deceptive, and no deeper stake than 'drinks for the crowd' seemed at last to be involved. But remembering that murder has tried of late years to establish itself as an institution in the cars, I was less tolerant of the doings of these 'sportsmen' who tried to turn our public conveyance into a traveling Frascati. They acted as if they were used to it, and nobody seemed to pay much attention to their manœuvres.

We arrived at Harrisburg in the course of the evening, and attempted to find our way to the Jones House, to which we had been commended. By some mistake, intentional on the part of somebody, as it may have been, or purely accidental, we went to the Herr House instead. I entered my name in the book, with that of my companion. A plain, middle-aged man stepped up, read it to himself in low tones, and coupled to it a literary title by which I have been sometimes known. He proved to be a graduate of Brown University, and had heard a certain Phi Beta Kappa poem delivered there a good many years ago. I remembered it, too; Professor Goddard, whose sudden and singular death left such lasting regret, was the Orator. I recollect that while I was speaking a drum went by the church, and how I was disgusted to see all the heads near the windows thrust out of them, as if the building were on fire. *Cedat armis toga.* The clerk in the office, a mild, pensive, unassuming young man, was very polite in his manners, and did all he could to make us comfortable. He was of a literary turn, and knew one of his guests in his character of author. At tea, a mild old gentleman, with white hair and beard, sat next us. He, too, had come hunting after his son, a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. Of these, father and son, more presently.

After tea we went to look up Dr. Wilson, chief medical officer of the hospitals in the place, who was staying at the Brady House. A magnificent old toddy mixer, Bardolphian in hue and stern of aspect, as all grog dispensers must be, accustomed as they are to dive through the features of men to the bottom of their souls and pockets to see whether they are solvent to the amount of sixpence, answered my question by a wave of one hand, the other being engaged in carrying a dram to his lips. His superb indifference gratified my artistic feeling more than it wounded my personal sensibilities. Anything really superior in its line claims my homage, and this man was the ideal bartender, above all vulgar passions, untouched by commonplace sympathies, himself a lover of the liquid happiness he dispenses, and filled with a fine scorn of all those lesser felicities conferred by love or fame or wealth or any of the round-about agencies for which his fiery elixir is the cheap, all-powerful substitute.

Dr. Wilson was in bed, though it was early in the evening, not having slept for I don't know how many nights.

'Take my card up to him, if you please.'

'This way, sir.'

A man who has not slept for a fortnight or so is not expected to be as affable, when attacked in his bed, as a French princess of old time at her morning receptions. Dr. Wilson turned toward me, as I entered, without effusion, but without rudeness. His thick, dark moustache was chopped off square at the lower edge of the upper lip, which implied a decisive, if not a peremptory, style of character.

I am Doctor So-and-So, of Hubtown, looking after my wounded son. (I gave my name and said *Boston,* of course, in reality.)

Dr. Wilson leaned on his elbow and looked up in my face, his features growing cordial. Then he put out his hand, and good-humoredly excused his reception of me. The day before, as he told me, he had dismissed from the service a medical man hailing from ——, Pennsylvania, bearing my last name, preceded by the same two initials; and he supposed, when my card came up, it was this individual who was disturbing his slumbers. The coincidence was so unlikely *a priori,* unless some forlorn parent without antecedents had named a child after me, that I could not help cross-questioning the Doctor, who assured me deliberately that the fact was just as he had said, even to the somewhat unusual initials. Dr. Wilson very kindly furnished me all the information in his power, gave me directions for telegraphing to Chambersburg, and showed every disposition to serve me.

On returning to the Herr House, we found the mild, white-haired old gentleman in a very happy state. He had just discovered his son, in a comfortable condition, at the United States Hotel. He thought that he could probably give us some information which would prove interesting. To the United States Hotel we repaired, then, in company with our kind-hearted old friend, who evidently wanted to see me as happy as himself. He went upstairs to his son's chamber, and presently came down to conduct us there.

Lieutenant P——, of the Pennsylvania

——th, was a very fresh, bright-looking young man, lying in bed from the effects of a recent injury received in action. A grapeshot, after passing through a post and a board, had struck him in the hip, bruising, but not penetrating or breaking. He had good news for me.

That very afternoon, a party of wounded officers had passed through Harrisburg, going east. He had conversed in the barroom of this hotel with one of them, who was wounded about the shoulder (it might be the lower part of the neck) and had his arm in a sling. He belonged to the Twentieth Massachusetts; the Lieutenant saw that he was a Captain, by the two bars on his shoulder strap. His name was my family name; he was tall and youthful, like my Captain. At four o'clock he left in the train for Philadelphia. Closely questioned, the Lieutenant's evidence was as round, complete, and lucid as a Japanese sphere of rock crystal.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS! The Lord's name be praised! The dead pain in the semilunar ganglion (which I must remind my reader is a kind of stupid, unreasoning brain, beneath the pit of the stomach, common to man and beast, which aches in the supreme moments of life, as when the dam loses her young ones, or the wild horse is lassoed) stopped short. There was a feeling as if I had slipped off a tight boot, or cut a strangling garter — only it was all over my system. What more could I ask to assure me of the Captain's safety? As soon as the telegraph office opens to-morrow morning, we will send a message to our friends in Philadelphia, and get a reply, doubtless, which will settle the whole matter.

The hopeful morrow dawned at last, and the message was sent accordingly. In due time, the following reply was received: —

> Phil Sept 24 I think the report you have heard that W [the Captain] has gone east must be an error we have not seen or heard of him here M L H

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI! He *could* not have passed through Philadelphia without visiting the house called Beautiful, where he had been so tenderly cared for after his wound at Ball's Bluff, and where those whom he loved were lying in grave peril of life or limb. Yet he *did* pass through Harrisburg, going east, going to Philadelphia, on his way home. Ah, this is it! He must have taken the late night train from Philadelphia for New York, in his impatience to reach home. There is such a train, not down in the guidebook, but we were assured of the fact at the Harrisburg depot. By and by came the reply from Dr. Wilson's telegraphic message: nothing had been heard of the Captain at Chambersburg. Still later, another message came from our Philadelphia friend, saying that he was seen on *Friday* last at the house of Mrs. K——, a well-known Union lady, in Hagerstown. Now this could not be true, for he did not leave Keedysville until *Saturday;* but the name of the lady furnished a clue by which we could probably track him. A telegram was at once sent to Mrs. K——, asking information. It was transmitted immediately, but when the answer would be received was uncertain, as the Government almost monopolized the line. I was, on the whole, so well satisfied that the Captain had gone east that, unless something were heard to the contrary, I proposed following him in the late train, leaving a little after midnight for Philadelphia.

This same morning we visited several of the temporary hospitals, churches and schoolhouses, where the wounded were lying. In one of these, after looking round as usual, I asked aloud, 'Any Massachusetts men here?' Two bright faces lifted themselves from their pillows and welcomed me by name. The one nearest me was private John B. Noyes, of Company B, Massachusetts Thirteenth, son of my old college class tutor, now the reverend and learned Professor of Hebrew, and so forth, in Harvard University. His neighbor was Corporal Armstrong, of the same company. Both were slightly wounded, doing well. I learned then and since from Mr. Noyes that they and their comrades were completely overwhelmed by the attentions of the good people of Harrisburg, — that the ladies brought them fruits and flowers, and smiles, better than either, — and that the little boys of the place were almost fighting for the privilege of doing their errands. I am afraid there will be a good many hearts pierced in this war that will have no bullet mark to show.

There were some heavy hours to get rid of, and we thought a visit to Camp Curtin might lighten some of them. A rickety wagon carried us to the camp, in company with a young woman from Troy, who had a basket of good things with her for a sick brother. 'Poor boy! he will be sure to die,' she said. The rustic sentries uncrossed their muskets and let us in. The camp was on a fair plain, girdled with hills, spacious, well kept apparently, but did not present any peculiar attraction for us. The visit would have been a dull one had we not happened to get sight of a singular-looking set of human beings in the distance. They were clad in stuff of different hues, gray and brown being the leading shades, but both subdued by a neutral tint, such as is wont to harmonize the variegated apparel of travel-stained vagabonds. They looked slouchy, listless, torpid — an ill-conditioned crew, at first sight, made up of such fellows as an old woman would drive away from her hen roost with a broomstick. Yet these were estrays from the fiery army which has given our generals so much trouble — 'Secesh prisoners,' as a bystander told us. A talk with them might be profitable and entertaining. But they were tabooed to the common visitor, and it was necessary to get inside of the line which separated us from them.

A solid, square captain was standing near by, to whom we were referred. Look a man calmly through the very centre of his pupils and ask him for anything with a tone implying entire conviction that he will grant it, and he will very commonly consent to the thing asked, were it to commit hari-kari. The captain acceded to my postulate, and accepted my friend as a corollary. As one string of my own ancestors was of Batavian origin, I may be permitted to say that my new friend was of the Dutch type, like the Amsterdam galiots, broad in the beam, capacious in the hold, and calculated to carry a heavy cargo rather than to make fast time. He must have been in politics at some time or other, for he made orations to all the 'Secesh,' in which he explained to them that the United States considered and treated them like children, and enforced upon them the ridiculous impossibility of the Rebels' attempting to do anything against such a power as that of the National Government.

Much as his discourse edified them and enlightened me, it interfered somewhat with my little plans of entering into frank and friendly talk with some of these poor fellows, for whom I could not help feeling a kind of human sympathy, though I am as venomous a hater of the Rebellion as one is like to find under the Stars and Stripes. It is fair to take a man prisoner. It is fair to make speeches to a man. But to take a man prisoner and then make speeches to him while in durance is *not* fair.

I began a few pleasant conversations, which would have come to something but for the reason assigned.

One old fellow had a long beard, a drooping eyelid, and a black clay pipe in his mouth. He was a Scotchman from Ayr, dour enough, and little disposed to be communicative, though I tried him with the 'Twa Briggs,' and, like all Scotchmen, he was a reader of 'Burrns.' He professed to feel no interest in the cause for which he was fighting, and was in the army, I judged, only from compulsion. There was a wild-haired, unsoaped boy, with pretty, foolish features enough, who looked as if he might be about seventeen, as he said he was. I give my questions and his answers literally.

'What state do you come from?'

'Georgy.'

'What part of Georgia?'

'Midway.'

(How odd that is! My father was settled for seven years as pastor over the church at Midway, Georgia, and this youth is very probably a grandson or great-grandson of one of his parishioners.)

'Where did you go to church, when you were at home?'

'Never went inside 'f a church b't once in m' life.'

'What did you do before you became a soldier?'

'Nothin'.'

'What do you mean to do when you get back?'

'Nothin'.'

Who could have any other feeling than

pity for this poor human weed, this dwarfed and etiolated soul, doomed by neglect to an existence but one degree above that of the idiot?

With the group was a lieutenant, buttoned close in his gray coat — one button gone, perhaps to make a breastpin for some fair traitorous bosom. A short, stocky man, undistinguishable from one of the 'subject race' by any obvious meanderings of the *sangre azul* on his exposed surfaces. He did not say much, possibly because he was convinced by the statements and arguments of the Dutch captain. He had on strong, iron-heeled shoes, of English make, which he said cost him seventeen dollars in Richmond.

I put the question, in a quiet, friendly way, to several of the prisoners, what they were fighting for. One answered, 'For our homes.' Two or three others said they did not know, and manifested great indifference to the whole matter, at which another of their number, a sturdy fellow, took offense, and muttered opinions strongly derogatory to those who would not stand up for the cause they had been fighting for. A feeble, attenuated old man, who wore the Rebel uniform, if such it could be called, stood by without showing any sign of intelligence. It was cutting very close to the bone to carve such a shred of humanity from the body politic to make a soldier of.

We were just leaving when a face attracted me, and I stopped the party. 'That is the true Southern type,' I said to my companion. A young fellow, a little over twenty, rather tall, slight, with a perfectly smooth, boyish cheek, delicate, somewhat high features, and a fine, almost feminine mouth, stood at the opening of his tent, and as we turned toward him fidgeted a little nervously with one hand at the loose canvas, while he seemed at the same time not unwilling to talk. He was from Mississippi, he said, had been at Georgetown College, and was so far imbued with letters that even the name of the literary humility before him was not new to his ears. Of course I found it easy to come into magnetic relation with him, and to ask him without incivility what *he* was fighting for. 'Because I like the excitement of it,' he answered. I know those fighters with women's mouths and boys' cheeks; one such from the circle of my own friends, sixteen years old, slipped away from his nursery and dashed in under an assumed name among the red-legged Zouaves, in whose company he got an ornamental bullet mark in one of the earliest conflicts of the war.

'Did you ever see a genuine Yankee?' said my Philadelphia friend to the young Mississippian.

'I have shot at a good many of them,' he replied modestly, his woman's mouth stirring a little, with a pleasant, dangerous smile.

The Dutch captain here put his foot into the conversation, as his ancestors used to put theirs into the scale when they were buying furs of the Indians by weight — so much for the weight of a hand, so much for the weight of a foot. It deranged the balance of our intercourse; there was no use in throwing a fly where a paving stone had just splashed into the water, and I nodded a good-bye to the boy fighter, thinking how much pleasanter it was for my friend the captain to address him with unanswerable arguments and crushing statements in his own tent than it would be to meet him on some remote picket and offer his fair proportions to the quick eye of a youngster who would draw a bead on him before he had time to say *dunder and blixum*.

We drove back to the town. No message. After dinner still no message. Dr. Cuyler, Chief Army Hospital Inspector, is in town, they say. Let us hunt him up — perhaps he can help us.

We found him at the Jones House. A gentleman of large proportions, but of lively temperament, his frame knit in the North, I think, but ripened in Georgia, incisive, prompt, but good-humored, wearing his broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned felt hat with the least possible tilt on one side, — a sure sign of exuberant vitality in a mature and dignified person like him, — businesslike in his ways, and not to be interrupted while occupied with another, but giving himself up heartily to the claimant who held him for the time. He was so genial, so cordial, so encouraging, that it seemed as if the clouds, which had been thick all the morning, broke away as we came into his presence, and the sunshine of his large nature filled the air all around us. He took the matter in hand at once, as if it were his own private affair. In ten minutes he had a second telegraphic message on its way to Mrs. K—— at Hagerstown, sent through the Government channel from the State Capitol — one so direct and urgent that I should be sure of an answer to it, whatever became of the one I had sent in the morning.

While this was going on, we hired a dilapidated barouche, driven by an odd young native, neither boy nor man, 'as a codling when 't is almost an apple,' who said 'wery' for 'very,' simple and sincere, who smiled faintly at our pleasantries, always with a certain reserve of suspicion, and a gleam of the shrewdness that all men get who live in the atmosphere of horses. He drove us round by the Capitol grounds, white with tents, which were disgraced in my eyes by unsoldierly scrawls in huge letters, thus: THE SEVEN BLOOMSBURY BROTHERS, DEVIL'S HOLE, and similar inscriptions. Then to the Beacon Street of Harrisburg, which looks upon the Susquehanna instead of the Common, and shows a long front of handsome houses with fair gardens. The river is pretty nearly a mile across here, but very shallow now. The codling told us that a Rebel spy had been caught trying its fords a little while ago, and was now at Camp Curtin with a heavy ball chained to his leg — a popular story, but a lie, Dr. Wilson said. A little farther along we came to the barkless stump of the tree to which Mr. Harris, the Cecrops of the city named after him, was tied by the Indians for some unpleasant operation of scalping or roasting, when he was rescued by friendly savages, who paddled across the stream to save him. Our youngling pointed out a very respectable-looking stone house as having been 'built by the Indians' about those times. Guides have queer notions occasionally.

I was at Niagara just when Dr. Rae arrived there with his companions and dogs and things from his Arctic search after the lost navigator.

'Who are those?' I said to my conductor.

'Them?' he answered. 'Them 's the men that 's been out West, out to Michig'n, aft' *Sir Ben Franklin.*'

Ten o'clock in the evening was approaching. The telegraph office would presently close, and as yet there were no tidings from Hagerstown. Let us step over and see for ourselves. A message! A message!

> *Captain H still here leaves seven to-morrow for Harrisburg Penna Is doing well*
>
> *Mrs H K——*

A note from Dr. Cuyler to the same effect came soon afterwards to the hotel.

We shall sleep well to-night; but let us sit awhile with nubiferous, or, if we may coin a word, nepheligenous accompaniment, such as shall gently narcotize the over-wearied brain and fold its convolutions for slumber like the leaves of a lily at nightfall. For now the over-tense nerves are all unstraining themselves, and a buzz, like that which comes over one who stops after being long jolted upon an uneasy pavement, makes the whole frame alive with a luxurious languid sense of all its inmost fibres. Our cheerfulness ran over, and the mild, pensive clerk was so magnetized by it that he came and sat down with us. He presently confided to me, with infinite naïveté and ingenuousness, that, judging from my personal appearance, he should not have thought me the writer that he in his generosity reckoned me to be. His conception, so far as I could reach it, involved a huge, uplifted forehead, embossed with protuberant organs of the intellectual faculties, such as all writers are supposed to possess in abounding measure. While I fell short of his ideal in this respect, he was pleased to say that he found me by no means the remote and inaccessible personage he had imagined, and that I had nothing of the dandy about me, which last compliment I had a modest consciousness of most abundantly deserving.

Sweet slumbers brought us to the morning of Thursday. The train from Hagerstown was due at 11.15 A. M. We took another ride behind the codling, who showed us the sights of yesterday over again. Being in a gracious mood of mind, I enlarged on the varying aspects of the town pumps and other striking objects which we had once inspected, as seen by the different lights of evening and morning. After this, we visited the schoolhouse hospital. A fine young fellow, whose arm had been shattered, was just falling into the spasms of lockjaw. The beads of sweat stood large and round on his flushed and contracted features. He was under the effect of opiates — why not (if his case was desperate, as it seemed to be considered) stop his sufferings with chloroform? It was suggested that it might *shorten life.* 'What then?' I said. 'Are a dozen additional spasms worth living for?'

The time approached for the train to arrive from Hagerstown, and we went to the station. I was struck, while waiting there, with what seemed to me a great want of care for the safety of the people standing round. Just after my companion and myself had stepped off the track, I noticed a car coming quietly along at a walk, as one may say, without engine, without visible conductor, without any person heralding its approach, so silently, so insidiously, that I could not help thinking how very near it came to flattening out me and my match box worse than the Ravel pantomimist and his snuffbox were flattened out in the play. The train was late, — fifteen minutes, half an hour late, — and I began to get nervous, lest something had happened. While I was looking for it, out started a freight train, as if on purpose to meet the cars I was expecting, for a grand smash-up. I shivered at the thought, and asked an employé of the road, with whom I had formed an acquaintance a few minutes old, why there should not be a collision of the expected train with this which was just going out. He smiled an official smile, and answered that they arranged to prevent that, or words to that effect.

Twenty-four hours had not passed from that moment when a collision *did* occur, just out of the city, where I feared it, by which at least eleven persons were killed and from forty to sixty more were maimed and crippled!

To-day there was the delay spoken of, but nothing worse. The expected train came in so quietly that I was almost startled to see it on the track. Let us walk calmly through the cars, and look around us.

In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain; there saw I him, even my first-born, whom I had sought through many cities.

'How are you, Boy?'

'How are you, Dad?'

Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard — nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture.

These are times in which we cannot live solely for selfish joys or griefs. I had not let fall the hand I held, when a sad, calm voice addressed me by name. I fear that at the moment I was too much absorbed in my own feelings; for certainly at any other time I should have yielded myself without stint to the sympathy which this meeting might well call forth.

'You remember my son, Cortland Saunders, whom I brought to see you once in Boston?'

'I do remember him well.'

'He was killed on Monday, at Shepherdstown. I am carrying his body back with me on this train. He was my only child. If you could come to my house, — I can hardly call it my home now, — it would be a pleasure to me.'

This young man, belonging in Philadelphia, was the author of a *New System of Latin Paradigms*, a work showing extraordinary scholarship and capacity. It was this book which first made me acquainted with him, and I kept him in my memory, for there was genius in the youth. Some time afterwards he came to me with a modest request to be introduced to President Felton, and one or two others, who would aid him in a course of independent study he was proposing to himself. I was most happy to smooth the way for him, and he came repeatedly after this to see me and express his satisfaction in the opportunities for study he enjoyed at Cambridge. He was a dark, still, slender person, always with a trance-like remoteness, a mystic dreaminess of manner, such as I never saw in any other youth. Whether he heard with difficulty, or whether his mind reacted slowly on an alien thought, I could not say; but his answer would often be behind time, and then a vague, sweet smile, or a few words spoken under his breath, as if he had been trained in sick men's chambers. For such a youth, seemingly destined for the inner life of contemplation, to be a soldier seemed almost unnatural. Yet he spoke to me of his intention to offer himself to his country, and his blood must now be reckoned among the precious sacrifices which will make her soil sacred forever. Had he lived, I doubt not that he would have redeemed the rare promise of his earlier years. He has done better, for he has died that unborn generations may attain the hopes held out to our nation and to mankind.

So, then, I had been within ten miles of the place where my wounded soldier was lying, and then calmly turned my back upon him to come once more round by a journey of three or four hundred miles to the same region I had left! No mysterious attraction warned me that the heart warm with the same blood as mine was throbbing so near my own. I thought of that lovely, tender passage where Gabriel glides unconsciously by Evangeline upon the great river. Ah, me! if that railroad crash had been a few hours earlier, we two should never have met again, after coming so close to each other!

The source of my repeated disappointments was soon made clear enough. The Captain had gone to Hagerstown, intending to take the cars at once for Philadelphia, as his three friends actually did do, and as I took it for granted he certainly would. But as he walked languidly along, some ladies saw him across the street, and, seeing, were moved with pity, and, pitying, spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation and rest awhile beneath their hospitable roof. The mansion was old, as the dwellings of gentlefolks should be; the ladies were some of them young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares, and unasked luxuries, and pleasant talk, and music sprinklings from the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company — and all this after the swamps of the Chickahominy, the mud and flies of Harrison's Landing, the dragging marches, the desperate battles, the fretting wound, the jolting ambulance, the log house, and the rickety milk cart! Thanks, uncounted thanks to the angelic ladies whose charming attentions detained him from Saturday to Thursday, to his great advantage and my infinite bewilderment! As for his wound, how could it do otherwise than well under such hands? The bullet had gone smoothly through, dodging everything but a few nervous branches, which would come right in time and leave him as well as ever.

Fling open the window blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and towards the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that hang upon its walls and the shelves thick-set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and of duty. Lay him in his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any messenger of evil tidings — a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts; for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PAN IN WALL STREET

(January 1867)

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
  Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations,
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
  To throng for trade and last quotations,
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
  Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter chimes, serenely tolled
  From Trinity's undaunted steeple, —

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
  Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
  The curbstone war, the auction's hammer, —
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
  It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
  Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
  And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
  At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played, —
  The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
  The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here
  A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
  The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
  From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, — to these
  Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head:
  But, hidden thus, there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
  His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His clubfeet, cased in rusty shoes,
  Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
  Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
  And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's eyes looked around
  Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
  The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
  With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
  From Jauncey Court and New-Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
  Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list, —
  A boxer Ægon, rough and merry, —
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
  With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

And one-eyed Cyclops halted long
  In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
  A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
  From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
  To strike up 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'!

A newsboy and a peanut girl
  Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
  Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
  And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
  His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
'Great Pan is dead!' — and all the people
Went on their ways: — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

Out They Go

(*November 1886*)

In the midst of a queer higglety-pigglety dream, last night, I thought the Great Panjandrum appeared to me with the kind offer to have some one class of my fellow beings immediately exterminated; provided I could, without taking too much of his valuable time, decide which particular class it should be. Just seven minutes were given in which to make and announce the decision.

Of course I accepted with alacrity, and at once hastened to run over in my mind such of the obnoxious varieties of human nature as could most speedily be recalled. At first I thought I would select the people who do not answer letters; but I reflected that sometimes we write letters in haste, which had better be answered at leisure, long leisure, or even not at all, on the principle that the least said, soonest mended. Then I dallied for a moment with the idea that it should be those who, hearing us say things in joke, straightway report them as things said in earnest. Surely, thought I to myself, we can't go amiss in having this venomous species obliterated! But as the genial destroyer looked at his watch a little impatiently, I hurriedly recollected certain other deserving candidates.

There were those who always allow for everybody else's being late at appointments, and so afflict the punctual soul with a quarter of an hour of painful fidgets; and those who send us lukewarm verses, with a request for an introduction to the favorable notice of the editors of the great magazines; and those who borrow tennis rackets and sheet music; and the bookstore attendants who tag us around with recommendations of the latest inanities; and the botherhood [*sic*] of locomotive engineers who agonize the ear of night with gratuitous shrieks as of whistling fiends; and the literary ladies who follow up our plainest observations with praise of how nicely, or prettily, or nobly, or something, it was said.

'Six minutes and three quarters,' whispered the Grand Panjandrum, punching at me with his sceptre, and knocking his little round button at top against the ceiling, as he hastily rose. I made one more rapid snatch among my recollections of people who are with difficulty to be endured, and cried, 'Take those who carry a perpetual countenance of cold displeasure, and contrive to make each member of the household, or the company, feel that he is at all times the special object of it!' The departing monster nodded benignly over his shoulder and winked, as who should say, 'You have chosen well!'

A Middle-Aged Young Person

(*June 1883*)

The other day a young middle-aged person called at my house. She had read certain things of mine which she did not wholly dislike, and desired a few minutes' converse with me, surrounded by my Lares and Penates. I call her a young middle-aged person because, though she was of an uncertain age, — which always means past thirty-five, — she was, in manner and habiliments, young. She came from the West, the land of promise, the land which gives us our presidents, and is, some day, to give us our literature. She was not a brilliant conversationalist, but she was not without a certain *aplomb* that fitted her for dropping in on an entire stranger, and occupying time which, so far as she knew, might have been very valuable to him. As a host, it was my duty to be courteous; as an author, it was my wish not to shatter any possible ideal that she had formed of me from my humble writings. I found that I had undertaken a difficult contract. My elderly young friend had very little to say for herself; she was a most unsuggestive person; her remarks were upside-down hooks, upon which it was nearly impossible to hang anything. In order to avoid those dreadful hiatuses which occur between constrained or stupid people, I was obliged to talk and talk and talk. At last my guest departed. A few days afterwards I saw everything that I did n't say on that occasion fully reported in the columns of the *Western Reserve Bugle*.

I should like to ask some contributor to furnish me with a phrase that will adequately characterize the conduct of that middle-aged young person.

A Discussion in Ethics

(*October 1886*)

Contrary to my custom, I showed some verses — before the ink and my affection for them had taken the time to dry — to a critical friend. Now this lady's mind is so constructed that when you attack it with ever so casual a remark or question you never know what may happen. On this occasion what happened was a discussion in ethics. But I had better give the lines first of all: —

His Neighbor as Himself

Black the storming ocean, crests that leap and whelm;
Ship a tumbling ruin, stripped of spar and helm.
Now she shudders upward, strangled with a sea;
Then she hangs a moment, and the moon breaks free
On her huddled creatures, waiting but to drown,
As she reels and staggers, ready to go down.

Crash! the glassy mountain whirls her to her grave.
In the foam three struggle; one his love will save.
There's a plank for two, but, as he lifts her there,
Lo! his rival sinking; eyes that clutch despair.
Only a swift instant left him to decide, —
Shall he drown, and yield the other life and bride?
In the peaceful morning stays a snowy sail.
Two afloat, — one missing. Which one? Did he fail, —
Coward, merely man? Or did the great sea darken eyes
All divinely shining with self-sacrifice?

I waited while she read them. Then I waited while she read them again. Then there was a pause, and I said, 'Well?' Then there was more pause, during which the mercury of my estimate of the verses slowly sank. Then I said, humbly, 'I *did* think of sending them to The Magazine.'

'Yes,' said she, slowly. (The mercury continued to go down.) 'But I don't believe in the ethics of it.'

'Is *that* all?' said I, brightly.

'Is that *all?*' said she, darkly.

'Well, then,' said I, humbled again, 'what is wrong with the ethics? Instance me, good shepherd.'

'In the first place,' she was good enough to explain, 'I don't like this handing a girl around as if she were a transferable piece of property. It is wrong, and, what is worse, it is sentimental. Because, of course, the one whom, in a fair field, she loves is the one who has a right to her, and how can he give her up without sacrificing her too?'

'But,' said I, 'the fact that she is his bride does not necessarily imply that she loves him best.'

'Does n't it!' interjected she.

'At least we may suppose that in the case given the woman's affection or fancy — for it may as yet be only that — is evenly balanced between the two.'

'Then,' said she, 'let his own love for her decide him. *That* he *knows*. He cannot know that the other loves her so well.'

'But,' still objected I, 'suppose he is a very common-sense, hard-headed person, and his view of love is that, as a mere sentiment, it amounts to nothing; that the important question is, Whose love is likely to surround her with the most comfortable existence, the best opportunities — in short, the greatest happiness? And suppose he is perfectly aware that he himself is the old, sad, and every way undesirable Doe, while the rival is the young, chipper, and every way desirable Roe.'

'You talk,' said she, 'as if the man himself had no rights, no claims to happiness on his own account.'

'Oh, but,' said I, 'must he not recognize as well the other's rights and claims, and "love his neighbor as himself"?'

'But,' she insisted, 'not better than himself.'

'Would you have him, then, make a cool calculation — on a plank at sea! — of the exact relative values of himself and the other man, and adjudge the bride and the life to the most worthy?'

'I know,' she replied, 'that in all the small matters of daily intercourse it is the sweeter and more dignified course to give up, regardless of all question of who has the right, or which is the more worthy. But when it comes to the uttermost, when one's hold on life or on the thing that alone could make life valuable is at stake, why should not a rational mind look down upon the whole matter as might an unbiased inhabitant of Mars, and give the prize to him who has the most desert?'

'But,' said I, 'could even the most rational mind ever hope to be an unbiased judge of the relative claims of another and himself? And besides, supposing the two men are justly estimated as precisely equal in value, the world would still be the gainer for the first possessor's giving up the plank. In either case, it would have had a living man; but now it has the man *plus* the act of self-sacrifice. To save the other man instead of himself is not merely substituting x for x; it substitutes $x+y$. For my part, I must still hold to the ethics of $x+y$.'

She let me have the last word, and there we left it.

A Defense of Whistling

(*September 1910*)

Whistling girls and crowing hens have been bracketed together by the wisdom of the ages, but 'bad ends' have been allotted these ladies because they have not as yet learned to perform in tune, not from anything inherently bad in whistling *per se.* Unfortunately the proverb has, however, by a fatal association of ideas, reflected on a noble art. Because girls and newsboys pipe 'ragtime' without regard to the diatonic scale, why should my avocation be banned by polite society? It would be quite as absurd to consider singing *outré* because burly baritones persist in roaring 'Wake not, but hear me, Love,' at afternoon concerts; or to put the piano down as vulgar because a certain type of person is always whanging Chaminade out of season. (For my part, I have never discovered Chaminade's season; but then I am only a fiddler.)

My avocation consists in whistling to myself the most beautiful melodies in existence, and I go about in a state of perpetual surprise that no one else does likewise. Never yet have I heard a passing stranger whistling anything worth while; but I have my plans all laid for the event. The realization of that whistle will come with a shock like the one Childe Roland felt when something clicked in his brain, and he had actually found the dark tower. I hope I shall not be

> a-dozing at the very nonce,
> After a life spent training for the

sound, and so lose my man among the passers-by. When I hear him I shall chime in with the second violin or 'cello part perhaps, or, if he has stopped, I shall pipe up the answering melody. Of course he will be just as much on the alert as I have been, and will search eagerly for me in the crowd, and then we shall go away together, and be crony-hearts forever after. I am constantly constructing romances, each with this identical beginning, for what could be more romantic than to find by chance the only other one in all the world who shared your pet hobby? But I am growing old in the quest, and sometimes fear that I may never find my stranger, though I attain the years and the technique of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The human whistle is the most delightfully informal of instruments. It needs no inglorious lubrication of joints and greasing of keys like its dearest relative the flute. It is not subject to the vocalist's eternal cold. It knows no inferno of tuning and snapping strings, nor does it need resin for its stomach's sake and its often infirmities. Its only approach to the baseness of mechanism is in a drainage system akin to that of the French horn, but far less brazen in its publicity.

I love my whistle quite as I love my violin, but in a different way. They stand, the one to the other, very much in the relation of my little, profanely extra-illustrated school Horace to that magnificent codex of the fifth century, the gem of my library. The former goes with a black pipe and a holiday, with luncheon under a bush by a little trout stream: the latter implies scholarship, or else visitors and Havana cigars.

One of the best qualities of the whistle is that it is so portable. The whistler may not even have rings on his fingers, but he shall have music wherever he goes; and to carry about the wealth of Schubert and Beethoven and Chopin is more to me than much fine gold. Brahms is one of the most whistle-able of composers, and my two specifics for a blue Monday are to read Stevenson's Letters and to whistle all the Brahms themes I can remember. I will begin perhaps with concertos, then run through the chamber music and songs (which I prefer without words), reserving the overtures, suites, choral works, and symphonies for a climax. The most ultramarine devils could hardly resist the contagious optimism of a Brahms whistling bout, and I believe that if Schopenhauer, 'that prince of miserabilists,' had practised the art, it would have made him over into a Stanley Hall.

Whistling to keep up the courage has passed into an adage, but the Solomons have said nothing about whistling to keep up the memory. Yet nothing is better for the musical memory than the game of 'Whistle.' A whistles a melody. If B can place it, he wins the serve. If he cannot, A scores one. If the players have large repertoires, the field should be narrowed down to trios, or songs, or perhaps first movements of symphonies. I still feel the beneficent effects of the time when I used to sit with my chum in a Berlin café into the small hours, racking my brain and my lips to find a theme too recondite for him. For such purposes the whistle is exquisitely adapted. One often hears it remarked that the violin is almost human; but the whistle is absolutely human and, unlike the violin, is not too formal to take along on a lark. Though it cannot sing to others

Of infinite instincts, — souls intense that yearn,

it will stick loyally and cheerily by you through thick and thin, like

the comrade heart
For a moment's play,
And the comrade heart
For a heavier day,
And the comrade heart
Forever and aye.

The whistle is one of the best tests of musical genius. Not that the divine spark lurks behind truly puckered lips, but you may be sure that something is amiss with that composer whose themes cannot be whistled; although, of course, the converse will not hold. He lacks that highest and rarest of the gifts of God — melody. Certain composers nowadays, with loud declarations that this is the Age of Harmony, are trying to slur over their fatal lack by calling melody antiquated, a thing akin to perukes and bustles — and sour grapes. By changing the key twice in the measure, they involve us so deep in harmonic quicksands as to drown, momentarily, even the memory of Schubert. If this school prevails it will, of course, annihilate my avocation, for I have known but one man who could whistle harmony, and even he could not soar above thirds and sixths. I shudder when I imagine him attacking a D'Indy symphony!

The whistle has even wider possibilities than the voice. It is quite as perfect and natural an instrument, and exceeds the ordinary compass of the voice by almost an octave. It can perform harder music with more ease and less practice. It has another advantage: in whistling orchestral music, the drum taps, the double bass, the bassoon may be 'cued in' very realistically and with little interruption by means of snores, grunts, wheezes, clucks, *et cetera*.

The whistle's chief glory is that it is human, yet single. Sometimes, especially during certain operas, I am inclined to think that when Music was 'married to Immortal Verse' she made a *mésalliance*. The couple seldom appear to advantage together; their 'winding bouts' are sad public exhibitions of conjugal infelicity. Instead of coöperating, each misrepresents and stunts the other's nature. Both insist on talking at the same time, so that you can understand neither one plainly, and, as is generally the case, the lady gets in the first and last word, and shouts poor I. V. down between whiles. You would hardly take her, as she strides about red-faced and vociferous, for the goddess to whom you gave your heart when she was a maiden. But there, you must remember that I am only a fiddler who prefers 'absolute music,' and believes in the degeneracy of opera as a form of art.

The whistle has almost as many different qualities of tone as the voice, although it is so young as still to be in the boy-chorister stage. Who can predict the developments of the art after its change of whistle? I, for one, fear that it will be introduced into the symphony orchestra before long, and this, I am sure, will make it vain, and destroy its young naïveté, and its delicious informality. It would be like punching holes into my dear old black pipe, fitting it with a double reed, and using it in the future works of Max Reger as a kind of piccolo-oboe. I go about furtively looking at conductors' scores for fear I may see something like this: —

Whistle	I
Whist.	II
Whist.	Profondo.

But with all my heart I hope that my avocation may not be formalized until after I have hung up the fiddle and the bow on the staff of my life as a sort of double bar.

ASKING FOR A RAISE

(*July 1917*)

HAVE you ever asked for a raise in salary? If you have not, there is something coming to you in the way of a brand-new feeling: I mean the sensation you experience while approaching the boss on this quest. It is not just like seasickness; it is not exactly the same as dropping ten stories in an elevator; yet there are points of similarity to it in each of these. Walking into the dentist's office with a tooth aching to be pulled approximates it as nearly as anything else, although in this case the pain is reversed: the boss is the one who has the pain, and you are the one to do the pulling.

As much depends upon your approach to the boss as does on your approach to the green, to use an expression of golf. You must not shoot too far; neither should you foozle and have to make an extra attempt. But go right in as if you belonged there. Never mind speaking about the weather as a self-starting device; say what is on your mind. He can find out about the atmospheric conditions by looking out the window.

When you go in on the green carpet the boss is very busy. He is frowning and looks decidedly squally. The thought comes over you that you will not say what you meant to; that this is not the time anyway, and besides he probably won't give it to you and you will feel chagrined; and that you are an ass for coming in there at all. These are not separate thoughts, but one sickening, panic-stricken lurch of your brain. It is lucky that the boss does not look up and see the expression on your face, because he would think that you had either lost your reason or been taken violently ill. As it turns out, he leads.

'Well, Percival?'

He manages to put a fatherly tone into these two words. He also contrives to inject into them a something which tells you that he is about to refuse your request, if you have courage enough left to make it, and that he is going to feel hurt about the whole thing. You could feel sorry for him if you were not so busy feeling sorry for yourself. How he manages to do this is a mystery and a subject on which only a boss could write.

The panic-stricken feeling abates just enough for you to see a mental picture of General Putnam going down the long flight of stone steps after something very fierce (you cannot remember just what), Nathan Hale making his famous wish, Horatius at the bridge, or Washington crossing the Delaware. With these examples of heroic endeavor prodding you on, you say the words.

They are not the words that you

have rehearsed; no, indeed. They are very extemporaneous. They are simple Anglo-Saxon words, not grammatically put together and totally different from any that you had planned to say. However, they are out and you do not feel like Atlas any longer.

A fleeting pain seems to pass through the boss, as if he had been secretly and suddenly stabbed. This wears away, only to be succeeded by a long, thoughtful look, suggesting that he has not only been hurt, but surprised. (The old rascal knew what you wanted when you came in.)

'Well, you know, Percival, times are not what they should be. We're under a big expense and the way things are — I don't know. Let's see, how long have you been with us?'

You tell him, and he swings in the swivel chair the employees gave him last Christmas and looks out the window. He seems to be pondering over the terrific expense the firm is laboring under. You had entertained an idea that the concern was highly prosperous. But all your brains have been left outside and you gravely accept the thought that the business is tottering on the brink of failure. There is something the matter with your heart, you find. Too much smoking, probably. If you have sense enough to keep quiet, he will make the next move.

'Well, I guess it's all right. You can tell Barker on the way out that I said you could have four dollars more after this.'

You beam. Words of thanks come in a jumble, and perhaps a mist steals over your eyes.

The boss deprecatingly raises his hand, growling, 'Not at all, not at all.' Then he turns to the burden he bears, which he somehow makes you feel has become four dollars more of a burden. You steal softly out, leaving him to the figures on the pad in front of him. They are the comparison of his golf score with that of Colonel Bogey, though you do not know that.

The door closes, and you take a couple of steps which no Russian dancer could even equal. You tell Barker, trying to keep your voice down where it belongs. Barker smiles. You do not know what that smile means, but you will know some day, when you are a Barker.

That evening you tell her. A thing like this must be told at just the right moment. The telling must not be delayed; neither should it be an abrupt overture to a pleasant evening. One thing is certain: you will tell it casually. Should you be smoking, you will flick the ash from your cigarette as a period to the sentence. If you are not smoking, you will brush an imaginary speck from your knee. These are the only two gestures possible. She will say, 'No, *really?*' And you answer, 'Uh-huh.' And what does it matter then whether you are going to be a Barker or a Boss?

In Memoriam

LEO: A YELLOW CAT

(February 1913)

If, to your twilight land of dream, —
 Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host, —
Dim sunlight comes with sudden gleam,
And you lift veilèd eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost,
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs newborn,
Of spring astir in quickening hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,
O goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch, — if only one, —
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word, to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

In turning the pages of the one hundred and fifty volumes from which this Diamond Jubilee issue is compiled, the editor sought, not to make his choice from among the most famous contributions, for they are too well known, but rather to select those which made an impression in their time and which bring to our own a sense of the literary and spiritual continuity of the *Atlantic*. In a very real sense, as Professor Perry says in his paper, the last number is as the first. An effort has also been made to suggest something of the *Atlantic's* habitual variety, though, to the editor's regret, it has not been found possible to include examples of the magazine's constant interest in either politics or economics. Papers on these subjects are by preference timed to the hour, and grow stale with the years.

E. S. ('Diamond Jubilee') has been editing the *Atlantic* for nearly a quarter of a century. Δ The only living ex-editor is **Bliss Perry** ('The Arlington Street Incarnation'), whose turn at the helm covered the decade from 1899 to 1909. Before he retired from the editorship he was appointed a Professor of English Literature at Harvard, and has only lately become Emeritus.

Among that group of distinguished men who, seventy-five years ago, conceived the idea of establishing a new literary and political magazine to serve as the vehicle for the renascent spirit in American letters, **Oliver Wendell Holmes** held a pivotal position. At the epoch-making dinner at the Parker House in Boston on May 5, 1857, he took a leading part in threshing out the matter with the other guests, — James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Lothrop Motley, and James Elliot Cabot, — and the idea was adopted by unanimous agreement. At the birth of this venture, the following November, Dr. Holmes again assisted brilliantly by contributing to the opening issue the first installment of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, who burst upon the world with the offhand introduction, 'I was just going to say, when I was interrupted . . . ' Finally, to the Doctor fell the honor of naming the new enterprise. Half a century later, Mr. Arthur Gilman related how the inevitable name was hit upon after many others had been suggested. 'Dr. Holmes told me,' wrote Mr. Gilman, 'that one day after he had retired to "his virtuous couch," he suddenly roused himself and exclaimed to his wife: "I have it! It shall be called the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine!* Soon you'll hear the boys crying through the streets, 'Here's your *Atlantic, 'tlantic, 'tlantic, 'tlantic!*'"'

Lowell, the first editor, never showed the instincts of a literary midwife more truly than by insisting, as 'a condition precedent' to accepting the editorship, that Oliver Wendell Holmes should be engaged as the first contributor. Holmes at that time had written but little that gave definite promise of the place his 'Autocrat' and the succeeding 'Breakfast-Table' papers were to give him. Many years later he wrote: 'I think therefore that the *Atlantic* came for my fruit just as it was ripe to gathering, but I never knew it was so until afterwards.'

To publish a memorial issue of the *Atlantic* without giving to Holmes the place of honor in it was unthinkable, so he is represented by 'My Hunt after "the Captain."' His twinkling eyes look out from every line, but the piece is less well known, perhaps, than most of his other work. There is a peculiar appropriateness in reprinting it here, for the Captain of the tale, then a youngster who had just attained his majority, was of course Mr. Justice Holmes, who retired from the bench of the United States Supreme Court last spring in his ninety-first year.

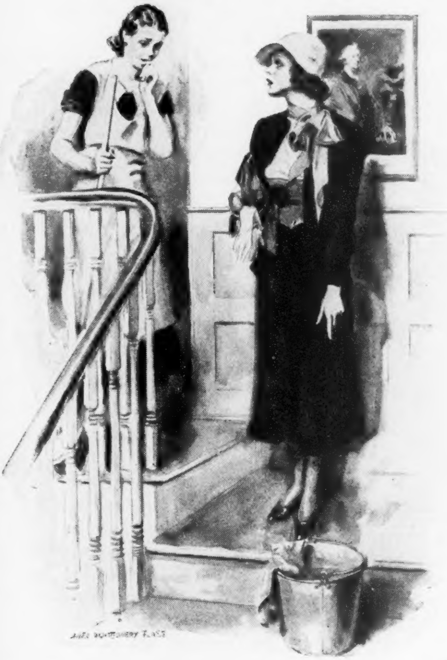
Before Dr. Holmes went in search of his Captain, he had searched for his Lieutenant. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., Harvard '61, wore his Lieutenant's uniform in action for the first time at Ball's Bluff. A spent bullet struck him in the stomach. His Colonel, William Raymond Lee, ordered him to the rear, but he was not bidden to stay there, and, getting his Sergeant to help him to his feet, Lieutenant Holmes rejoined his men. This time the adventure lasted not quite three minutes. A minié ball entered his left breast, missing the heart by a quarter of an inch. The Sergeant supposed the wound mortal, but it was not. A few days later Dr. Holmes found his Lieutenant and took him home from a Philadelphia hospital. It was not long before the Autocrat was writing to his friend, J. L. Motley, that the boy was 'a great pet in his character of young hero with wounds in the heart, and receives visits *en grand seigneur*. I envy my white Othello with a semi-circle of Desdemonas about him, listening to the oft-told tale which they will have again.'

Ball's Bluff was fought in October '61; Antietam in September '62. There young Holmes, now a Captain, was hit twice. The first bullet struck away the buckle of his knapsack, the second pierced his neck. It is the rest of this story that Dr. Holmes tells.

Teacher and humanist, **Edward Rowland Sill** ('The Fool's Prayer') was perhaps the most selective of American poets. He was at one time Professor of English Literature at the University of California, but retired from teaching to devote himself to writing. He died in 1887. **John Burroughs** ('Expression') was but twenty-three when he sent this first contribution to the *Atlantic*. So natively was it impregnated with Concord philosophy, it is on record that the editor ran through the works of Emerson to make quite certain that the essay was not plagiarized from some early lecture. Long before his life drew to a close, in 1921, his spiritual kinship to Thoreau had become even more strikingly manifest. **Dallas Lore Sharp's** famous paper, 'Turtle Eggs for Agassiz,' has been reprinted many times, but still reads as freshly as the day it was written. The eager joy of the amateur naturalist has never found a better expression. Beginning his career as a Methodist minister, Mr. Sharp later joined the faculty of Boston University, and held the chair of English from 1909 until his death twenty years later. In that period it was a rare twelvemonth that did not bring from his pen some noteworthy book compact with the surprises and delights he found in riding his hobby. Δ With **Katherine Peabody Girling** ('When Hannah Var Eight Yar Old'), writing has been an avocation, sparingly but painstakingly indulged in the leisure hours of her full life at Glencoe, Illinois. This true story, a masterpiece of cameo-like precision, struck home the moment it was published. It was afterwards reprinted in a tiny volume by Frederick A. Stokes. **Woodrow Wilson** was rounding out his fortieth year when he sent 'On Being Human' to the *Atlantic*. He was then teaching jurisprudence at Princeton, and had a professor's future before him. Those were the days when Wordsworth was more to him than politics.

'A Conversation with Cornelia' was not the first article **Stuart P. Sherman** wrote for the *Atlantic*, but it is probably his best. As you read it, you are listening to the perfect teacher. Together with other kindred papers that had appeared in the *Atlantic*, it was later issued as a book, *My Dear Cornelia*. A canoe accident in the summer of 1927 brought his brilliant career to a tragic end. Δ The name of **William Beebe** was known to only a small audience when 'A Yard of Jungle' first came out, but the essay was a complete exposition of his scientific methods and his prismatic prose. At that time his *Arcturus* adventure was still ten years in the future. Δ A specialist in advertising methods, **Lorin F. Deland** made the habits of the human mind his constant study; flashes of insight sparkled through his conversation like the dots and dashes of the Morse code. His discussion of 'Imagination in Business' was the man himself. He was the husband of Margaret Deland, the novelist. **Margaret Prescott Montague** has been well known to an appreciative public ever since her first book came from the presses in 1905. It was not until some years after 'Twenty Minutes of Reality' appeared in the *Atlantic* that she disclosed to the public her authorship of it. During a term which has covered nearly a quarter of a century, the editor does not recall a contribution which brought forth expressions of wider or of deeper feeling. **Arthur Russell Taylor** was a Pennsylvania rector who wrote sparsely enough in the intervals between his parish duties. 'Mr. Squem' was his first attempt at fiction. Δ Beloved priest and poet, **John B. Tabb** ('The Ring') was Virginia-born. Only sixteen when the Civil War began, he fought as a Rebel should, and afterward studied music, taught school, and was ordained. Compactest of American poets and among the most ingenious, he loved the quatrain above all other verse forms; to cram it with thought and suggestion was his favorite avocation. He died in 1909. Δ Until her death a short time ago, **Cornelia A. P. Comer** was numbered

The "Accident" Alibi



"IT was an accident" is a poor alibi for injuries which could have been prevented.

Ask yourself what caused the latest injury to one of your own family or to a friend. Was it a *true* accident which could not have been prevented or was it the result of carelessness? Most accidents are of the preventable kind.

Could any member of your family suffer a serious injury in your home because of hazards you have not removed? Could you walk safely in any part of the house, day or night, without fear of falling over some temporary or permanent obstruction?

Last year in the United States there were almost as many deaths from accidents in homes as there were from automobile accidents. Many cripplings which happened in homes could have been averted.

Scaldings from boiling liquids, burnings from fire and hot surfaces, could have been prevented by greater thoughtfulness. Most of the injuries from sharp tools and instruments could have been prevented by carefulness. Investigating gas or gasoline leaks with a lighted match is a direct invitation to a disastrous explosion.

There were about 17,000 fatal injuries in industry last year in the United States and 29,000 in homes. Well managed industries have learned how to reduce the number of accidents during working hours through regular inspection and protective measures.

Why not inspect and protect your own home? Look around now—carefully—to see what can be done to make your home safer.

Send for and use the Metropolitan "Home Inspection Chart" which lists many of the places where dangers may lurk in your home. Your copy of the Chart and also a booklet, "Accident Prevention in the Home" will be mailed free. Address Booklet Dept. 1132-T.

Are there unsuspected or unheeded dangers in your home?

Brooms, pails, boxes, toys or other objects placed where someone might trip over them?

Unlighted stairways?

Rickety steps, loose banisters or hand-rails?

Unsecured rugs, slippery or highly polished floors?

Wabbly ladders?

Leaky connections in gas heater, range, furnace or lighting fixture?

Defective electric wiring or appliances?

Matches within reach of children?

Unlabeled poisons?

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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among the *Atlantic's* nearest and most constant friends. A philosopher in her own right, with definite convictions and a background both broad and thorough, she was invited by the editor to mount the *Atlantic's* pulpit and preach there the sermon contained in 'A Letter to the Rising Generation.' Everywhere her paper was read, and in the colleges it was the discussion of the hour. At Columbia, Professor Woodbridge lectured on it to his students and required of them a philosophic answer. So it was that when he sent in the reply of **Randolph S. Bourne** ('The Two Generations'), it was the first of that gifted youth's *Atlantic* papers which were to give him a recognized leadership among his contemporaries. He joined the staff of the *New Republic* at its inception, but his promise was cut off by premature death in 1918. Δ The 'Two Sonnets' by **John Masefield** show the imaginativeness and vigor of his maturing powers fifteen years before he became Poet Laureate. Δ Africa is still the continent of mystery, and can be understood best by intuition. Perhaps that is why, out of all the books that have been written on the Dark Continent, the most understanding have been by women — Mary Henrietta Kingsley's *Travels in West Africa*, and **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's** *Black Sheep*, *An African Trail*, *The Trader's Wife*, and half a dozen more. 'Exile and Postman' is, of course, the personal expression of a nostalgic mood. The stillness of the forest is there, and the estranging sense of distance. Miss Mackenzie was educated at the University of California and the University of Paris, and has given her life without stint to the labor of love of a missionary in the French Cameroon. Where she gained the secret of her exquisite prose we cannot say, but her father's Bible, which he read in the broad Scotch of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' was a memorable teacher.

It was an old *Atlantic* custom, ardently championed by Emerson, to print all contributions without divulging the names of their authors — which gave rise to intense speculation every time a new issue came out, each reader trying to outguess his neighbor in the game of identifying the writers. This quaint pastime ceased in 1870, when the present usage of signing the articles was begun. The old custom, however, was carried over into the Contributors' Club, which continued a safe harbor for anonymity until last year. Even now, some readers admit a preference for the unsigned piece, but the majority, we dare say, are somewhat like a splendid young scholar of our acquaintance who, though he speaks five languages, has no French, and invariably asks the waiter in a restaurant to translate the menu for him, always adding his little joke that the food tastes better when he knows what he is eating.

Whatever one may think of the old system, — and it had very real advantages, — there can be no question that it has made infinitely more difficult the task of anyone who undertakes to chronicle the early years of the *Atlantic*. This was again brought home to the editor as he thumbed through the yellowed pages searching for items to reprint in the Contributors' Club of the Diamond Jubilee number. The authorship of some of the papers is susceptible to varying degrees of doubt. Each editor, in his day, knew who the writers were, and that was enough; when he passed his blue pencil, shears, and pot of paste along to other hands, he walked out of the office carrying his memories with him, and now there are disputed points about which one man's guess is as good as another's. Still, it may be amusing to attempt to trace to their sources the few Club papers reproduced here.

Fortunately, the poet who turned the lines on 'Pan in Wall Street' is well remembered. He was **Edmund Clarence Stedman.** Shortly after writing it, fittingly enough, he entered business in New York. The origin of the three essays, 'Out They Go,' 'A Middle-Aged Young Person,' and 'A Discussion in Ethics,' can be ascribed with less certainty. The first two bear unmistakable evidence of having flowed from the same ink bottle, and their brand of whimsicality gives the editor reason to believe that he knows whose property the bottle was. 'A Discussion in Ethics' is, as the subject would imply, clouded in greater obscurity. Any one of several might have stood sponsor for it, but here again the editor thinks he can identify the author beyond a reasonable doubt. Instead of spoiling the fun, however, perhaps it would be better to revive, for a moment, the old guessing game and let readers sharpen their wits upon the problem. The editor will be glad to hear from anyone who thinks he has clues to the correct answers. When we come down to the more recent years, the clouds vanish, for the record is clear. 'A Defense of Whistling' was the work of **Robert Haven Schauffler.** 'Asking for a Raise' was by **Harry I. Shumway,** and 'In Memoriam' by **Margaret Sherwood.**

On the Difference between
KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

KNOWLEDGE, said the late Mr. Webster, is information—facts about anything. Wisdom is the intelligent application of knowledge.

The last, of course, we must leave to you. But we *can* help you with the first. We can give you certain facts about Fels-Naptha.

To begin with, it gives *extra* help in washing clothes. For the big golden bar is two helpers instead of one. It is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. Working together, these two helpers loosen even stubborn dirt and wash it away, quickly. The clothes come clean—thoroughly, sweetly clean. Without any hard rubbing!

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in another way. Its gentle cleansing protects colors, safeguards even delicate fabrics. Clothes "look like new" for a longer time. Fels-Naptha helps keep hands smooth, too. It contains bland, soothing glycerine.

There's not a trace of temperament in Fels-Naptha. It is the same capable worker in washing machine or tub; in hot, lukewarm or cool water.

And there you have all the essential facts about Fels-Naptha—except that you can buy it at your grocer's. We earnestly hope you will apply this knowledge to your family wash. That will be wisdom!

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether Fels-Naptha has been used in your home for years, or whether you have just decided to use it yourself or have your maid try it, we'll be glad to send a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha. Many women who do their own housework prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into washing machine, tub or basin, and find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, anyone can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as they are needed. Mail coupon, with three cents in stamps to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1932, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q. A. 11-32

Send me a Fels-Naptha sample with handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose three cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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*City*____________ *State*________

Please print your name and address completely

A Brief List of Notable Atlantic Contributions

Oliver Wendell Holmes	The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table	1857
John Greenleaf Whittier	Skipper Ireson's Ride	1857
" " "	Barbara Frietchie	1863
Ralph Waldo Emerson	Days	1857
" " "	Brahma	1857
Fitz-James O'Brien	The Diamond Lens	1857
Arthur Hugh Clough	Amours de Voyage	1857
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	The Children's Hour	1860
" " "	Paul Revere's Ride	1861
Julia Ward Howe	The Battle Hymn of the Republic	1862
Nathaniel Hawthorne	Chiefly about War-Matters	1862
James Russell Lowell	The Biglow Papers	1862
" " "	Commemoration Ode	1865
Edward Everett Hale	The Man without a Country	1863
Robert Browning	Prospice	1864
Charles Reade	Griffith Gaunt	1865
F. M. Finch	The Blue and the Gray	1867
Charles William Eliot	The New Education	1869
Harriet Beecher Stowe	The True Story of Lady Byron's Life	1869
John Hay	Castilian Days	1871
Bret Harte	How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar	1872
Thomas Bailey Aldrich	Marjorie Daw	1873
Samuel L. Clemens	Old Times on the Mississippi	1875
William Dean Howells	The Lady of the Aroostook	1878
Henry James, Jr.	The Portrait of a Lady	1880
" " "	Daisy Miller	1883
Thomas Hardy	Two on a Tower	1882
Francis Parkman	Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham	1884
John Fiske	Beginnings of the American Revolution	1888
Lafcadio Hearn	Japanese Impressions	1891
Rudyard Kipling	The Disturber of Traffic	1891
Carl Schurz	Abraham Lincoln	1891
A. T. Mahan	The Isthmus and Sea Power	1893
Sarah Orne Jewett	The Country of the Pointed Firs	1896
Frederick J. Turner	The Problem of the West	1896
Prince (Peter) Kropotkin	The Autobiography of a Revolutionist	1898
Booker T. Washington	The Case of the Negro	1899
Mary Johnston	To Have and to Hold	1899
William James	Talks to Teachers on Psychology	1899
Jacob Riis	The Battle with the Slum	1899
Samuel McChord Crothers	The Gentle Reader	1900
William Vaughn Moody	An Ode in Time of Hesitation	1900
Grover Cleveland	The Independence of the Executive	1900
Jack London	An Odyssey of the North	1900
Alice Meynell	Charles Dickens as a Man of Letters	1903
Arthur Symons	Shelley	1907
John Galsworthy	The Patricians	1910
Mary Antin	The Promised Land	1911
A. Edward Newton	The Amenities of Book-Collecting	1915
Robert Frost	Birches	1915
" "	The Road Not Taken	1915
Woodrow Wilson	The Road Away from Revolution	1923
William Z. Ripley	From Main Street to Wall Street	1926
Ernest Hemingway	Fifty Grand	1927
Alfred E. Smith	Catholic and Patriot	1927
Mazo de la Roche	Jalna	1927
Felix Frankfurter	Sacco and Vanzetti	1927
Leslie Hotson	A Great Shakespeare Discovery	1931